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## "MID PLEASURES AND PALACES" IN BARCELONA

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WITH PICTURES BY F. LUIS MORA

THE reach of Spanish hospitality is measured in my mind by six weeks of time, and the distance between Barcelona and Gibraltar.

When our steamer anchored in the harbor at the latter place, the sun blazing down on her, and the Rock radiating like a furnace, the decks, which had been so pleasant, suddenly became very disagreeable. A tired, warm, fretful crowd waited amid the ropes and baggage, and wondered impatiently why they were not permitted to land.

Then the American consul came bustling on board, accompanied by a squad of policemen, and the captain announced that no one could leave the ship until they had searched for a defaulter supposed to have come across with us.

There were murmurs of annoyance, but each one looked furtively at his neighbor to see if he was "a blond young man, lacking one finger," as the defaulter was described.

Presently the gangway opened again for a gentleman who walked as one having

authority, and a policeman near me remarked in broad cockney: "'E 's a king's magistrate, and can come and go as he likes."

The gentleman stopped near us, and called out in a clear, incisive voice: "Are the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. — on board?"

I never heard my title clear with such a shock before. We were not blond young men, and we had the usual number of fingers, but what did the king's magistrate want with us? We had to confess our identity or jump overboard, and it was a distinct relief when he advanced smiling, and explained that his friend Don Enrique — of Barcelona had asked him to meet us. He regretted the tiresome delay we had had, but his launch was waiting, and we would leave at once.

The purely gratuitous "Honorable" had done its perfect work in fixing the attention of the company upon us, but we did not care whether they thought us disguised royalties or escaping defaulters as the clean little launch took us skimming

across the glassy harbor, away from the sweltering ship to a cool hotel where we found ourselves expected and every arrangement made for our comfort.

This was the first of many unexpected attentions from the Don. It was then early in April, and we were not due in Barcelona till late in May; but wherever we rested on our leisurely progress through Spain, he had been before us. It had many advantages, but such surveillance destroyed our sense of free agency, and we grew to feel as if we were traveling on ticket-of-leave.

At Madrid we took a "tren de luxe," advertised to run at the furious rate of twenty miles an hour, and carrying dining- and sleeping-cars. The dining-car was all that could be desired, but at night I could not get into the dressing-room because the porter, in a uniform fit for a field marshal, was lying asleep across the door; and in the morning, when I went to make my toilet, the same dazzling creature was inside, performing his own ablutions, and, waving a soapy hand to me, suggested that I try the men's room, which was perhaps unoccupied.

Feeling rather badly groomed, and still vaguely hoping that Providence would interfere to prevent my visiting a family not a member of which I had ever seen, I stepped to the platform at Barcelona almost into the arms of a Napoleonic little gentleman, who seized both my hands, exclaiming fervently, "Gracias a Dios!" His eyes were rolled up in his head, and it was some moments before his white mustache and imperial met over his glittering teeth in jaws rigid with nervous excitement.

An ornate young man, bowing around me, said: "Good morning. How you do? Haf you journey well?" which exhausted his English, and taking an arm on each side, they lifted me, scarcely touching the ground, through the noisy, swaggering Catalan crowd, and into the back door of a large, navy-blue hearse. Its size suggested a public conveyance, but it proved to be the ancestral *tartana*, sacred to the use of the aristocracy of Catalonia. My husband, similarly borne, was placed beside me, our host and his three aides came in, and we moved at a stately pace up the Rambla, Barcelona's interesting old street.

In an old and self-respecting part of

the city we found our destined "palacio" one of many white, blank-visaged houses staring at one another across a wide street and two rows of dusty sycamore-trees. The marble vestibule we entered was as cool and dim as a tomb, and perfectly bare except for the brown old porter, who seemed to have been carved to match his antique chair.

Still attended by our numerous cavaliers, we climbed three flights of polished marble stairs, and paused breathless before the Don's gilded door-plate.

The door was opened by a smiling little maid, and the Don, stepping inside, made the most elaborate bow we had yet seen, and with his hand on his heart assured us that the house and all it contained was ours then and forever. His manner was profoundly and sweetly sincere, and from that moment we felt genuinely at home.

Old brocade chairs and marquetry tables, alternating with gay jardinières, stood stiffly around the hall, and the cool, gray walls were hung with placks and tiles in all the exquisite blues and bronzes of Hispano-Moresque pottery. The large drawing-room beyond was cheerful, if somewhat formal, and books, good pictures, flowers, and comfortable seats gave promise of a place where one might spend profitably idle hours.

Our hostess appeared, and the unexpected began to happen.

What I had most dreaded in the visit was the enforced companionship of a loftily beautiful and dull houri, or a chattering, capricious Carmen, of the accepted Spanish types; but here, instead, was a gentle matron, with frank, intelligent brown eyes, and a manner quietly cordial and dignified. She was simply dressed, without flowers or jewelry, and the only strictly national feature was a brilliant fan fluttering incessantly.

She greeted us in well-chosen English phrases, but soon lapsed into sonorous Spanish; and even the clipped, harsh Catalan was sweet and musical when she used it in addressing a servant. She took me off to change my dress, expressing deep regret that their simple manner of living enabled her to give us only five rooms, and while assuring her that five would be quite enough, I wondered how my limited impedimenta could be distrib-





Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"A NAPOLEONIC LITTLE GENTLEMAN . . . SEIZED BOTH MY HANDS, EXCLAIMING FERVENTLY, 'GRACIAS A DIOS!'"

uted so as to give an air of easy occupation to even one.

Most of them were uninteresting, be-mirrored, and upholstered, but the bedroom stood for all the pride and glory of historic Spain. Sculptured saints and paintings of martyrs looked down upon a lofty pavilion, an enormous four-poster, hung with green and gold brocade, stiff and gorgeous enough to have made a canopy for the "Catholic Kings." The mattresses rose to the level of my eyes, and were covered with a crimson silk pall, with gold fringe falling to the floor.

In the dressing-room, copied from the Arabian Nights, my too modern figure was a crude, false note as it passed in ghostly procession through mirrors on every side. One picturesque high window let in a dreamy light, but no air. There were soft divans and cushions and rugs, and tables loaded with porcelain trifles, and large decanters of perfume. Flowers were in vases and bowls, and on festive little gilt brackets between the mirrors. They were renewed daily, and the odor was stifling. There were boxes and bottles of oils and cosmetics, things for my hair and things for my teeth, but the Dresden china bowl was stationary, and there were literally no other lavatory facilities.

I think most Americans go to foreign countries too well prepared for what they are to see and to do. Their first impressions lack zest and freshness, and they waste time and enjoyment in trying to identify types and adjusting the facts as they see them to the latest book they have read.

We had been unconsciously seeing the Spain of De Amicis and Washington Irving, who both blur one's vision by spreading over the whole country a haze of poetry and romance. In Andalusia the glamour lingered quite satisfactorily, but in restless, commercial Barcelona it faded into the light of common day, and we felt the compelling spirit of the twentieth century.

In the houses we knew in Andalusia the men obliterated themselves all day, the ladies went to mass in the morning and spent the rest of the time sitting in flower-decked balconies, fanning softly and talking to canaries and cockatoos.

After weeks of travel, the prospect of

rest in such an environment was not unattractive, and I contemplated adapting myself to the ways of the household and the balcony with much pleasure. With some good novels bought in Madrid, Fate could not harm me for a few days, at any rate. But while dressing in my cushioned and scented boudoir, it was borne in upon me that the atmosphere of this palacio was not so serenely dull as the houses of Andalusia. The smart freshness of the house was too obvious, and certainly the Doña did not look like a woman who found canaries intellectually satisfying.

Waiting for us in the drawing-room with the Don and the Doña was a young man introduced simply as "Mariano," the nephew of somebody; nor do I know to this day what was Mariano's other name. That was a trivial detail, but his ancestors were very serious. He represented one of the old Moorish families who for reasons of love or money had remained in Spain after the fall of Granada, and his solemn eyes and blue-black hair and beard made him a rare example of the persistence of race type. "Paquita," a pretty young girl, was a semi-detached member of the family, the Doña's goddaughter, living on another floor of the palacio, who had come in "to see us eat breakfast."

On the Don's arm I went the length of the house to the dining-room, where the table was prettily laid with a few flowers, picturesque wine-bottles, and primly arranged fruit-baskets. It was appalling to find ourselves placed at the head and foot of it, but they proved to be literally seats of honor, with no duties attached. Everything was served by two little maids as pretty as their names, Serafina and Lijandra, in peasant costume, and the Doña wore throughout the meal a look of restless unconcern.

We were hardly seated before visitors began to arrive. Each shook hands with every one present, including a superannuated housekeeper on a divan in a far corner, then joined us at the table, taking cigarettes and sherry. Nothing else was offered them, while we enjoyed course after course. At first we rose when introduced, but they always protested vehemently, and seeing that the family remained seated, we did likewise, and found it the only reasonable plan, as during the





Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"NO CUSTOM OF THE HOUSE WAS SO UNACCOUNTABLE AS THAT  
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meal we had half a dozen callers, and each one shook hands all around twice. We were still at the table when the tartana was announced at four o'clock.

The fine-arts exhibition was the center of social interest, and we were plunged without warning into the midst of it, spending the afternoon in a chaos of introductions, music, pictures, and light refreshments.

Dinner at eight, except for a few more sweets and visitors, was like the previous meal. At ten we hurried to the theater, and I was limply thankful to leave at midnight, though the play was not over, and a gay party protested against our going so early.

Arrived at the palacio, the Don clapped his little gloved hands, and a voice from the distant darkness called, "*Voy corriendo*" ("I come running"), though the steps were slow and shuffling. In my impatience it seemed as if the Don might have carried his own latch-key, until the *vigilante* produced it from a bunch containing the keys of all the houses in the block, each weighing about half a pound.

He also provided a long wax taper to

light us up-stairs, and after firmly refusing anything more to eat or drink, we made our elaborate good-night speeches, shook hands with every one in sight, and retired to the historic catafalque, which I felt a pardonable pride in mounting from the ground. Subsequently a leather hat-box proved very helpful.

The day seemed to be over, but we had yet to reckon with the *sereno*, falsely so called, who walked up and down, tapping the street with his staff, proclaiming the hour, the state of the weather, or anything he thought might entertain the people he was keeping awake.

In the morning it was embarrassing to find myself apparently the only occupant of the house; but Serafina spied me, and brought my coffee, staying to talk very sociably until the Doña appeared.

About noon the Don and several young men came in, burdened with bouquets and sweets, and at breakfast they planned a program for our entertainment which included every hour of the day, and extended to the island of Majorca for the month of June.

Evenings were set apart for the opera,



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"OF ALL THE BEAUTIFUL STREETS OF BARCELONA, THE  
RAMBLA IS THE FINEST AND THE GAYEST"

the circus, the *zarzuela*, and a part of each for Novelli at the Lyrico. For the afternoon there was the exposition, the *fronton*, and a drive.

With delicate consideration, they ignored bullfights, and we were spared the horrors of the *corrida*; but my vision of the balcony and a novel had reached a vanishing-point.

The Don kept a box in all the principal theaters, and we often went to two or three in an evening. Later there were gatherings at the cafés, and, in spite of the formalities, it was gay and pleasant, and the people noticeably friendly to us.

Little, bejeweled, fashion-plate men, with yellow kid gloves and the slightest of canes, every evening verbally placed themselves and their flowers at my feet; and fluttering, vividly dressed women kissed and patted me after three-days'

acquaintance, calling me by name with that almost Roman simplicity that makes it seem an honor instead of a familiarity.

The cafés were always crowded to suffocation, and yet we lingered past the small hours, the men smoking dozens of cigarettes, and the women dipping bits of wafer into chocolate as leisurely as if they had the night instead of the day before them. A favorite drink was a thin almond milk, which looked like something for the complexion, and which, after tasting, I would have much preferred applying externally.

There was a refreshing absence of the highball and cocktail element, and no one ever seemed to take too much to drink.

It is always amusing to see these most temperate people tricking themselves into wanting a glass of water. They recommend certain dishes, and enjoy their



eternal chocolate chiefly because "it makes one so thirsty." Visiting a country house once, we were invited into the dining-room, and I hoped for tea. The table was elaborately spread, we were seated, and each helped to a delicious conserved peach, and tenderly urged to eat it to make us want some water. When we had eaten the peach and drunk the water, the ceremony was complete.

From force of habit we expected to rest on Sunday, but the tartana defied a pounding rain in the morning, when we went to the riding-school and a couple of picture-galleries.

*Pelota* and a Wagner concert consumed the afternoon, and at midnight I blessed the Puritans and my native land while sleepily watching the giddiest of French companies kick its spangled way through a light opera.

Spaniards are so indigenous, so comfortably unconscious of any customs but their own, that an intrusion of our Prot-

estant prejudices would only have puzzled and hurt them. We had hoped to make common sense supply the place of knowledge of Spanish etiquette, but finding common sense not always an essential principle of it, we threw ourselves on their mercy, and found them most tolerant, with the rare grace of being provincial without being critical.

No custom of the house was so unaccountable as that of having people come "to see you eat." Enjoying a square meal while our guests inhaled cigarette smoke seemed so inhospitable that I sometimes playfully insisted upon their having something with us. It was always laughingly declined, except once when a particularly lively youth took a piece of ham and ate it with all sorts of self-conscious little antics, as if he were acting a pantomime.

It was puzzling to know when they took their own meals. One old judge, the image of Don Quixote, who came like a *memento mori* to our dinner every day,



Drawn by F. Luis Mora.

"AT TWELVE O'CLOCK HE RETURNED FROM HIS STROLL ON THE RAMBLA WITH BOUQUETS FOR ME AND THE DOÑA"

was so lean and hungry-looking that it seemed as if he must have subsisted entirely upon the sight of the Don's excellent table.

At meals the conversation was bright, natural, and continuous. The Doña was clever and well informed, and the Don as guileless and responsive as a child. They were both adepts in that quaint, desiccated Spanish wit which is amusing without having a shade of the levity which seems inseparable from our humor, and we would gladly have seen more of them alone; but the world was "too much with us, late and soon."

The Doña was remarkable even among the keenly intelligent Catalans, and people told us with big eyes how she spoke four languages, and read Greek and Arabic. Like all Spaniards of the commercial aristocracy, they mixed their business and their social life, and her grasp of the larger aspects of commerce, finance, and the tariff was far more appalling to me than her gift of tongues. But at home her sweetness and simple goodness were more in evidence than her gifts. To her husband she was an oracle, and her servants adored her.

One of the prettiest things in home life all over Spain is the natural and kindly way in which the servants are made a part of the family. In the Don's house the little maids often took part in the conversation, spoke to the guests, and asked them to stay longer; and even the porters and kitchen visitors popped their

red-capped heads into the door to say the Spanish equivalent for "Howdy" to the family, just as old negroes do in the Southern States.

The Doña rarely appeared before noon, and there were some lonely hours when I realized that stone walls and three flights

of stairs made an effectual prison, and Spanish customs a cage for an American woman. Except in getting in and out of the *tartana* we never touched the earth, and but for some acrobatic performances in connection with the catafalque and the stationary wash-stand, had literally no exercise.

When, as fiery, untamed tourists, we had visited Barcelona before, I had wandered around without misadventure; but it would have been unpardonable for me to go out of the Don's house alone. In this respect the customs of Catalonia are inexorable, and I believe one cannot enjoy social elevation anywhere without attendant sacrifices of liberty.

So I longed in vain for the noisy, sunny streets, with

the picturesque crowd of peasants, soldiers, bullfighters, and priests; to see the fat Nanny goats wearing yellow mackintoshes and furnishing milk to order, and to hear the fantastic muleteers snarling "Donde va-a!" as they prod the mules and guide the huge panniers around corners.

Those humble delights were not for the dwellers in a lofty palacio. We had to be content with painted scenery, gaslight, and French opera peasants, and



Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"PAQUITA WAS TWENTY-ONE, AS TALL AND FAIR AS THE LILIES OF THE FIELD"



hear nothing from below but the long, sad cry of the water-carriers, which rings eternally above every other sound in a Spanish city.

One morning the Doña appeared dressed as usual, but wearing a mantilla over her face. Answering my look of surprise, she said we would go for a walk; that she did not like the fashion of wearing bonnets. They looked well in the tartana, but for walking, the mantilla was more modest, and its use still customary in the best Catalan families. Having spent a week in the fear and admonition of these families, I wished not to offend even this little one, and her approval was evident when I muffled my head in the thickest black veil I could find. But even with that concession I seemed tailor-made and masculine compared with her Oriental femininity—a train, low slippers, and a jeweled fan.

Of all the beautiful streets of Barcelona, the Rambla is the finest and the gayest. It runs straight from the blue bay to the bluer mountains, and under the trees in that part called "Rambla de las Flores" all the brilliance and fashion of the city gathers in the morning. But through the windows of a tartana one cannot get the essence of its charm, and it was hard for me to keep my enjoyment without the bounds of Catalan propriety when we were actually walking there at the most crowded hour. Every one carried or wore flowers, there was a wall of flowers on each side, and the moist air was intoxicating with perfume. Fancifully dressed flower-girls presided over the stalls, each trying to outdo the other in smiles and bewitchments, and skilfully conducting a branch of the secret service that forms such a dangerous part of social life in Spain.

No one ever questioned the Doña's superiority, but when she walked the length of the Rambla in her stately, swaying fashion, without looking to right or left, fanning softly, and discussing the peculiar construction of the English language, she seemed hardly human, and my answers must have been apt illustrations of her theme. We bought some flowers, she acknowledged passing friends with a faint, sweet smile—and went straight on to the fan shop.

A fan was the occasion of our outing.

She had a hundred fit for a cabinet, but we spent an hour choosing and measuring to get another exactly the length to suit that summer's fashion. We met many acquaintances, and enjoyed discussing the fans, posing with them before a mirror, and altogether giving the choice as prayerful attention as Anglo-Saxon women bestow upon a bonnet. This touch of nature made me henceforth more at ease with my hostess.

We had seven days of uninterrupted pleasure-seeking, and it became evident that I could not keep the pace; but my plea of illness to escape the theater one night was met with grieved remonstrance. It was Novelli's last performance, and he was to have an ovation, a *triumfo*, and we must not miss it.

Novelli, though very popular there, was singularly modest. When we had asked him why he did not visit the United States, referring to Salvini's success, though, like himself, he spoke only Italian, he replied with a deprecatory little shrug: "Ah, yes; but he is Salvini. I am only Novelli." So we felt an interest in seeing him suffer the glories of a "triumfo."

The house was dazzling with flowers, fans, and jewels. By the last scene the people were hoarse, and Novelli, almost exhausted, stood knee-deep in wreaths and bouquets. Showers of fresh rose leaves fell like snow over the stage, and finally a flock of white doves, circling round, fairly enveloped him, whirling and cooing till the curtain fell to the noise of shrieking bravos.

Talking it over at the cafés afterward, the men embraced and the women kissed one another with rapturous effusion, and it was cold, white dawn when we reached the palacio.

I was too tired to remember mounting the catafalque, but late the next afternoon I became aware that old Patricia, the housekeeper, was feeling my pulse, Serafina and Lijandra were wringing their hands beside me, while old Casimiro waited at the door to call the priest, the Alcalde, or whoever the functionary is who must be summoned before one can die legally in Spain.

My rescue came from a strange source. One morning Serafina tiptoed up to reach my ear, and waked me by whispering that

six anarchists had been shot at daybreak. That one had refused to confess, and "Ave Maria! perhaps the poor fellow was even then burning in purgatory." But the theaters were threatened, and the Doña was nervous, and we were not to go out again at night.

But the days were not wasted. Our hosts were artistic, and we went to studios, to private exhibitions of pictures, potteries, and art stuffs, and the evenings were as full as ever.

The Don showed and explained to me his own art treasures until I became afraid to admire anything, because he said so often, "It is yours." I thought it the usual empty Spanish phrase, but that is always embarrassing, and the memory of my light replies gave me many a pang when we returned to America and received from him a large box of pottery and other pretty things, not to mention three little tin coffee-pots and spirit-lamps such as he used, and more useful than rare even in this "New World," as he called it.

In spite of her conservatism in trifles, the Doña was independent enough to see and deplore the essential falsity of social customs that keep ladies in such seclusion that unmarried men are forced into the company of dubious females or none. In her sympathetic way she had drawn around her a number of bright young men who, when they knew that she would be at home, came "to see us eat dinner," and sat around the table till midnight and later.

Barcelona being a center of radical thought and outspoken republicanism, I expected the talk to take a political turn and enjoyed a little thrill at the thought of finding myself in the heart of a conspiracy; but they rarely discussed the government, and only referred to the condition of Spain with a sort of despairing bitterness, or spouted verse about her past glories.

They were given to repeating poetry of an innocently rhetorical kind, its point depending upon some peculiarity of pronunciation or custom in the different provinces. The Doña never intruded her erudition, and our amusements were often absurdly trivial. We worked the fifteen-puzzle, played cat's-cradle with strings, and asked conundrums. Once we spent

half a rainy day making newspaper caps and cutting paper dolls.

Though democratic in theory, and without conscious arrogance, these good people were oblivious of any class beneath their own. Their charities were dispensed from the kitchen, and they had never heard of klumming. Such things are left entirely to the nuns—chiefly to the order established by that most piquante of saints, Teresa.

We were compelled, therefore, to satisfy our interest in Catalan humanity within the Don's circle, which, though large, lacked variety of type. After the Doña, Mariano and Paquita were my principal companions. Neither of them spoke a word of any language but their own, and my knowledge of Spanish was not as deep as a well or as wide as a church door; but it served, and we became great friends.

It was interesting to compare the life of these two young people with those of like position and wealth in other countries. Mariano usually took his morning coffee with me. When I appeared, Lijandra would knock at his door, and receive an answer unmistakably suggestive of pillows; but in five minutes he would emerge, exquisitely dressed, his hair and beard perfectly brushed and in the latest fashion, but showing not a suspicion of moisture. We shook hands, exchanged the superlative morning courtesies; and he, lighting a cigarette, sat down to his coffee, all without taking off his hat or smiling.

He was proud of his Moorish blood, and liked to be called "Othello" and "Bluebeard," and his gravity suited the parts. We read aloud bits of news from the morning paper, he told small gossip of the actresses and *danseuses* he had met the night before (their talk about such things is surprisingly free at all times), we teased each other about Spain and America, and even romped a little over the last piece of cake. Finally (for time was never an object with him), he took off his hat, shook hands again, and "with my permission," bowed himself backward out of the room. At twelve o'clock he returned from his stroll on the Rambla with bouquets for me and the Doña. He sat with us till time for the riding-school and fronton, and flitted about the theaters



half the night. And yet there was not a suspicion of dissipation about him, nor even a man-about-town air. He was supposed to be in business of some sort; but he must have attended to it by telepathic suggestion, or given it "absent treatment."

Paquita was twenty-one, as tall and fair as the lilies of the field, which she emulated in her perfectly happy idleness. She never read, she could not sew or even play the piano. She used her hands for fanning and gesticulating. Like a restless child she wandered into our apartment a dozen times a day, kissing her godmother, and giving the rest of us some tempestuous evidence of her affection each time.

She had all an English girl's large indifference to pins, buttons, and strings in the right place, but wore jewelry in barbaric profusion, and daily showed us some new and dazzling ornament her father had given her. Sometimes her old nurse took her to church or to visit the nuns to whom she owed her education; otherwise she never went abroad in the daylight without her father or godmother. One cannot doubt that an American or English girl subject to such restrictions would have sought out many inventions; but Paquita had no dream of freedom, and was quite content with her canary-bird existence.

At home she was playful and a chatter-box, but at the theaters and cafés, to which her toploftical old father took her every evening, she was as reserved and dignified as only a well-bred Spanish woman could be on such limited experience and intellectual capital. Her gaiety revived and was at its prettiest when, coming back to the dark old house at night, she would take the taper from the vigilante, run

before us up the shadowy stairs, laughing, and calling back with pretty words and gestures, and unconsciously making a Rembrandt picture of herself until she was merged in the darkness of her own lonely rooms.

OUR friends gracefully ignored any reference to our leaving them, tacitly implying that we were to remain indefinitely. Things moved so smoothly, and their plans were laid so far ahead, that we felt as if it would be rude to precipitate such a disturbance as our departure would necessarily create, and no incident of our visit was so embarrassing as telling them that a time was set to end it.

When convinced that we must go, they redoubled their efforts to entertain us, but did everything possible to get us off comfortably; and when we rode away from the palacio, the tartana was filled with our sorrowing friends, and loaded with luxuries which the good Doña thought we would need on what she regarded as the long and dangerous journey around the Riviera.

The Don lingered in the train till the last moment, and went out exclaiming, "Que lastima! Valgame Dios!" On the platform Mariano and Paquita waved their hands to us, the Doña held her handkerchief to her eyes, and the fan in her other hand hung down, closed and quite still.

It is customary to laugh at the extravagant speech of the Spaniards, and one hears much flippant talk of their insincerity; but my experience has been that their most superlative phrases do not more than express the warmth of their kindness and hospitality, their courtesy and generosity, and delicate consideration for the stranger within their gates.



# THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

I

HE had an innocent face, with shy, dark, deep-set eyes, put in, as some one said, with smutty fingers, having round them the bister shadows so overdone by ladies of the footlights. His skin was pallid, his forehead broad and low under a shock of straight, light-brown hair. He flushed slightly as Mrs. Belter introduced him to me across the table, and his smile as he greeted me was of a boyish simplicity and sweetness rare in American men. As he smiled, I wondered from out of what heaven this pre-Raphaelite angel had fallen. He had arrived during my August vacation, and I found him installed upon my return. Not only his Burne-Jones face, but his odd name, Noel,—or, as I was soon to learn, Louis Vincent Noel,—promised something out of the common.

On my first opportunity I sought Mrs. Belter in her private domain, confident that she would be as glad of my open ear as I would be to receive her impartings, for we were now trusted friends, sharing our insights, judgments, and characterizations, which, if you prefer, you may simply call gossip: for that admirable woman did not confine her studies to a meager furnishing of bed and board. She was too deep an artist in life to waste her opportunities, and upon her "family," as she pleasantly named the twenty or thirty people whom chance brought to her board, she lavished a discrete, though penetrating, interest, ever tempered with judicious affection.

"Is n't he a dear?" she cried, when I opened the subject. "Precious lamb! his mother brought him here to deposit him in my arms, and I am charged with his material, mental, moral, and spiritual welfare, to the tune of eight dollars a

week. Room? Of course I had n't any room at that price; but any cranny, any nook, any alcove, would do so long as he could stay with me. He *must* have good food, and be with *nice* people,—she had heard of me for years,—and was n't I nicer than she had dared to believe? And there must be a *corner!*"

"Where on earth?" I queried, for I knew the capacity of the house to its last sofa-bed. "Oh, I know."

"Of course; where else? Up in the cupola. It is, to be sure, Arizona in summer, and Manitoba in winter, and only big enough for a sparrow, and the tin roof makes creakings for psychical research; but, dear me! they thought it palatial. It would be his choice, it is so retired, and there is such a view. They went to work while she was here like a pair of martins; and really you must see it, after all the flying back and forth with a bit of this and a thread of that: it is the triggest little ship's cabin you ever saw. Only a Dürer etching could do justice to it. Really, he is a genius. I expect to go down the ages as his devoted slave, his 'Mary in Heaven.' Of course your nose is out of joint; you are n't a genius with the face of an angel. The mother? Oh, she is pure gold; she would make a home on a bare rock; quick as a cat; a dark-eyed, thin, practical, anxious little creature. They live at Whitewater. Could anything be more fitting for that spotless creature?"

"And what is he going to do?" I demanded.

"The conventional thing for aspiring youth," Mrs. Belter replied.

"Not poetry?"

"Oh, no; he is approaching literature through journalism. Is n't that how they all begin? He is on 'The Electric.'"



"I can't imagine that angel feeding on the sins of his neighbors."

"Don't be a goose! There are decent parts."

"Oh, yes; but a green country lad does n't do the serious politics or the foreign intelligence. He will do the regular grind—the rows, murders, and sudden deaths; the frauds, feasts, and failures; and make the most he can out of the inhumanities of man to man that have become our daily bread."

"He is n't a green country lad; he took highest honors in literature at the university—or was it French or Latin? In his leisure time he will write other things."

"Poetry? I am sorry for him; there is not a nook, a cranny, an alcove—no, not even a cupola, for a poet in Blaireau."

"But if he has more than one string to his bow?"

"There is only one string a poet can shoot with to hit the gold," I replied; "and if he has a mother to support, the sooner he uses that string for a shoe-lacing the better for him. He can go pot-hunting with the others. Could he support a widowed mother on 'Comus,' or 'Songs of Innocence,' or 'Lyrical Ballads'?"

"In course of time."

"Master the most difficult of arts? It demands all or nothing."

"Let us adopt him!" she exclaimed, with a fine motherly gesture, opening her arms.

"Ah, I see, you have adopted him," I returned.

"Don't I adopt you all?" she laughed.

"I wish you could save that mouth before the world spoils it," I said, getting up; and as I went out of the room she threw after me, "His eyes are worth saving, too."

## II

EVERYBODY liked him, as people like pleasant mouths and heavenly eyes, and they measured themselves in their liking by the more or less of patronage infused into it because of his superficial simplicities and somewhat rustic form. His potential genius remained an undiscovered secret between Mrs. Belter and me. I cultivated him when opportunity offered, but months passed before I got far. "The

Electric" had gone into new hands, and all sorts of experiments were being tried to make it a successful evening paper. Special appeal was being made to the ladies, to children, to the clergy, to the "better" classes. Noel not only scrambled round for news, but in the economy of the office he was cast for many parts: he undertook a weekly literary column, and the Saturday night "Lounge,"—a delicious sobriquet for us behind the scenes of his scurrying hours,—and he instituted a pet column, the substance of which was furnished by a clipping bureau, of "Heroisms of the Day," which gathered up the brave, daring, noble, and unselfish deeds of all sorts of heroes—firemen, engineers, sailors, women, girls, boys, and dogs, from all round the world; and it was amazing what a chronicle of diurnal glory he garnered. It was, he confided to me, an antidote of human worth to offset the columns of human woe. No wonder his evenings, though long, left little leisure for talk, much less for meditation of the thankless muse.

On the plea of making copy, when Mrs. Belter was beginning to worry over the deepening shadows round his wonderful eyes, and I to fancy a sharpening edge to his fine lips, she pushed him, and I dragged him, off one Sunday afternoon late in the autumn for a breath of country air. It was a day to order, pensive, still; the sky lightly veiled in tulle; the oak-groves, half-bare, filled with a purple mist; the freshly plowed fields fat and black, waiting for the mantle of snow. There was a tang of smoke in the air, odors of the freshly turned earth, and of the damp, rotting leaves underfoot. We often stopped to listen to the rustle of the dried leaves on the branches, and to the flurry of junco birds flashing a white feather in their flight. On the edge of a copse, before vaulting an old rail-fence, the survival of early days in this era of tense barbed wire, we paused, resting our elbows on the mossy rail, and looked off across the fields, checkered brown, and black, and rusty green, to the mist of elm-tops lacing the pale western sky.

"Good heavens!" Louis sighed, "what a roaring silence!" And then, "Ah, yes, it is all there." Across the open came the low vibrations from a far-off bell. "The big bell is still pounding out the hours

over the police court, shut up to-day, thank God!" It was curious that, for all his crowded hours, Louis himself never seemed hurried or harried. There was a silent effusion of serenity about him, an emanation from some inward peace, an intangible quality that kept alive my faith in his genius. I wondered how it would come out, or if it really ever would take form; or was it only unsophisticated goodness looking out of a pair of fine gray eyes, and smiling from lips of gentle inexperience?

"When I come out into this," he said, "this seems best. I fancy this silence has more to say than all their tongues; but when I am in the crowd, there seems no end to one's insights and illuminations. Do you know, there is n't a day goes by but I am tormented by the problem, *What is worth while?*"

"Come," I smiled, "you optimists are n't ever tormented."

"Yes, but it's so," he said soberly. "I want to keep square with life, to make fair payment, to do genuine service, to do my best. Only I wish I were sure."

"Sure of journalism?"

"Journalism is all right, perhaps, and I am not ashamed of my little share in it. I hear every day of people who like what I do. I am not sure, I mean, that my best might n't be in another line."

"Why don't you try?" I replied, knowing well the line he meant.

"I literally have no time. I have n't the flavor, the feel of poetry. I am rushed up to my limit. I want to get at Dryden's prefaces, at Lowell's essays again, and at the dear, old singing crew themselves. One must have leisure. I want to experiment, and take time to work out my own note—really my own."

I groaned in spirit, for it was just as I had predicted; and yet even now, in all the warmth of my affection for this delightful, elusive soul, how could I advise? Would not common sense say: "Don't; your chance for failure is as ten thousand to one. Stick to the practical, stick to a salary. Mute and inglorious, the world will be no loser." And yet as I stood there beside him, I believed the world—of course I meant a few thousand readers of English verse—would be the loser to miss Louis Noel's own note; for I had

faith his own note would be very beautiful. It would be a Song of Innocence, rare, delicate, serene, pure; and, for all the rush and rattle of an electric age, there still are numberless ears attuned to the serene, and delicate harmonies of the spirit.

"Yet I know," he pursued, "it *is* worth while; that I am sure. Beauty, beauty—to get the most of beauty possible out of life, and to give the most of beauty that is within our power. Nothing else is quite so worth while, at least for me."

### III

IF beauty was the very pulse of this particular machine that was humming without swerve up the long hill of filial duty, no wonder I was curious to observe the effect of Beauty capitalized and incarnate when she seated herself one day at our breathless board.

The winter had worn by, and Louis and I had become good friends in repeated walks too pleasant to be called constitutions. Nine-months' newspapering had begun to temper his enthusiasm; it was becoming harder and harder in his confused days to keep his eye only on the beautiful. He confessed that the human scene sometimes had no beauty, that it was completely ugly; so it was when Beauty did come, unmistakable and sumptuous, she wore the radiance of contrast, and seemed to have stepped directly out of one of Titian's magnificent carved and gilded frames.

I was impatient to corner Mrs. Belter. "Who, what, where?" I demanded when I found her alone. "Is it disgrace or disguise?"

My friend turned a stern face to me. "Why should it be disgrace for any one to come to my table?"

"Box my ears," I said. "But you won't deny she is surprising, that she is sumptuous."

"She *is* surprising, and she does n't fit. I did n't want to take her in, but I pitied her father."

"There is a father, then?"

"Very gentle, very fine, but an invalid. He was too exhausted to come to dinner. Yes, you may close the door. You see, they brought a note from Eleanor Mason. Mr. Hetherfield—that's rather a grand



name, is n't it?—is a cousin of Mr. Mason. Besides, with the front room and the blue room empty, I could n't afford to let them go, though I fear I have made a mistake."

"Never; she is too interesting. She is out of Browning."

"You don't think she is an actress, then? You know, nice girls do get on the stage nowadays."

"No, no! She's a princess. If she has n't married a prince, she has divorced one, or refused one, or is considering one. I am sure she sleeps under ermine, and will wear a tiara to breakfast."

"If the daughter is out of Browning," said Mrs. Belter, "the father is out of 'Punch.' He is distinguished, tall, thin, high-nosed, and carries a plaid on his arm. He stood quietly, and said only polite things while the daughter did the business."

"Did she object to the price?" I queried. I saw something rankled.

"Quite decidedly. She said she could go to a first-class hotel in Italy for that price. She did my dollars into francs."

"And you said?"

"That, of course, where we chose to live was our own affair." Mrs. John Gilbert could n't have surpassed Mrs. Belter's gesture of disposal.

"I wish I had seen you."

"She asked what extras there would be, whether fire and service were included."

"Oh; and did she look beautiful when she said that?"

"She tried to, but her eyes were as hard as Vermont granite." Mrs. Belter threw this at me as if she expected contradiction.

I laughed. "Oh, you women! Do you ever miss the weak spot? With her hair, her head, her complexion, such a neck, such a carriage, everything on a scale of splendor and opulence, and you are not blinded to the fact that her light eyes are hard and unbeautiful."

"I am glad you discovered it," Mrs. Belter took comfort. "You were so instantly infatuated, I naturally supposed you would think them stars of the morning."

"I am not infatuated," I protested.

"Oh, no; of course you are not; you did n't fly at me breathless! I was a fool to take her in. However, we sha'n't be

bothered long; she is n't our kind; we can't make her happy."

"Where are they from?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied, with an indifferent shrug. "Probably Rome, Paris, or London. Mr. Mason, you know, is from Philadelphia, or you would know if you knew Mr. Mason; so I take it for granted Mr. Hetherfield hailed from there originally."

## IV

*Pace* to Mrs. Belter's suspicions. Miss Lidian Hetherfield might be a dangerously charged battery, but only a pleasant tingling passed round our little circle. The men gave last conscious dabs to their hair, and pulls to their cravats, before coming down to dinner, reacting to the new standard, and little Carboys appeared in his Tuxedo every evening, as if he had known no other fashion. The Western ladies stiffened themselves to meet with self-respect Eastern assumptions of superiority, but Miss Hetherfield's manners were of cosmopolitan ease. Her dinner-dresses were sufficiently grand, though queerly simple. When the other ladies bustled in, with a satisfied rattle of crisp silk petticoats, and a smooth hardness of waist, crisscrossed with ornament at any angle but nature's curves, Miss Hetherfield posed in long, soft, silent gowns of deep, rich green, or the color of autumnal dogwood, her neck free, her head up, her hair of the golden brown with which some women return from Paris. The ladies declared she might do it, she might do anything, but in such costumes they would be guys.

During the early days the men apparently were not on her program. She did not exactly snub us, but she was far away. To the ladies she was most complaisant. It was touching to see Miss Revell's majestic, polished forehead shine with satisfaction when Miss Hetherfield told her she would not have *dreamed* but that she, Miss Revell, had *lived* in Italy for years, she knew so much more about it than she did herself. No doubt it was true, for Miss Revell had been "preparing" for Europe for eighteen years. To old Mrs. Gwilt, who was knitting her nineteenth afghan in Roman stripes, Miss Hetherfield showed her embroidery which promised to be a regal square of peacocks

and pomegranates. Only a sample corner was stitched in. It was vastly ornamental to hold. I suspect it is still being held.

But with all her complaisance she spent little time in company. In the afternoons she drove with "poor papa" and her cousin Eleanor Mason. After dinner she early retired to her room to write letters. A few weeks after her arrival, Mrs. Belter took occasion to remark that either Miss Hetherfield did not care for society, or the Masons were not eager to introduce her, for no function had been held in her honor, and no ladies had called.

Mr. Hetherfield appeared at his daughter's side, dignified, courteous, grave, but with a cough so imminent that he rarely entered into conversation. Besides, he was under medical advice to masticate thoroughly his food, and so he could not talk at table.

I declared to Louis one day that I suspected her suavity, her simplicity, her good-nature even, to be a pose.

"Perhaps," he replied. "In a way, is n't all virtue a pose? Her pose is so adorable I hope the other women will copy it—at least the voice. I have never heard such a voice. It is n't simply the pitch,—there are no end of low, throaty voices as common as mud,—it is the purity and variety of inflections, and the clean-cut consonants. If one could hear her read poetry!" He seemed cool, but this was before she had talked to him about Vaughan, Herbert, and William Blake, before she had begun to talk to the men.

After she had talked to him about Vaughan, Herbert, and William Blake, Louis Noel was a changed man. But he was not the only changed man. The men fancied at first that she hardly distinguished them; but after a time each man was privately hoping that she did not distinguish any one else. To Forster she displayed a rare interest in horses and dogs such as few American women possess. "It is different in England," he explained to us; "there a dog has social position." To Weightman she talked of her experiences yachting on the Mediterranean and at the Isle of Wight. She had no difficulty in discovering Carboys's weakness for "them 'ere kings"; and she stuffed his pompous little breast so full of deliciously intimate anecdotes of

starred and gartered humanity that he could hardly keep his shirt bosom inside his low waistcoat. He, whose nearest approach to grandeur had been two separate weeks at a gilded New York hotel, began to believe he had visited in English country-houses all his life. When she did begin on the men, no one was left on his pedestal. As Mrs. Belter sagely observed, even Cæsar Frisby, the magnificent piece of polished bronze who condescended to tend the furnace and black our boots, began to think there was no one in the house but "Miss Heth'field." Miss Heth'field wore beautifully made calfskin boots, not tiny, which had to be "shined."

"I told you what was coming." Mrs. Belter's delicate nostrils rose. "Don't pretend it is simply her looks. Men are fools when it comes to a pretty face, but I have known other pretty women who did n't have *all* mankind in tow. This is deliberate; this is all she lives for. Why, the postman and the paper boy are impressed; yes, they are. She gives them smiles more precious than silver, and silver to seal the smiles. It makes no difference who it is, so long as it is a man. You may call it good nature, if you like; I call it loose." This was the last word to her pent-up feelings, and it hurt mine dreadfully; for it was, I thought, as wholly unworthy of her as it was unfitting for the lady impeached.

I burst out laughing. "I never saw you so intemperate."

"You may laugh,—you are infatuated,—but mind my word, some day I shall ask that woman to leave, and I shall have good reason to."

"But, Mrs. Belter—"

"No, I know my business. Of course, she is wonderful. She never passes without throwing me a bouquet—'such kindness,' 'such a home atmosphere,' 'delicious dinner, dear Mrs. Belter.' That is all right; but why should she want the postman to tuck her daily letter in her New York paper?"

"I don't know, I am sure; that is not my business." It was not decent to turn over correspondence or to listen at keyholes. Mrs. Belter was the soul of honor, but being displaced from the center of her own board was more than she could stand.

"You other men may enjoy it, but Louis



Noel is made differently: she is going to ruin his life."

"How?" I said, for I was wondering about Louis, too.

"How?" Mrs. Belter took her turn at contempt, and shrugged her shoulders. "You know that boy has all he can carry now; he has not time to think of this woman. She wants to make him think of nothing else night or day. She wants to drive him crazy."

"What nonsense!" I scorned. "She pays him no more attention than she does any of us. She gives us each a little taffy in turn—"

"Yes, in turn. I never saw anything more plausible—the right word here, the right word there, always particular, private, and confidential: she is passed-mistress of her art."

"Then why should Louis suffer more than the rest of us?"

"Because he is the only one in the house who really fascinates her. She feels his quality as you and I do, and she wonders what she can do with his shyness, his modesty, his purity of spirit."

"He's nothing to her but a raw, little, countrified newspaper reporter," I replied, and my words sounded savage.

"And you pretend to be his friend!" Mrs. Belter turned away in one of her dramatic movements. "He is the only idealist of the bunch, and she wants his heart."

"You are making mountains out of molehills," I said tritely.

"I admire your penetration," she returned, willing to quarrel.

However indifferent to women's lunches, teas, and bridge-parties Miss Hetherfield might be, she did not disdain the little parties we arranged to take supper up the river or to attend an out-of-door concert. Noel had not the time or means to share these festivities. His intercourse was restricted to short strolls about the square after dinner in the early evening. But our satisfaction in the exclusive proprietorship of a distinguished beauty was of short duration, for she had not appeared many times in public with us when Mr. N. Harold Nesbit-Pace came on the scene. Mr. Nesbit-Pace was an Englishman, big, well-dressed, ruddy, smooth-shaven, light-eyed; said to be a "younger son," who earned an honest living in the engineer-

ing department of our works. I knew him but slightly in a social way, as he was much taken up with the little dozen who made a splash as Blaireau's smart set. He played golf with them at the Country Club, drank Tom Fellows's Scotch, smoked Harry Bitter's cigars, and dined often with the frisky Mrs. Willy Fielding and her good, kind, elderly husband.

One day he drew up at our door in his high, shining trap, with his broad shoulders, his rough tweeds, his tan gloves, his plaid neck-scarf, his cool, prominent, satisfied eyes; and I thought at last Blaireau can offer Miss Hetherfield something up to her standard. She came out in one of her plain, expensive, tailor-made suits and a plain hat, so perfect, so correct, that, as they drove off, you seemed to see "London" hung out behind in big gilt letters, like the maker's name on the grand piano at the concert. The smart set had vaguely noticed a striking-looking woman driving with the quiet Eleanor Mason, but within the week after Nesbit-Pace drove her through the park, Mrs. Tom Fellows, Mrs. Harry Bitter, and Mrs. Willy Fielding had called. After they had called, she was in "Society." There were tea and dinners at the Country Club, there were luncheons and bridge. She was now always engaged when any men of the house proposed an excursion, and no longer was there a thrill when Nesbit-Pace's trap bowled up to the door, so soon were we hardened to grandeur.

Mr. Hetherfield became so feeble it was thought best to move him to his cousin's, where he had a nurse, so that Miss Hetherfield's filial duties made but slight demand upon her time; and as there was no other spare room at the Masons', she stayed on at Mrs. Belter's.

v

THE sun had set when Louis and I stumbled out of the delicious gloom of a tamarack swamp one Sunday evening in September. We crossed a little dell, studded with low hawthorns, climbed the opposite bank, and paused, leaning against a great tree overlooking the river, where the pale, daffodil west was spread below us on the bosom of the placid stream. We were warm from springing from hillock to hillock in the swamp, and the air in

the open was gratefully fresh, without a particle of chill.

"How stupid to waste our days under cover when just this is prettier than palaces!" Noel sighed. "I should like to stay."

"Very well; let us stay." I acceded.

"How about your dinner?" he said, as if my age demanded special concessions.

"How about yours?" I returned curtly.

"Mine never matters, if I want to do something else," he replied.

After a short silence he broke out, apropos of nothing at all except perhaps the hour and the place. "You have been awfully good to me. I hate to bore you, and I have got to decide for myself. Do you know, I am sick of my job."

"How about the great power of the press?" I asked ironically.

"Print, print, print!" he said. "They sit in it as in a tub, and the water runs in, and the water runs out. It does n't matter whether it be clean or dirty, or a good mud bath, so long as they can sit and stew. Anything, everything passes; it is only a matter of keeping the faucets open, and the tub full. If Socrates and Shakspeare were to fill the vessel with the red wine of wisdom and poetry, the soakers would be no wiser, no happier. Wisdom is not passively absorbed through the pores of the hide. It is the great American tub habit—the eternal flood of print, print, print, in which we soak, soak, soak. I am sick to death of it. If it were only myself, you know, I could cheerfully starve; but a man can't starve his mother. I have got to the limit. I hate politics, I loathe news, I detest publicity, advertising makes me sick at my stomach. There, you see how fit I am for the business! If I worked forty years, I could n't do anything but my neat, smooth, platitudinous hack columns. The truth is, I should like never to have to unfold a daily paper again so long as I live. If I don't get out, I shall be kicked out."

"I thought they raised your salary again not long ago."

"They did; but I had n't reached my limit then. It has come suddenly: I have come to the brink."

"What would you do if you gave up?" The old question arose.

"Ah, there 's the rub! Do! Do! I should like to get clear with myself. I

should like to go into the wilderness, and think it all out. Nothing profits if a man lose his soul. Don't think I am a blinded fool; my mother and sister could get on somehow, and would get on, if I told them it were right for me to—" He broke off his sentence. "But how do I know I am right? How do I know, how can I know, that I am not a blinded fool?" He turned from me a face full of bitterness and pain.

"Is n't there something else you could do that would n't take so much out of you?" I asked vaguely. How many breakdowns, physical and mental, have been offered that indefinite interrogation!

"Yes, of course, there is. There are lots of little jobs in the world waiting for little men, guaranteed not to take much out of them. The trouble with me is I want to tackle the biggest job of all. I want one that will take everything out of me. I don't want to put in little; I want to put in all."

"Go ahead, then," I said recklessly, for the hour for recklessness seemed to have struck. "Nobody will starve. I have faith you will succeed."

He looked at me, thinking a minute, and then put it slowly: "Succeed! What a horrible newspaper word! What do you mean by succeed? My picture in the paper, my name on the week's bill-board? Good heavens! how can I keep square with my conscience and *not* succeed? Did George Herbert and William Blake and Emily Dickinson succeed? I mean, I want to get out of the racket; I want to be quiet and free and private and unspied on; I want time to do really beautiful things—things worth while."

"Are n't your fears rather premature, and, anyway, rather babyish? Men don't bother whether people stare or not," I said as a mentor, sententiously.

He pondered this a moment. "No," he declared; "I am right. If I can do things with enough beauty to make some people happy, if I 'succeed' as you say, there will be a commercial mob to pull me up, and stick me in a hothouse, and put a lot of nasty manure round my roots to force blossoms for Christmas and for New Year's. Each petal will be counted, and valued at so many cents apiece."

"Cents! dollars, you mean! You are the first author," I laughed, "who has



been blighted by success before it came." In all this there was no hint that aught was the matter with Louis Vincent Noel but the growing pains of genius, the reaching out, the stretching forth, the push of wings inside his jacket.

"She believes in me; she thinks I *can* do something." He let the syllables fall quietly, his eyes dreaming on the daffodil sky.

"Good heavens, man!" I ejaculated, taken unawares.

"Why do you say that?" he cried. "Why should n't she, if you do yourself?"

His sensitive face was white, and his lips were stiff with emotion. As I hung fire to find the right word, he broke out: "Do you think I'm such a fool as to think she cares for me now? I know where she belongs; I know her traditions, her bringing-up: you don't suppose because I have n't seen the world that I don't know it? What are Thackeray and Balzac and Turgenieff, and the whole rout of novelists and poets, if they don't give a man freedom of the world outside of his own parish? But—"

"Yes, but," I cut into his pause, for it seemed a time for plain speech—"but *you* know as well as I that no amount of dreaming will change facts: you know that our trappings and our fittings, our manners and habits, yes, and our purses, too, are pretty much the sum and substance of what differentiates us, man from man, in this world. Love is not going to bridge gulfs. Pure passion is pure nonsense."

He looked at me a moment and then said with half a voice, "Oh, you think I am a fool."

"You dream of doing something that she would admire, and that would be success."

"Yes, that would be success."

"You believe she has the one thing that counts, without which a woman may have everything and yet as well lack all?"

"The one thing?" he questioned, pulling himself together.

"A heart," I answered.

"A heart?" Noel flamed out. "You think because she has dropped you men in the house, and amuses herself in society, that she has no heart."

"Oh, no; I'm no more a fool than you. She is magnificent; only—" I paused.

The daffodil had deepened to orange, and a night wind was creeping up the river, fluting the shining ribbon into chashing ripples.

"Only what?" Louis insisted. "You doubt her sincerity?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You would n't doubt if you had heard her recite

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just, and

Sweet Day so cool, so calm, so bright.

A woman does n't feel those things without a heart—things the most exquisite, the purest, the most delicate in the language. She even knew

'T was of a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean.

Her taste in literature is wonderful. She despises these people she goes with. I know that for a fact; but she has to have amusement, with her father ill. The world she wants to live in is where men read and write and paint, and feel and talk; for there *is* a world where poetry and painting and music are important." A great hungry wail sounded in the last sentence, a wail hitherto bravely stifled.

"Yes," I said; "a world where genius counts, and a man is ranked by what he can do; where the trappings and fittings of love are other than money can buy."

He winced under my irony. "Perhaps I am a fool. It is time I retired to the country, where I belong." He started ahead.

I overtook him. "Forgive me, old man; you are not the only one she has bowled over."

He drew away petulantly with, "I'm sorry I bored you."

"Well," I said, "if we are to fight to-morrow, we must live to-night. Bierbaum's can't be far from here. Come and get a bite of supper." He did n't want food, but I insisted. He said we looked like tramps, but I said: "What difference does that make? You know what it will be Sunday night; we sha'n't see a soul we ever saw before."

VI

HALF an hour's walk, and a détour back to the road to effect entrance by the gate,

brought us into a merry throng, a great parterre of bloomy hats under the festoons of innumerable colored lights. There was a genial clatter of knives and forks, a convivial clinking of beer-mugs, and chatter of voices in German and English. We skirted the edge of the company, and found a table out of the glare. While we waited for our cold ham and lyonnaise potatoes, the band struck up "El Capitan," and there was a general thumping of tables and tinkling of glasses to the compelling accents of that blatant tune. It might answer,—the brazen garden, with the strings of lights and the crashing band, the amber liquid, and the mild night air under the horse-chestnut-trees,—for recreation out-of-doors to a throng pent up week long in stuffy shops on dusty streets, but to us, after the divine pomp of the dying day, after the subtle splendors of stream and sky, the ineffable stillness, and the wondering spaces, our hearts full of passion for a world, for a woman, nobler, rarer, different from what we had ever known, this brazen garden sounded a note of devastating vulgarity. Even our common bodily hunger did not make us kin. I looked ruefully at Louis, and he at me. "Oh, for a crust of bread under the hedge, say I!"

Our ham and mustard, potatoes and onion, crusty bread and beer, were placed before us, and however rebellious our exalted spirits, the satisfaction of munching and sipping, and sitting back solidly in seats after a long tramp, had its compensations. Louis disposed of his share of the collation; then he leaned back and looked round at the throng. As his eyes wandered here and there, I noticed a start of recognition; but instead of calling my attention to some acquaintance, he looked nervously in another direction. I made no sign, but at my first opportunity I pulled my heavily clogged chair round on the gravel to face the music, and began to study the crowd. Three or four men here and there I recognized, with women I never wanted to know—a Sunday night crowd at Bierbaum's was not a Monday night, or even a Saturday night, crowd. And then I discovered at a table to one side of the music-stand the frisky Mrs. Fielding flashing her large, white teeth on the round, pink countenance of Mr. Harry Bitter. Next to Bitter sat our

beautiful friend; and Nesbit-Pace, Mrs. Bitter, and some young man made up the circle. Champagne, rather ostentatiously, I thought, was on their table; but as Harry Bitter made beer, he could afford to drink champagne. Miss Hetherfield's face was turned to us in profile. When all the women wore umbrageous hats heaped with flowers, hers was a close red toque with a sharp, exclamatory pen-feather piercing the front. Her dress was also red. She was not only beautiful: she was startling, she was perilous. If you had told her she looked like the devil, she would have smiled, satisfied with her effect; just as when, in her green velvet with the big sleeves, after reading aloud from Rossetti, you had called her Venus Verticordia, she would have smiled, satisfied with her effect.

Was it now only our startled eyes that distinguished her and put her in the center of the stage? I felt as if no one could see anything else, and, if we listened, we should hear revealing and significant words. Something in the pose of the head, the parted lips, the face half averted from her neighbor, the studied indifference, and something, too, in his face,—I mean Nesbit-Pace's,—his light eyes glued on her, made it seem as if she never had given the public so much before.

I called Noel's attention to the party, as I was aware, though his eyes were elsewhere, that he was watching me, and waiting.

"So it is," he said. "Well, I hope they won't see us." His light tone did not deceive me.

"They won't be shocked," I replied.

"Why did she come here?" he said, his shame peeping forth.

"You hate to have her see you see her."

"I hate everything!" he exclaimed, with conscious extravagance, trying hard to smile; and then added quickly, pulling out his watch: "If I go to bed at all, I must go home; for I have a couple of hours' work before I turn in. I am sorry to curtail your pleasure."

"The show is not run for my pleasure," I answered. I was very ready to go.

We slunk out, concealed by the throng, and none of the party with the champagne noticed us; but just before we reached the gate, a girl with a dead-white face, sitting at one of the tables, who had



had something beside beer, as Noel brushed past her, his eyes looking straight ahead, seized his hand for a moment, and said softly: "Good-night, dear. Going home to mother?"

He caught his breath, a wan little smile trembled on his lips; but there was pity in his eyes as he looked down into hers. The girl's companions snickered, and we passed on in silence.

## VII

LOUIS did not speak on the way home, and disappeared into the house as soon as we got back. While I sat on the porch combining and recombining the puzzle that was never solved, and which after the evening's revelations had reached a feverish intensity, Mrs. Belter was wafted out in one of her voluminous gowns, her head swathed in some Algerian tissue, from which I could just make out her white face in the dim light; but from which her voice, as if she were crying an extra, roused me with its implication of news, when all news had but one import.

"If it is not too late, I want to tell you something."

"If it were midnight, it would n't be late," I responded, and she slipped her soft hand into my arm, and we crossed to the public square.

Mrs. Belter began directly with: "What is this Nesbit-Pace?"

I retailed what little I knew, but prudently made no mention of the brazen garden.

"I don't like the way things are going," Mrs. Belter said. "He's dead in earnest, and if she is n't,—well, I don't know what I think. Anyway, it is too great a strain on me; she has got to leave the house."

"Ah, but she can't go to a hotel alone, the Masons have no possible room, and her father is too ill to be moved."

"I pity him; he has had a hard life."

"But what can she say? She is telling her friends how adorable you are, how kindly you chaperon her."

"Stop! I won't hear it. She is a fiend."

"Not that!" We suddenly exploded like firecrackers.

"She is a bad woman, and I won't injure my house for her."

"Mrs. Belter, you are using strong lan-

guage; you are unfair, unjust, unkind. You don't like her, but what has she done?"

"She has done enough; I won't give her a chance to do more."

"If it were not for Louis Vincent, you would let her stay," I said, coming directly to her grievance.

She caught at my words. "The rest of you can stand it, but—I love that boy. Why can't he see? Why can't he penetrate her? He is not a fool."

"He does see; he penetrates amazingly for one who has never been out of his native State. He sees how rare she is: nobody here sees so much, or so deeply as Louis."

"My poor boy!" she groaned. "Her daring to play with such a nature! And he can see her with this Pace, and not know what she is?"

"Ah, but you forget; for a man who has known the type in literature, who can place her, can give her a proper setting—"

"But you none of you know the truth; you none of you know what is back of her. Louis shall know."

"Don't tell him, if you want him to love you."

"But I won't have her spoil his life; I would rather have him hate me as a busybody. You would think she was Cleopatra or Helen!"

"She is the type," I replied rather fiercely.

"Oh, you! To be in love with such a woman!" Mrs. Belter's voice rose in scorn.

"I don't call it love. Here, sit down, if you will have it out." We came to an unoccupied seat. "If you want my confession, I know she has n't a heart; I know she ignores my existence, but still I would gladly follow her round the world, just to see her, to hear her voice, to watch her effect on others."

Mrs. Belter drew herself away from me, and exclaimed bitterly: "Oh, the folly of men! And when there are good women in the world—a pretty face, a little flattery!"

"I beg your pardon, there is more than a pretty face and a little flattery. She is Greece and Venice; she is courts and capitals; she is Homer and Petrarch, and Keats and Browning."

"I tell you she is a hard, unprincipled,

selfish, heartless coquette. You may hate me,"—there were tears in Mrs. Belter's voice,—“I am not jealous, but you must hear what I know.”

“I will hear anything that is true; I want to understand her, to account for her.”

“Well, if that Englishman has fascinated her, she has met her deserts. She can never be his wife in England.”

“What do you mean?”

“He deserted a wife there,—the stale English plot,—a poor little creature, inferior to him socially. He got a divorce that might hold in America, but not there; and if he ever turns up in England with another wife, his first wife's people are lying in wait to arrest him for bigamy.”

“You know this?”

“On the best authority. This is the only reason he became an American.”

“Miss Hetherfield should know it.”

“I don't care whether she knows it now or not. She will know it in time.” Mrs. Belter had hardened her heart. “I must stop this disease, this Lidianitis, that is raging in my house. You recall that nice Miss Bodman who was with us last summer for the quadrennial, the Quaker? She knows her Philadelphia from A to Z. I wrote to her.”

“You wrote to her?”

“Why should n't I? This lady is of my family, and I must know about her. Well, Mr. Hetherfield has not been with his daughter for several years until last winter. She has been in Europe with her mother.”

“Her mother! I did not know she had a mother.”

“She does n't mention her mother. Now let me tell you what Miss Bodman wrote: Ten or twelve years ago, when Lidian was perhaps thirteen, her mother took her to Europe to be educated. She was left one winter in school in Lausanne, while Mrs. Hetherfield amused herself in Rome, where she put à climax to her season by eloping with a Russian diplomat.”

“Eloping! Her mother! Does Miss Bodman know this?”

“All Philadelphia knows it, or has forgotten it.”

“Poor girl! And what became of Lidian?”

“Her father, of course, flew to rescue his precious daughter, and brought her

home, and put her in one of the best schools in New York—the Misses Mull's. And he moved to New York himself, at a great sacrifice, for he had a prosperous business in Philadelphia. He has never succeeded in anything since; he was a broken man.”

“And Lidian?”

“The Misses Mull did all that could be done. I know the school; it has a splendid tradition. There are certain things it prides itself on—good voices, good manners,—and I confess the girl has manners,—and high-bred penmanship,—she does write a superb hand,—and a good knowledge of French and English literature. They learn pages and pages by heart.”

“Oh,” I groaned,

“‘T was of a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Sweet Day so cool, so calm, so bright!”

I mocked.

“For goodness sake!” interjected Mrs. Belter.

“They are all gone into the World of Light.”

“Who are gone?” she cried in bewilderment.

Was I suddenly disloyal? A spirit of bitter humor possessed me. “I won't interrupt; and then?”

“And then, when she was through school, and as pure and high-minded as the Misses Mull could make her, and her father had settled with her in an apartment in New York, and was looking anxiously for a proper husband,—no wonder, poor man, he was anxious,—why, of course, then her mother, who had meanwhile been honorably divorced, as my great-aunt Jane used to say, and as honorably espoused to her precious Russian, and who was settled in the legation in Berlin, after having tasted life in various capitals, demanded her beautiful daughter. She sent money, and asked Lidian to visit her.”

“Now,” I interrupted, “your Miss Bodman is going into details she could know nothing about.”

“So it was said. Anyway, the girl



packed up and left her devoted father bowed with grief. And no one knows what she did or did n't do, or see, while flying round Europe for the last four or five years with her countess mama. Evidently without a grand *dot* she did not capture the great *parti* for whom her mother aimed."

"And if all this is true," I demanded, "why should she be rusticated here with her dear papa?"

"Because," Mrs. Belter paused, "Miss Bodman writes, it is said by Philadelphians who have wintered in Berlin that Miss Hetherfield was suddenly sent away by her mama because the count, her stepfather, was evincing too much interest in his stepdaughter."

"Mrs. Belter!"

"Is n't it ghastly?"

"Your Quaker lady has been reading Ibsen! Poor girl, poor girl! I pity her."

"Yes, you pity her, you pity her! Even last winter in New York, with her good, kind father, she must directly have another affair with a second cousin, a married man. Those letters are from him."

"What letters?"

"The letters that come every day, and which she asked the postman to tuck into her New York paper. That affair is what has made her come here. Her father has brought her away for a summer to break it up; but he, poor man, now never will go back."

We rose together, as if we had had enough. "Don't be unkind!" I pleaded as we walked toward the house. "We have both been rather excited; but I am your friend."

"I began to doubt if I had a friend in the house since she came," poor Mrs. Belter ended. It was striking eleven.

#### VIII

I WAS awake before dawn, after tossing about the few hours of the night. I wanted to get square with myself, to detach this woman from my feelings, and let her roll round in earth's diurnal course with rocks and stones and trees.

The night had been warm, and finally, too impatient to lie still longer, I rose and slipped into some clothes, to get a breath of air in the garden. As I was putting on my shoes, I heard a step on the bare

stairs that led from Louis's turret, and I thought, he also is too feverish to keep indoors.

I soon followed him down the hall, which was in perfect darkness, and I wondered why he had turned out the light, which was always left to burn till morning. As I tiptoed by the "Key of the House," as Mrs. Belter called her chamber at the foot of the stairs, I was startled to be challenged by that lady's voice demanding who was there.

"You?" she hissed through the crack of her chained door. "What is happening?"

I explained my innocent purpose, but she begged me to wait; she had something to communicate. I lifted the shades in the parlor, and let in the dim gray light of a cloudy dawn. My mind was in a whirl of wild surmises aroused by the passion in Mrs. Belter's voice. In a few moments she came to me in some of her tragic robes, her face white and tense.

"Is it really morning?" she said, and then, with something like a sob, "The end has come!"

"You mean?"

"They leave this house to-day."

"Who?"

"I wish I had slept; I don't want to believe it. My heart is broken."

"What has happened?"

"I was awake, and heard some one fumbling at the front door, and I wondered who was coming in at this hour. I got up and opened my door a crack. I saw Louis come in, and before he went up-stairs, he went softly and turned out the hall light."

"Yes; I wondered why it was out."

"And I wondered why he put it out, for every one knows it burns all night. Naturally, I did not speak; but as I put my hand on the chain to close my door without a rattle, I heard a woman's skirts brush by, and rustle softly up the stairs."

"Mrs. Belter!"

"I'm sure, I'm sure. She went softly, but I heard her door open, and then the key turning in her lock." Mrs. Belter burst into tears. "That it should be he, of all men! How could she, how could she, have done it?"

"My dear friend, listen to me; control yourself. I can explain." I told her about the brazen garden. "Louis, like

me, like you, was awake before dawn. He was going out, and he met her coming in."

"With that man!" A gleam lighted up Mrs. Belter's face. "Thank God! I sha'n't have to tell him; he met her returning at this hour with that brutal Englishman. Louis knows her now. Oh, I am glad! I am glad!"

"No, no, no!" I cried. "In a soul like Louis, who has felt as he has toward this woman, it will shake the foundations of his faith; it will devastate his whole being."

"Ah, but he is saved!"

"He will love her more than ever—more than ever, though he will taste the waters of anguish, though he will despise himself because he loves such a woman, and can't help loving."

I had said too much. Mrs. Belter moaned softly: "Don't, don't! His mother left him with me!"

"Dear lady," I comforted, "you are not responsible: you forget that Louis Noel is a man."

"To ruin his life!"

"Ruin? She has made it. You wait."

# IX

MISS HETHERFIELD did not appear at the one o'clock luncheon. "You young gentlemen will miss your beautiful friend." It was old Mrs. Gwilt, turning to me her Cruikshank features.

"Has she gone?" I inquired.

"A messenger-boy brought a note to her this morning before she came to breakfast. Her father is worse, and she went right off to her cousin's. Such a nice gentleman, Mr. Hetherfield; I am so sorry. But she seems able to take care of herself, though so much looks is rather against a lady."

"If she visits Italy after her father passes away, I should think she would need a companion—at least during her year of mourning," Miss Revell said, inclining her majestic forehead thoughtfully over her tea-cup. She was dreaming of a period to her eighteen years of preparation for Europe.

"She will probably go to her friend, Lady Asket of Asketridge." Carboys produced the title with crushing superiority.

"Did she really have a message?" I asked, as soon as I could get Mrs. Belter alone.

"Yes."

"How did she manage so early?"

"Louis must have arranged it."

"He knows that you know?"

"He saw instantly by my face at breakfast."

"Then he tried to save her," I said.

"But he did n't," Mrs. Belter replied. "You don't suppose I let her go without having it out? I told her everything—I mean about this Nesbit-Pace. And it was a bitter pill; for she is in love this time, and marriage had been mutually promised. She produced that as a sort of justification for her performances. Of course she was furiously innocent. The man's divorce alone does n't bother her: it is the ugly fact of its not holding in England; for his great family was a big part of his charm. But if he really has one wife there—well, she is in for her punishment."

"Did you speak of Louis?"

Mrs. Belter tossed her head. "Why should n't I? She said she loved him, that she had never known any one like him, that she believed in his genius."

"That comforted you, did n't it?" I mocked.

"But I saw that Louis's meeting her when she came in gives her more shame than my knowing it, though she trusts him not to tell, and she never will trust me." Mrs. Belter drew down the corners of her mouth to beautiful resignation; but her revenge had been complete.

LOUIS avoided me, but on the following Sunday I stumbled on him in Mrs. Belter's parlor, where he was saying good-by, for he left that morning. There were tears in that lady's eyes, but cheer in her voice.

"Oh, yes, you will," she was saying; and then, appealing to me, "Won't he?"

Louis turned a mask of bitterness, weary of eye and sharp of lip—alas! for the boyish simplicity and sweetness of my pre-Raphaelite angel, for the mouth the world was not to spoil, and the eyes that were worth saving, too!

"Of course he will," I chimed, "if you say so."





PAUL JULIEN MEYLAN 1905

Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE TURNED FROM ME A FACE FULL OF BITTERNESS AND PAIN"

"Create something beautiful that will carry us into history as his friends, and put a bronze tablet on the corner of my house?"

"Are we his friends?" I said.

He grasped my hand, and the old smile came back, and with it my faith; for though the battle had only begun, and pain and devastation might follow in its wake, the determined passion for beauty was there, and it would surely win.

If the substance of poetry be, as Wordsworth declared, past emotions recalled in tranquillity, Louis Noel has ample store of material for his first volume. But not in "Songs of Innocence" will *she* live, or in chaste numbers akin to Herbert and Vaughan.

With him gone, with *her* gone, the world has become strangely gray: after her, all other women seem—but that is another story.



## THE WHITE HOUSE COLLECTION OF PRESIDENTIAL WARE

BY ABBY G. BAKER

THERE is nearing completion in the White House at Washington one of the most interesting historical collections to be found in the country. It is a collection of Presidential ware—largely composed of pieces of china, but also containing a few pieces of plate—which was begun by Mrs. Roosevelt soon after she became mistress of the famous old mansion.

The inception of the collection was almost by accident. While General Theodore A. Bingham, now Police Commissioner of Greater New York, was Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds at Washington, a position which entails supervision of the White House, he found that there was comparatively little of the china or plate left in the mansion which had been used through the administrations of the various chief executives. Before his appointment as superintendent, he had served as military aide to our American embassies at both Berlin and Rome, and while there had noted the veneration and care bestowed upon the royal residences and their belongings. It did not take him long to discover the painful lack in that regard in the Presidents' House. Meeting the writer of this article one day in the early summer of 1901, he asked her why she

did not write a "story" on the Presidential china in the White House, and awaken an interest in it that would lead to its preservation. "If somebody does not do that pretty soon," he added energetically, "there won't be any left to preserve."

General Bingham was assured that it would be more than a pleasure to do this; but before it could be done, a thorough study would have to be made of the ware that was, and had been, in the house, and also of the records concerning it. He promised to speak to Mrs. McKinley about the matter, and a few days later apprised the writer that Mrs. McKinley would be glad to have her come to the White House during the summer, while the family was away, to make whatever study she deemed necessary of the china and plate. This invitation was most gladly accepted, and in the next four months an untiring search was made not only of the Presidential ware, but of the files of the Treasury and other departments of the Government where the records relating to it were kept.

One of the first difficulties encountered was the meagerness of detail in many of the official records of the White House. For years after the mansion was built, it was, and in fact has always remained, under the jurisdiction of a division of the





Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE WASHINGTON DECANTER AND OTHER WASHINGTON  
PIECES IN THE WHITE HOUSE COLLECTION

Government. Originally, like other Federal property in the District, it was supervised by three commissioners appointed by the President. This first commission was abolished in 1803, and its place was filled by an official entitled Superintendent of the City of Washington. This held until 1816, when the office was again changed, and a Commissioner of Public Buildings was placed at its head. In 1867, through the shifting of political parties, the office was transferred to the War Department, and made a part of the bureau of the chief of engineers of the army. Since then an officer of this branch of the service has held the position of Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, and is the official who has the immediate supervision of the White House.

Congress has always had more or less jurisdiction over the Presidents' House, in that it appropriates all money for its maintenance and repair, although such money is disbursed through the office of the chief of engineers. At one time it assumed a paternal attitude toward the mansion, and appointed a committee of three of its members to inspect it semi-annually. A former mistress of the man-

sion has left a humorously sarcastic letter telling of the "inspection" during her incumbency. The three staid members poked and peered through every room from garret to cellar. Just before leaving, they inquired with severe solemnity if any of the dishes had been broken during the year. She innocently asked for the list they had made of the china the year before in order that she might investigate what breakage there had been, and she rather wickedly enjoyed their confusion as they had to acknowledge that as far as they knew no list had been made.

With such lax congressional supervision and with the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds as subject to the mutations of political parties as the mistress of the mansion herself, and, most potent reason of all, with no permanent curator of White House belongings, it is small wonder that many things of inestimable historic value have been lost. Under prevailing conditions, the mistress has never been very largely responsible for what went into, or for what was taken out of, the Presidents' House; yet it can be said to the credit of the majority of the women who have held the high position that they have had a keen



Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE JOHN ADAMS  
GOBLET

The standard having been broken, a silver holder was made to support the goblet.

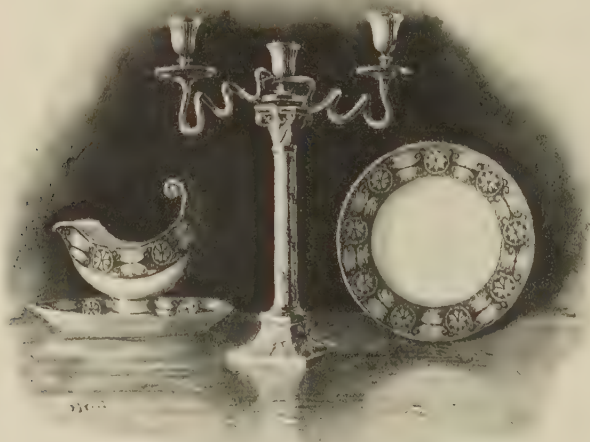


Drawn by Harry Fenn

#### THE JEFFERSON CHINA

sense of the responsibility entailed upon them, and have lived up to it nobly. Several of them have thought that there should be some kind of collection in the mansion which would help memorialize the different executives who have lived there. Mrs. Hayes planned a collection similar to the one which Mrs. Roosevelt is successfully finishing, and had gathered a large number of most interesting historic

pieces ; but as she could not complete it in time to present it to the Government before her husband's term expired, it was moved to Fremont, Ohio, when the family returned there. Mrs. Harrison probably did more to awaken a sentiment to save the historic furnishings of the White House than any of her predecessors. One of her cherished ambitions was to make a collection of the Presidential ware, and



Drawn by Harry Fenn

#### THE MADISON CANDELABRA AND CHINA

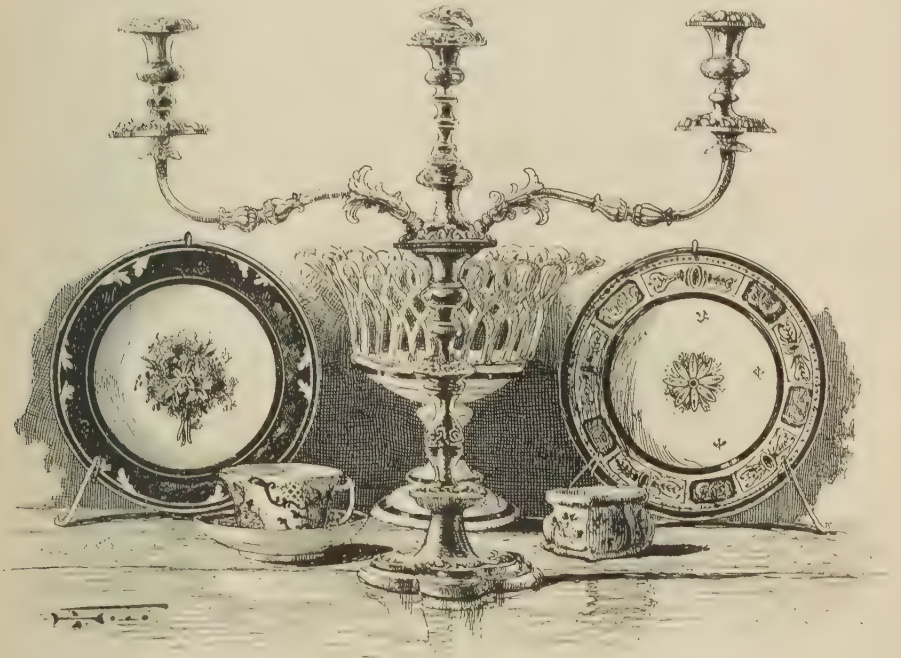


she went so far as to design a cabinet which she hoped to have built in the walls of the state dining-room, where the ware could be preserved and displayed.

It has unfortunately happened in a number of instances that, with the incoming of a new administration, the Presidents' House has been stripped of almost everything old, and then refurnished. This probably helps to explain the some-

plemented the ware which was there with the pieces required for immediate use.

While it was found that the china in the mansion did not antedate the days of Lincoln, it was found, also, that there was a quantity of solid silver and plate reputed to be almost as old as the Republic itself. While Washington was chief executive, the Government occupied temporary capitals, but he must have made



Drawn by Harry Fenn

ON THE LEFT, THE MONROE CHINA; IN THE CENTER, THE JACKSON CANDELABRA AND CHINA; AND ON THE RIGHT, THE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS CHINA

what surprising fact that when the search was undertaken by General Bingham, it was found that there was not a complete set of china left, and, with the exception of one piece, which will be described later, the parts of sets which were there could not be identified with more than seven administrations. These were from those which were called the Lincoln, the Grant, the Hayes, the Arthur, the Cleveland, the Harrison, and the McKinley sets, but a little investigation revealed that of this number Presidents Lincoln, Grant, and Hayes were the only executives who had ordered complete dinner services of china. The others simply sup-

plemented the ware which was there with the pieces required for immediate use. While it was found that the china in the mansion did not antedate the days of Lincoln, it was found, also, that there was a quantity of solid silver and plate reputed to be almost as old as the Republic itself. While Washington was chief executive, the Government occupied temporary capitals, but he must have made



Drawn by Harry Fenn

#### THE POLK CHINA AND GLASS

have not complied with your directions as to economy, but you will be of a different opinion when you see the articles. . . . I think it of great importance to fix the taste of the country properly, and I think your example will go very far in that respect. It is therefore my wish that everything about you should be substantially good and majestically plain, made to endure." The handsome plateau now in use at the White House is frequently called, and credited as, the Washington plateau; but the supposition is not substantiated, and as the plateau was Washington's personal property, it is more than probable that he took it with him when he returned to Mount Vernon.

During his several residences abroad,

John Adams made many purchases of magnificent furniture and plate, some of which he doubtless used in Philadelphia and in the unfinished and scantily furnished Presidents' House when the seat of government was moved to Washington in 1800; but upon his retirement, he built his home at Quincy, Massachusetts, where the greater part of this furniture and plate is still preserved by his descendants. Shortly after Jefferson became President, he wrote to Gouverneur Morris that he had taken time to examine into the furniture funds, and added: "I think there will be about 4000 D which might be better invested in the plate than in more perishable articles." The "plate" referred to was a surtout and a service of



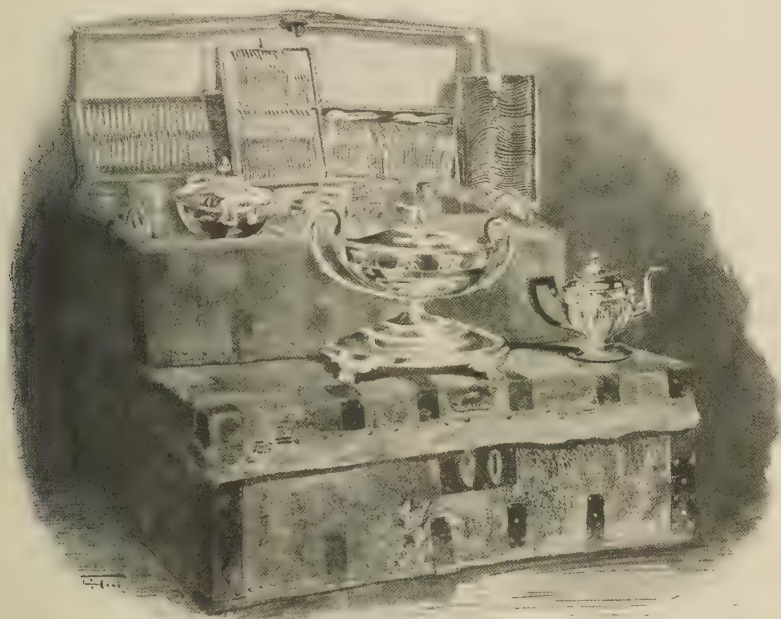
Drawn by Harry Fenn

#### VEGETABLE-DISH, PLATTER, CUSTARD-CUP AND FRUIT-DISH FROM THE FRANKLIN PIERCE STATE DINNER-SET

silver weighing four hundred and eight pounds troy, about which they had been corresponding for some time, but which, on account of the low state of the "furniture funds," was subsequently taken by Chancellor Livingston.

There is a well-grounded tradition that Jefferson sent to Monroe, who was then in Paris negotiating the Louisiana Purchase, to procure a suitable quantity of silverware of such manufacture and de-

less made long before Monroe ever saw them, covered with worn leather, bound with iron, and each bearing on the lid a brass label engraved "M. le Baron de Tuyll," still stand in the steward's room of the White House. They are chamois-lined and divided into numerous compartments for the pieces of silver. They still hold much of the White House plate, but how much of it is that which came in them originally cannot be asserted. There



Drawn by Harry Fenn

#### THE BARON DE TUYLL CHESTS AND SILVER

sign as he deemed fitting for the Presidents' House. The tradition is that at that time there was an impoverished Russian nobleman in Paris by name of De Tuyll whose gambling proclivities compelled him to place his family plate on sale. Whether Mr. Monroe thought the young Republic should be thrifty, or whether he realized that M. le Baron de Tuyll's service was of better quality than he could obtain elsewhere, the tradition does not say, but it affirms that there were more than three hundred pieces in it, and that they were sent to America in the nobleman's ancestral chests. Just how much truth there is in the story cannot be said, but the old chests, which were doubt-

less a stately tea-pot and eight large plates which are especially interesting, as on them, in faint outlines, can still be traced the De Tuyll marking. The tea-pot is about twelve inches high, with a white ivory handle bearing a full-bearded man's head at the base. The spout ends in a griffon-head, while the knob of the lid is formed of a flower and leaf. The body of the pot is decorated with the acanthus leaf and a hairy leg and hoof. On the bulge of the spout in faint but distinct etching is the De Tuyll mark.

There are many pieces of elegant old plate at the White House, among which are parts of three, and possibly four, tea-sets. There are coffee-, chocolate-, and



cream-pots very similar to the De Tuijl tea-pot, which may have belonged to the same service; but if so, the marking has been erased by constant polishing, and they bear other points of difference. The records in the old state papers and letters show that



Drawn by Harry Fenn

THE LINCOLN PUNCH-BOWL

Mrs. Madison selected a state dining-set and some plate for the Presidents' House, and while the destruction of the building by the British must have destroyed the greater part of the things which were in it, yet she must have saved much of that which was most valuable during the few days she knew that the enemy were advancing upon the capital. On the day of her flight, August 24, 1814, she wrote to her sister Anna that famous letter in which she told of rescuing Washington's picture, and continued: "At this late hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles belonging to the house."

When the Monroes came into the rebuilt Presidents' House in the autumn of 1817, it had been newly furnished, and the magnificent plate and china then provided were of their selection. Some of it is still there, and the handsome dining-table plateau was probably purchased at that time. In the steward's room, standing near the De Tuijl chests, is a leather-covered, brass-bound chamois-lined silver trunk on one end of which is a label bearing the name James Monroe. It doubtless contained part of the plate sent from France upon his order.

When the article on the Presidents' china which General Bingham had suggested was published in the following December, the McKinley tragedy had occurred, President Roosevelt and his family occupied the White House, and Colonel Thomas W. Symons had succeeded as Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. The article, however, came under his notice, and he called it to the attention of the President's wife. Mrs. Roosevelt has always taken the greatest interest in everything pertaining

to American history, and she saw that it lay within her power to preserve, at least, specimens of the historic ware. She designed two cabinets, and had them placed in the lower east corridor of the mansion, where they could be inspected by all visitors, and

then asked Colonel Symons to invite the writer to come to the White House and select the pieces of china which should be placed in them.

While this work was being done, the new state dining-set which Mrs. Roosevelt had ordered for the White House arrived, and including the pieces chosen from it, eight shelves were filled with china which was used during the administrations of Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt, a shelf to each administration. The china selected by Mrs. Roosevelt for the state dining-set could not be in better taste. It is Wedgwood, and is decorated in a simple colonial pattern in gold, with the obverse of the great seal enameled in colors on each dish. There are over twelve hundred pieces in the set, and to accompany it, she ordered one hundred and forty-four pieces of glassware. A dinner-platter, dinner, breakfast, tea, and soup plates, with a tea-cup and a coffee-cup and the saucers, were selected from this set for the collection.

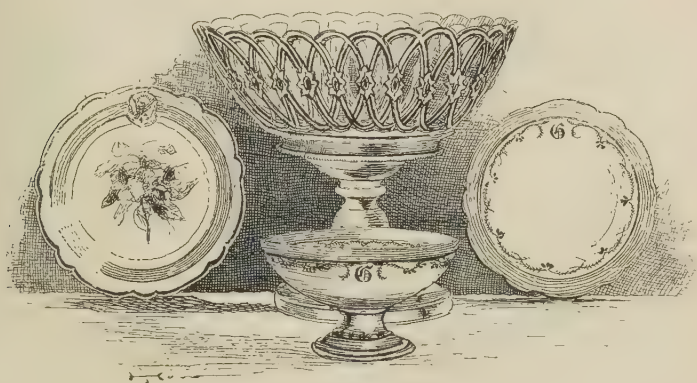
Neither Mrs. McKinley nor Mrs. Cleveland ordered much china for the executive mansion, but plates and cups and saucers of their selection were placed in the cabinets. The plates selected by Mrs. Cleveland were exquisite Wedgwood and Minturn patterns, and one of the odd, flag-design bonbon dishes, used first at the Cleveland state dinners, was also included on the Cleveland shelf. Mrs. Harrison was very artistic in her tastes, as well as patriotic, and she greatly desired to have the goldenrod adopted as the national flower. When she found that she would have to order some new china, she designed the decoration for it, combining the goldenrod and leaf with the

Indian corn and stalk. On each piece this design, with the coat of arms of the United States and a rim of golden stars, was emblazoned. In addition, she selected many pieces of cut glass, and they also bear the coat of arms. The elaborate set which Mrs. Hayes had secured was still intact when Mr. Arthur came into the White House, and without much veneration for their historical associations he made a wholesale sweep of the old ware of the broken sets. He selected much handsome bric-à-brac for the mansion and some dainty china. His shelf in the collection contains a set of fancy plates and two after-dinner coffee-cups.

The set contracted for by Mrs. Hayes was the largest one ever brought into the Presidents' House. The artist Theodore Davis invented the shapes of the dishes and designed the decorations. He intended them to represent the flora and fauna of every State in the Union, and succeeded fairly well. Had this set been properly protected, and not reproduced, as was also the Harrison design, it would have been far more valuable. The back of each dish of the original set bears the coat of arms. Nine pieces of this china were placed in the collection, of which the turkey platter is the most striking. The Grant set is of white French ware. Each piece is decorated with wide bands of buff bearing a small United States shield, and rimmed with narrow bands of gold and dark brown. In the center of the plates and on the sides of the upright

dishes is a spray of American wild flowers. At the time of Miss Nellie Grant's wedding, which, as everybody knows, took place at the White House, this set was supplemented by many pieces which, while matching in general design, do not have the shield or flowers. The Lincoln china was a Haviland design selected by Mrs. Lincoln. It has scalloped edges, with wide bands of crimson purple outlined in delicate lines and dots of gold, and on each dish is the eagle and shield resting on a clouded background of gold. Underneath them is the familiar motto, *E Pluribus Unum*. A dinner-platter, dessert-dish, fruit-compote, bread-tray, and a tall water-pitcher were selected from the dishes of this set remaining in the mansion. Recently Mr. Woodbury Loring Towle of Boston has added an exquisite little custard-cup and top belonging to this set which came into the possession of a member of his family toward the close of the Lincoln administration.

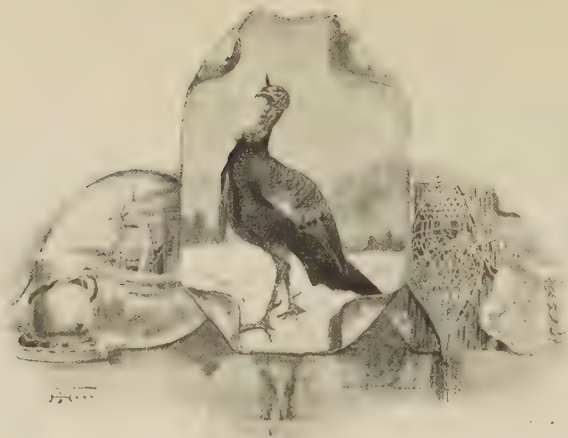
One morning soon after the collection was put in order, Colonel Symons, who was enthusiastically interested in all things historical pertaining to the White House, in emulation of a custom which had been followed by many of the chief executives, asked the President and Mrs. Roosevelt to plant a tree on the south lawn of the mansion. After the simple ceremony was over, as they came back to the house, they passed through the east corridor and stopped to admire the cabi-



Drawn by Harry Fenn

CHINA FROM THE GRANT SET; AND THE GARFIELD  
CHINA OF THE COLLECTION

The two Garfield pieces bear the letter G.



Drawn by Harry Fenn

#### THE HAYES CHINA

nets of china. "I tell you, Symons," exclaimed the President, with his characteristic energy, "this is a fine beginning; but it ought to be carried on now until it contains some ware representative of every administration."

The President's wife agreed with him, and while delegating the search for and the identification of the ware to the writer, Mrs. Roosevelt has, by unremitting interest and endeavor, almost made, and ultimately will make, the complete collection an accomplished fact. The work has been carried steadily forward, although it has not been an easy matter to secure the ware which is of such historic as well as intrinsic value. Through the public press it was made known that the collection had been started, and in order to secure their coöperation, wherever it was possible, the descendants of the Presidents were corresponded with or seen personally, and a number of invaluable contributions were secured in that way. From the first, Mrs. Roosevelt desired that the collection should be a patriotic one, and that the pieces for it should be either given or loaned rather than purchased. While this has sometimes added to the difficulty of obtaining the ware, it has made the collection of vastly more worth.

Within a short time after the cabinets were placed on exhibition, Mrs. James S. Bradley of New York, a loyal Daughter of the American Revolution, wrote to

Mrs. Roosevelt, offering to loan some Washington and Madison ware which had come to her through the Lawrence Lewis heirs, and from a sale made by Madison's stepson, John Payne Todd. Of the former, there were a cup and saucer, a pickle-dish (Sheffield), a cut-glass decanter and a berry-dish, and a silver fish-knife. The Madison pieces were a pair of two-pronged silver candelabra and a gravy-boat. At about the same time, Mr. J. Henley Smith of Washington, whose father, Robert Smith, was Secretary of State under Madison, and whose mother's mother was Martha Washington's sister, Miss Dandridge, sent to Mrs. Roosevelt two plates for the collection. They were from a dozen plates which Mrs. Madison presented to Mr. Secretary Smith a short time before her death, saying, as she did so, "There is not much intrinsic value in these plates, dear friend, but time will probably enhance their worth, as they are a part of the state dining-set which we used in the Presidents' House." Upon comparing the plates with the gravy-boat proffered by Mrs. Bradley, it was found that they were match-pieces—French ware, and each piece decorated with a wide, coffee-colored border on which are etched an odd wheel-and-shell design interspersed with stars. It is needless to add that both Mrs. Bradley's contribution and Mr. Smith's gift were most gratefully accepted.

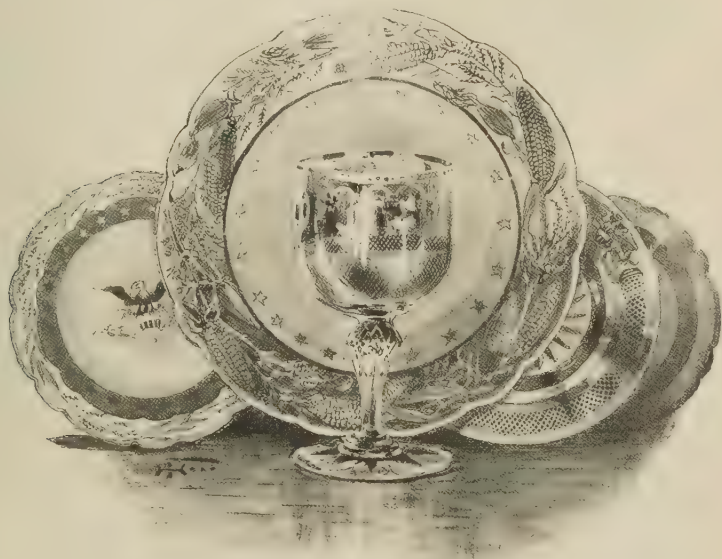
The piece of china which could not be



identified with the ware of the seven recent administrations when the Presidential china was classified is in all probability a Madison piece. It is a shapely bowl on a standard upheld by the three Graces, and measures about two feet in height. It is decorated with a wide band of gold, then a narrower curved line of blue, followed by a wide band of small gold dots outlined with threads of blue and gold. Medallions of gold and blue decorate the bottom of the bowl, and the same design is carried out on the standard. Mrs. Harrison found this dish in three pieces one day when she was rummaging through the White House closets. She had it deftly mended, restored to the state dining-room, and did her best to ferret out its history, but was never successful. Some years afterward, through Colonel William H. Crook, who has been on the clerical force of the executive office for more than forty years, this piece was identified by the late Mrs. Nealey of Georgetown. She had a most interesting collection of colonial china of her own, and in searching some old Virginian records, she identified this bowl with the set of Madison china that was destroyed when the British burned the Presidents' House in 1814. Mrs.

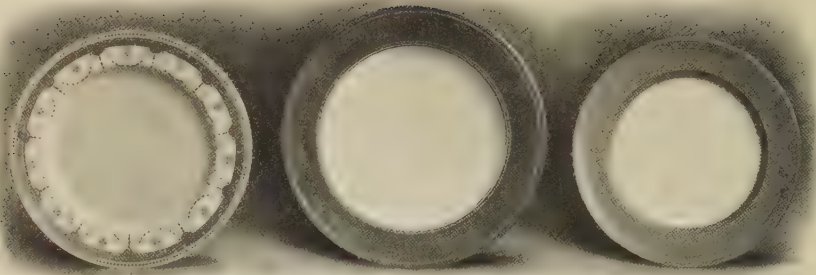
Glenn Brown and Miss McGuire of Washington, who are descendants of Madison's brother William, have also many invaluable pieces of Madison plate and china, and other relics of their illustrious kinsman.

Some little time after Mrs. Bradley's contribution, Mrs. William Owen of Lynchburg, Virginia, granddaughter of the late Mrs. Betty Washington Lewis, from whom she inherited them, presented the collection with a white-and-gold Martha Washington tea-cup and saucer. The next gift was from the wife of Brigadier-General George F. Elliott, Commandant United States Marine Corps, and a direct descendant of William Bradford and three other colonial governors. The gift consisted of a soup- and a tea-plate and a cup and a saucer from an incomplete tea-set used by President Monroe in the White House. The larger plate has a wide border of deep orange, with a white leaf outlined in gold, and in the center a bunch of American wild flowers. The quaint design on the other pieces includes a bright-red scroll and a lattice-work in gold, with the blue star flower interwoven in them. In the flat of the tea-plate is a shield in gold. After the



Drawn by Harry Fenn

PIECES OF CHINA, AND A GORLET, SELECTED FOR THE COLLECTION  
FROM THE SET DESIGNED BY MRS. HARRISON



From a photograph

PIECES OF THE CHINA SELECTED BY MRS. CLEVELAND

President's death, this incomplete set became the property of his nephew, Colonel James Monroe, who late in life gave the dishes to his kinsman, General O. C. Badger, and he, in 1878, presented them to his daughter, Mrs. Elliott.

The late Mr. Samuel Gouverneur, whose widow still lives in Washington, was a grandson of President Monroe. His mother was Maria Monroe, and she was married at the age of sixteen in the East Room, during her father's administration, to her own first cousin, Samuel L. Gouverneur, who was then twenty years of age and secretary to the President. Mrs. Gouverneur and her daughters, Miss Gouverneur and Mrs. Rose G. Hoes of Washington, and Mrs. William Crawford Johnson of Frederick, Maryland, as well as Mr. Laurence Kortright of New York, and the wife of Admiral Benham of the United States Navy, are all the fortunate possessors of priceless Monroe relics. Mrs. Gouverneur has, too, the original copies of numerous state papers of important transactions which took place during Mr. Monroe's public career, and many letters which are not only intensely interesting as a picture of those times, but which are of inestimable historical value.

Repeated efforts were made to secure some of the Adams ware for the White House collection, but without success, until last year, when Mrs. Erskine Clement of Newburyport, Massachusetts, a great-great-granddaughter of John Adams and the great-granddaughter of John Quincy Adams, and whose mother was born in the Presidents' House during the latter's administration, contributed a plate

from the state dinner-set used by John Quincy Adams, and her daughter, Miss Mary L. Adams Clement, sent two Staffordshire salt-cellar also owned by him. A few months later, Mrs. Harry Reade of Lowell, Massachusetts, sent an exquisite cut-glass goblet which was once the property of President John Adams. Cut in the bowl of the glass is a double floral wreath, and below it is an Old English letter A, and just beneath it in plain script are the letters S. C. T. The goblet was presented to Mrs. Reade's mother, Sarah Corcoran Thom, by a great-grandson of John Adams, and he had her initials engraved upon the goblet. The foot and stem have been broken, and the bowl of the goblet rests in a silver standard, which was made for it.

It is sometimes said that the State of Virginia is filled with the descendants of Thomas Jefferson, and it certainly is true that his next, and next, and next of kin,—by descent,—are to be found all the way from Charlottesville to Boston. Mrs. John W. Burke (Martha Jefferson Trist) of Alexandria, Virginia, has her old colonial mansion stored with a most interesting lot of Jeffersonian and other Revolutionary ancestors' relics. The Mr. and Misses Meikleham of Washington, whose mother was Jefferson's granddaughter Septima Ann Carey Randolph, are also the fortunate possessors of many things once owned by their great-grandfather. Dr. William Randolph of Charlottesville and Miss Jane Taylor of Lego, the original Jefferson estate, have many pieces of the furniture and plate which were once at Monticello. At the time of Jefferson's death, his affairs were in such

a sad financial tangle that his effects were sold at public auction, and the greater part of them passed out of the family's hands. Some of these were recovered afterward by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Sr., and Mrs. Meta Anderson Roach of Boston, who were also the direct descendants of Jefferson. Mr. Coolidge's son, Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., presented to the White House collection four pieces which belonged to a blue-and-white dinner-set President Jefferson ordered in France. They consist of a soup-tureen and cover, the top of a vegetable-dish, the dish itself having been broken, a large platter, and a plate. The china is heavy, and each piece is decorated with deep-blue-mottled borders outlined in gold. In the middle of the platter and plate, and on the sides of the tureen and covers, are the shield-shaped Jefferson crest. The shield is also outlined in deep-blue, bearing thirteen golden stars, and in the center is an elaborate scroll letter J in gold.

It will be recalled that Mrs. Jackson, to whom the President was devotedly attached, died one month prior to the inauguration of Andrew Jackson. His private secretary was Mrs. Jackson's nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, and the President invited his wife, Emily Tennessee Donelson, to preside as mistress of the White House during his administration. While she was there, her three children were born, and her eldest daughter, the late Mary Emily Donelson Wilcox, in-

herited from her mother many of the Jackson relics. Mrs. Wilcox died a few years ago, and, as a memorial to her, her daughter, Miss Mary R. Wilcox of Washington, filled a shelf in the White House collection with Jackson ware. In some respects this is the most interesting shelf in the collection, as it contains, besides six pieces of china and glass, one of the historic candelabras presented to General Jackson by Tammany Hall upon the occasion of his famous visit to that organization. On one side of the pedestal of the candelabra is engraved his name, Andrew Jackson; upon the other are the words, "Our Federal Union: It Must Be Preserved."

Some months after Miss Wilcox's contribution, Mrs. George W. Fall of Nashville, Tennessee, niece of Mrs. Polk, presented the collection with some specimens of the Polk ware. They consist of eight pieces of what comprised the state set during President Polk's administration. There is an old-fashioned, diamond-shaped, white-and-gold, lattice-work fruit-bowl upon a pedestal; a colonial tea-plate and a cup and saucer of Dresden ware, decorated similarly to the fruit-bowl with gaily colored birds in square medallions, and in the flat of the plate a bunch of violet morning-glories; a colonial goblet of deep-blue Bohemian glass; a cut-glass wine-glass; and a finger-bowl containing a quaint, old-time mouthpiece.

In order to make the White House



Drawn by Harry Fenn

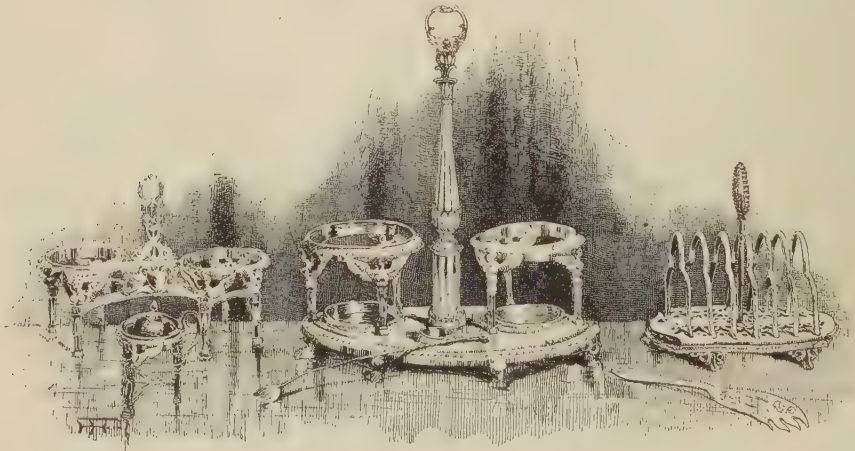


collection representative of all the Presidents, it was necessary to place some ware in the cabinets which had not been used in the mansion. This is notably true of the Washington display. It was true also of the Garfield china, which was sent to the collection last spring by the President's widow, through her son, James Rudolph Garfield, the present Secretary of the Interior. President Garfield and his family were in the White House only a few months, and purchased no china for it whatever; but Mrs. Garfield sent the collection a fruit-compote, a dessert-dish, and a plate from a set which has been used by the family for many years. It is of Haviland make, and is bordered in buff, on which is a floral design in browns and bronze. On each dish the letter G is emblazoned, and in the center of the dishes there is a bunch of bright-colored autumn leaves.

A Pierce cup and saucer, banded in bright red, and a Buchanan cup and saucer, bearing a bunch of blue flowers, were contributed to the collection last winter. Mr. William Crump, who was steward at the White House under Presidents Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur, was fortunate in securing a good many things at the Arthur sale, among which were a number of pieces of the Pierce ware. Through the generosity of his daughter, Miss Harriet B. Crump, a covered vegetable-dish, an openwork fruit-compote, and two plates of this much-admired,

wide, red-banded china have been added to the collection. Mr. James R. Ward, Jr., and his brother, H. Clay Ward, of Baltimore, Maryland, have nearly all of the state set which was used in the White House during the Buchanan administration. Their father, who held an important governmental position during the Civil War, was a warm personal friend of Lincoln, and it was at the latter's suggestion that he purchased this china when the new Lincoln set replaced it. Of course it is highly prized by the members of the family to whom it has descended.

President Tyler's sons, Dr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler and Judge David Gardiner Tyler of Williamsburg, and his daughter, Mrs. Pearl Tyler Ellis of Shawsville, Virginia, have most interesting collections of family plate and furniture, which includes some of the oldest pieces in the country. They have signified their intention to send the White House collection some of these mementos. Part of Judge Tyler's portion of the family plate has a double interest in that it passed through the Richmond fire when President Tyler's house was burned in the destruction of that city in 1865. It is hoped that through President Taylor's sister, Mrs. Philip Dandridge of Winchester, Virginia, or his nieces, Mrs. R. T. Jones of New York and Mrs. Philip R. Alger of Annapolis, Maryland, some of the Zachary Taylor ware may shortly be added to the collection. An effort is also being made through the kind offices



Drawn by Harry Fenn

SOME OF THE OLDEST PIECES OF WHITE HOUSE PLATE

of Mrs. Robert McKee of New York and Mr. J. S. Harrison of Kansas City; Mr. Martin Van Buren of Fishkill, N. Y.; and Mrs. Millard Fillmore of Wyncote, Pa., to locate some of the china or plate of their respective distinguished forebears. When that is accomplished, and something added of President Johnson's, every President will be represented in the collection; and it is hoped that a few of the individual exhibits which are very small may be enlarged.

In order that the collection may remain a permanent feature of the White

House as Government property, some time ago Mrs. Roosevelt had it placed under the bureau of Public Buildings and Grounds. Colonel Charles W. Bromwell, the present superintendent of the bureau, is keenly interested in the completion of the enterprise. This of course can be accomplished only through the generosity of those who own the china or plate of the Presidents; but unquestionably the collection will soon be completed, and when completed, it will be one in which every patriotic American will have pride.



## THE MAGIC OF SOURNESS

BY WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK

### I

"IF dot old stork efer brings a leetle baby to my house, two things I 'll bet dot poy will have," said Spiegel, his gray eyes bulging a challenge to the musicians about him. "First of dem things"—with a stern look at Timmins, the drummer, who was always teasing him, "is manners—boliteness mit dem vot is smarter und older und besser als yourself. Und der second"—with a withering glance at those members of the Alhambra Orchestra who bore the ignominy of American birth—"is temperament. Yes; I 'll bet dot boy has dot Cherman moosical temperament, py chiminey!"

"Vot if he is a girl, meppe so?" ventured Klug, a second fiddle.

"Und dey say girls don't got much temperature," added Meyer, the oboe, who sometimes mixed his English.

Spiegel scornfully dismissed the probability of its being of an inferior sex.

"He won't get his temperament from your side of the house, Spiegel," commented Timmins, with an exasperating smile.

Spiegel placed his cornet across his knees and pushed and tumbled his thick white hair about his great dome-shaped

head. It was the gesture which invariably preceded the uncorking of his vials of wrath. He was accustomed to boom forth his assertiveness in those impromptu discussions and arguments which always occurred during the noisy half-hour of tuning and preparation preceding the performance. It mattered not what the subject was, nor the side he happened to espouse; his massive personality usually bore everything irresistibly before it. Even Stoess, the conductor, cared little to run counter to his keen old tongue. To Clayton only he made obeisance—Clayton, who for twelve years had managed the organization, procuring its engagements, paying its salaries, and planning its future.

When the old cornetist had tufted his white locks in a *chevaux-de-frise* about his bulging temples, he turned to Timmins as a lion to a mouse.

"Temperament!" he groaned, a commiserating smile fastening upon his broad features. "*Ach, Gott!* What you Americans know apoud temperament! You haf it not, und you nefer will haf it. It 's chust *temperature* you 've got! Yah! yah! Meyer is right after all—chust temperature. Temperature is der right word. Hot, red hot for money, und dot tells der



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WAS IST, LIEBCHEN?'"



whole story. "Where are your gread musicians? Where are your gread artists? Temperament, *Hein!* Und dese smart-alecky leetle American kits, they don't got no—"

Spiegel stopped. Stoess had just made his appearance, and the jargon of voices and strings and reeds and horns ceased.

In all the years he had been playing with the Alhambra Orchestra, Louis Spiegel had never missed a performance; so the appearance of his substitute one afternoon some months later caused great conjecture.

The next day, however, he was on hand again, dropping into his chair flurried and puffing just as Stoess raised his baton for the first selection.

Ordinarily he read his score with passable accuracy, but now his capricious little instrument cut grotesque capers, blurring runs and cracking wildly on dissonant notes.

"What the devil 's wrong with you?" demanded Stoess when the performance was over.

Spiegel's big face was whimsically tender.

"It 's a leetle poy—only so long," he said happily, measuring on his arm with his instrument.

The men gathered about him quickly.

"A poy?" inquired Klug.

"Und so leetle," said Spiegel, measuring again.

"*Hein!*" growled Stoess, to whom fatherhood had become a rather monotonous reiteration. "Vot you expect? A poy mit mustache, und a pipe, und a union card, und a chob mit der Schutzen-Park Band alreaty?"

But it was not Spiegel's day for being teased. When the men had crowded about him and congratulated him, he smiled benignly, and opened a box of big black cigars he had brought with him.

"We 've called him Fritz," he said proudly, "mit my fader's name."

He did not loiter with them, as was his custom, but hurried homeward.

Spiegel had been well past fifty when he married pretty Lucy Rowan, who was half his age. The girl was alone and poor, and Spiegel had long since tired of bachelorhood. That was three years ago, and their marriage had held more happiness than a union of that sort usually does.

Indeed, with the coming of "Fritzzy" the old German's cup of joy fairly brimmed. The little, smiling wife with the baby at her side was, he thought, the most wonderful sight he had ever seen. Immediately he began to plan a career for his boy.

"We 'll maig of him a gread pianist," he said, "mit long hair und a private car, und der ladies going grazzy ofer him und der newspapers telling what he eats und drinks und wears. Yes, we maig of him a gread pianist. Paderewski gets so high as two hundred t'ousand dollars der season!" The last was added for the benefit of Mrs. Spiegel, who was plainly lacking in what Meyer called "temperature."

Everything was bent toward the end that Fritzzy should become a great pianist. Nothing was omitted from his baby régime that might have a beneficent musical influence in the years to come.

When he was big enough to sit alone, Spiegel would prop a piece of music up on the floor, and sprawling down beside him, would toot away most industriously.

"It trains his leetle ears," he said wisely.

Once, during a "training" period, something happened which exulted the soul of the father, and seemed to presage remarkable precocity for Fritzzy.

"*Liebchen*, you must learn der names of sounds. Now papa plays dot B." He blew softly. "Dot note is B. Say B, *Liebchen*."

"Ba—ba," gurgled Fritzzy, who had never as yet given an intelligible utterance.

"Gread!" cried Spiegel. "He says it in Cherman! he says it in Cherman! Lucy, coom here! *Liebchen* is naming der notes in Cherman!"

Mrs. Spiegel hastened in from the kitchen.

"He knows B alreaty," crowed Spiegel; "und now I try him on G, und I won't even tell him der name." Again he blew softly. "Was ist, *Liebchen*?" he demanded, his big eyes popping confidently.

Mrs. Spiegel had left the kitchen door open, and in consequence there was a slight draft on the floor.

Fritzzy screwed up his red mouth, and his little pug nose began to twitch excitedly.

"Chee!" he sneezed with quick finality.

"*Gott!*" cried Spiegel in amazement,

"he spiks in English, too—und such an ear! Ach, *mein* leetle Mozart!"

Later, when he began to crawl, his father found him one morning on the flat of his back beside the open cornet-case, embracing the instrument by a sort of community-of-interests-plan which included his mouth, his stomach, his fingers, and his toes.

The big German was delighted.

"S—h!" he cautioned his wife. "He wants to egsecute a solo!"

Mrs. Spiegel lacked her husband's imagination. "It's his bottle he wants to execute," she said dryly; but Spiegel's opinion was in no wise changed.

"*Ach*, dot poy takes moosic chust so easy as he takes his milk!" he boasted one day to his colleagues. Fritzzy was then scarcely eighteen months old.

"Is his mother musical, too?" inquired Stoess, with kindly interest.

A shadow crossed Spiegel's broad face. He had been asked the question before, and it always worried him momentarily. What if the child had inherited his mother's complete lack of musical talent! But his trepidation was usually short-lived.

"No," he replied, laughing; "but don't I got enough to go aroud?"

However, there came a time of tremendous disappointment to him—a time when he was poignantly aware that his boasted talent, despite its being "big enough to go aroud," had not fallen in the slightest degree to Fritzzy. Nature had tricked the lad out of all that had distinguished his forebears in a small way.

At six, his absolute unmusicality had carried despair to the most hopeful teachers. But still Spiegel persisted. Strange things had happened to great musicians in their youth, he contended. Wagner had failed utterly as a student of the piano. The thing to do was to keep the boy at it. In time he might grow unmusical enough to compose, he declared grimly.

But after ten long years he gave up the musical ghost. He felt then that he had done his duty by his son.

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked his wife. "It seems to me that we've only been putting a terrible burden upon him," an attitude which was, of course, clearly beyond Spiegel's understanding.

"Are n't you glad, dear, not to have to

study the stupid stuff any more?" she asked her boy one day.

The little fellow looked up at her ruefully. "Oh, I don't know," he replied, to her vast surprise; and then added, "It gave papa something to talk to me about, and now he hardly ever says anything to me."

She told Spiegel what the boy had said, and the big fellow, ashamed of his unconscious indifference, tried heroically for a few days to make up for it. But it was as evident as it had been all along that a bond of mutual interest was missing.

Fritzzy was a sturdy little fellow, with his mother's face and her native shrewdness. He had a natural acuteness of observation that astonished even his artistic father. There were other qualities of mind and heart, too, that would have satisfied any parent who was not so blinded by the blandishments of art.

Aside from his music, he was a boy who did things. He liked base-ball, he had a paper route, he was an expert bicycle-rider, he could swim farther than any other boy in the neighborhood, and he got into more fights than all the rest of the community put together. But he had neither musical talent nor temperament.

"He's chust a plain Yankee kit," declared Spiegel, gloomily. "In a few years he'll be a butcher und own a business block, und go into bolitics. Und he'll like dot 'Waltz Me Aroud, Willie,' besser als Beethoven. *Ach, Gott!*"

"Yes, he takes very much after the woman you married," retorted Mrs. Spiegel, grimly, her son's eternal defender.

It was up at Lake Vance, where the Alhambra spent its summers that Fritzzy gained respite from the things that bored him—school, his father's usual nagging attitude, and his own shortcomings.

The Alhambra had become one of the permanent attractions of the place, which boasted a Chautauqua and other means, mostly intellectual, of passing what some people call a profitable summer.

The lake lay mirrored among a maze of wooded hills, with cottages and the most entrancing tents scattered all about. There was a big pavilion where concerts and various other entertainments were given almost every afternoon. A little

steamer doddered lazily about the lake. Fritzzy and his mother often spent a whole day aboard it.

They were the greatest comrades, those two. Of forenoons, when he was not playing, Spiegel sometimes went with them, but there was a lack of understanding between him and the boy.

No one knew better than Fritzzy where the whole trouble lay. It seemed to him there was not a day when his musical mediocrity did not obtrude itself. There was the time, for instance, when Klug's son, stupid little Berny Klug, sat beside his father and played second with the nonchalance of the oldest performer. How Spiegel had talked of that, with what terrible sarcasm he had held it up before *his* boy!

"I wish I had learned to play," Fritzzy sometimes said to his mother; "but I could n't. I'm simply not there when it comes to music, and papa and everybody else knows it. I can't keep time, and I can't strike the right notes, and when I start to practise, my mind flies clear away, and the first thing I know I'm piling up a bunch of errors. But I wish I could have—just for papa."

His mother never failed him at such times. "Don't you worry, dear. It is n't your fault, but mine. It will come out all right," she would say, and put her arms about him.

One day Spiegel's chair in the pavilion was vacant and Fritzzy took word to Stoess that his father was sick.

Clayton was standing near when the boy delivered his message. Across his face there flashed a look which the lad, in an instant of acute intuition, caught and interpreted.

He left the pavilion and sauntered down to the lake. He was worried by a vague portent of something which had no more foundation, he knew, than the fact that the manager had of late assumed a not altogether pleasant attitude toward his father. He had heard his parents speak often of it, and his quick eyes had not failed to note the look of anxiety that accompanied the discussion.

He idled about the beach for a while, finally going home for his fishing-tacklè. He came back immediately to the pier, and climbed into the supporting trestle-work directly under the floor, where he

wrapped himself about a brace and began to fish desultorily.

The concert came to an end, and the audience hurried from the pavilion, and dispersed over the grounds.

Clayton and Stoess, talking earnestly, went down to the beach. Stoess was gesticulating emphatically.

They took a seat remote from the rest of the pier loiterers, and just above where Fritzzy was ensconced.

At first the boy paid little heed to the voices. It was the protesting tones of Stoess which finally caught his attention.

"If you're going to do anything mit der old man, do it square," he growled. "He's old? So. But he's Chonny On Der Spot. He is no soloist, meppe, and who cares for der cornet solos, anyway? Bah! But if you don't want him any longer, tell him so, and give him blenty time."

"We need new blood in the band," came down to Fritzzy's eager ears. "Some of the old men will have to go. There's an Italian here now—one of the defunct third regiment's men. He's stranded, and I can close with him for a year for almost nothing. He has great execution and lots of catchy tricks; was up in my room for a while this morning. I want you to try him out at rehearsal to-morrow, and put him on for a solo in the afternoon. Since so many factory people have begun to come here, the crowd don't want any more Wagner; we must give them ragtime and lots of fireworks. We might as well shunt some of the old boys right now, and Spiegel's being sick gives me a good excuse. Besides, his contract ends with the month."

When they departed, Fritzzy hurried home, miserable. He found Klug talking to his father. The old second fiddler had got an inkling of the Italian's presence in Clayton's room that morning, and, with his usual obtuseness as to results, was pouring the news into the sick man's ears. Spiegel lay back in his chair, pallid and distressed.

"I know I'm getting old," Klug rattled on volubly, "und I'll soon quit al-reaty, anyhow. But there's my Berny; he blays chust so good a second fiddle as me."

"Yes; you haf a son dot can step your



shoes in," replied Spiegel, bitterly; "but my son knows nothing but—"

"There, now, Louis," interrupted Mrs. Spiegel, peremptorily, while Fritzzy slipped out the door. It seemed to him that he never hated anybody or anything as at that moment he hated Berny Klug.

The afternoon concert program was always posted at the door of the pavilion, and usually just after morning rehearsal.

The next morning Fritzzy hung about the place expecting by some good stroke that the Italian's name was not to appear. But when the hastily printed poster was displayed, Signor Ernani was prominently featured in the first part.

He felt then that, so far as his father was concerned, it was but the beginning of the end. All sort of wild schemes hurtled through his little brain. He thought of every preventive plan from the burning of the pavilion to the assassination of Clayton.

Then there was the real cause of it all—the signor. Was there no way to reach him?

Suddenly his face brightened. Out of all the mass of reminiscence which he had heard his father relate, one story stood out with remarkable clearness—the story of how a first trumpet, dismissed from his Majesty's band, of which Spiegel in his youth had been a member, played even with his enemies.

"It's a lemon the dago 'll get sure enough," he declared, and straightway began his preparations to deal with the cornet virtuoso.

# II

THE Signor Ernani left his seat in the band and took his place beside the conductor.

He was a large man for an Italian, and there was a certain grand air of aggression about his mustachios that was exceedingly depressing to Fritzzy Spiegel, who was sitting directly in front of him, his nose—along with a row of other juvenile noses—almost touching the orchestra platform.

So this was the fellow who was to depose his gray-haired old father, this big, strong, bull-necked man—his father, who had missed only one rehearsal in all the

years. Such was Clayton's reward of merit! Well, he would see.

Stoess waved his baton, and the band burst into the prelude. The signor, casting nonchalant black eyes over his audience, twiddled the keys of an instrument which cost many times more than Spiegel's battered old affair.

And while the fiddles squeaked and the basses boomed and the bassoons groaned, Fritzzy sat tight and fixed with eagle eye the man whose debut he had planned to ruin.

At last there was that ominous change in the music which told him the prelude was soon to degenerate into a mere accompaniment. The signor twiddled his fingers faster than ever, and for an instant fited the mouthpiece to his lips.

Now, the boy told himself, was the time to act. He stood up and leaning slightly forward, put his chin squarely on the edge of the platform.

He had planned carefully. He knew that Stoess would have his back to the audience, and that the brass section, sitting far in the rear, would not be disturbed by his operations. He knew, too, that the strings, ranged at right angles to him, were not likely to see him. If they did, it mattered little; they all loved his father.

His blue eyes lifted and caught the black ones of the soloist.

Then he raised to his mouth a big lemon, bit savagely into the top of it, and administered a prodigious suck.

The black eyes surveyed him in resentful surprise.

"*Rummy-tum-tum, rummy-tum-tum,*" the prelude sounded anticipatively.

With a grand flourish, the signor put the instrument to his lips. Six beats more, and he was to take high C, prolong it to the astonishment of all ordinary lungs, and then cut capers in chromatics that would make a steam siren sound cheap.

Only six beats more of *largo tranquillo*! He drew his cheeks in scowlingly, rolling them between his jaws.

Fritzzy saw the peculiar movement, and redoubled his sucking. The magic of sourness was beginning to work.

Ernani tried to moisten his lips. The embouchure, that little conical bundle of muscles which forms in the middle of the upper lip of all horn-players, and which

is responsible for purity of intonation, was like an unwieldy lump of putty.

Four beats more!

His dark face broke into sweat, but his mouth was as dry as a mummy's. He felt that puckering-strings were attached to every muscle of his lips, and that all were pulling the wrong way. He closed his black eyes, but the baleful vision of the lemon and the boy remained in them.

Two! One! Stoess nodded him the cue, and desperately the Italian forced his dry embouchure into the mouthpiece.

In the quick diminuendo of the other instrument there sounded a noise like the fizzle of a bad fire-cracker.

Again it sounded and again. The signor was ghastly.

Stoess turned upon him in a fury.

"*Sitzen*, you tam fool!" he hissed. "*Sitzen Sie!*"

And, obeying, the signor tottered back and sat down.

The men were quietly directed to the next number, and almost before the audience had begun to wonder what had happened, the following program-figure was displayed, and the concert proceeded.

Fritzy, pushing the remains of the lemon deep into his pocket, slipped along the aisle and out of the door.

## III

SPIEGEL was feeling much better. On the table beside his chair was the signed contract for another year with the Alhambra. About him were Klug, Meyer, Stoess, and half a dozen other members of the band. Mrs. Spiegel, rosy and triumphant, was passing the wine. Fritzy was helping her.

"I chust told Clayton dot if he hired a soloist mit nerves like an old woman's dot go to pieces when a houseful of beoples is aound, den he could let *me* go, too," explained Stoess for the twelfth time. "Und Clayton he say it is not a case of nerves, but dot some poy in der front row sucks a lemon und blays der tefil mit der dago's lip. But I says, '*No*. A leetle lemon do a thing like dot!' Then he says, 'All right; we won't quarrel alreaty yet.' So he hires again Spiegel."

The old conductor leaned back, winked at Fritzy, and chuckled softly.

Everybody had been toasted except Fritzy. Suddenly Spiegel motioned the boy to him, and pulling him down to his knee, lifted a glass.

"To mein leetle Yankee kit," he boomed, "mit a temperature like red hot, py chimineys!"

Then, his glass still held high, he bent and kissed his son resoundingly.



## IN A POET'S WORKSHOP

## POEM OUTLINES

BY SIDNEY LANIER

IT requires but little intimacy with the true artist to see that, whether his medium of expression be words or music or the brush, much of his finest achievement can never be given to his fellows bearing the stamp of perfect craftsmanship. As when the painter, with hand momentarily inspired by the fervor of the eye, fixes in a sketch some miracle of color or line, which vanishes with each succeeding stroke of the brush laboring to embody it in a finished picture, so the poet may transcribe one note of his own tense heart-

strings; may find fluttering words that zigzag aërially beside the elusive newborn thought; may strike out in the rough some heaven-scaling conception—to discover too often that these priceless fragments cannot be fused again, cannot be molded with commoner metals into a conventional quatrain or sonnet.

The following outlines and fragments selected from a number left by Sidney Lanier are presented, with no apology for their incompleteness, in the belief that they contain the essence of poetry. His

mind budded into poems as naturally and inevitably as a tree puts forth green leaves—and it was always springtime there. These poem-sketches were jotted in pencil on the backs of envelopes, on the margins of musical programs, on torn scraps of paper, amid all sorts of surroundings, whenever the dream came to him. Some are mere flashes of simile in unrhymed couplets; others are definite, rounded outlines, instinct with the beauty of idea, but not yet hewn to the line of perfect form; one, at least, is the beginning of a long narrative in verse. All have been selected from his papers as containing something worthy of preservation; and, while the thought sometimes parallels that in his published work, all are essentially new. It is interesting to see in this glimpse of the poet in his workshop, as it were, how more than one of the outlines, written down in this first rough draft with no arrangement save that fixed by the rhythm of ideas, suggests vaguely in this form Whitman's deliberately rough-hewn work, though no two poets were ever more different in their theories of art.

The order of the following examples is necessarily arbitrary, though an effort has been made to group similar forms together. While they date from all periods of Mr. Lanier's poetic development, many were written during the very last months.—H. W. L.

#### HYMNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, OR CREDO, AND OTHER POEMS<sup>1</sup>

ARE ye so sharp set for the center of the earth, are ye so hungry for the center of things,

O rains and springs and rivers of the mountains?

Toward the center of the earth, toward the very middle of things, ye will fall, ye will run; the center will draw ye; gravity will drive you, and draw you in one:

But the center ye will not reach; ye will come as near as the plains,—watering them in coming so near,—and ye will come as near as the bottom of the ocean, seeing and working many marvels as ye come so near:

But the center of things ye will not reach,

O my rivers and rains and springs of the mountains!

Provision is made that ye shall not: ye would be merged, ye could not return.

Nor shall my soul be merged in God, though tending, though tending.

#### HYMNS OF THE MARSHES

THE courses of the wind, and the shifts thereof, as also what way the clouds go; and that which is happening a long way off; and the full face of the sun; and the bow of the Milky Way from end to end; as also the small, the life of the fiddler-crab, and the household of the marsh-hen; yea, and more, the translation of black ooze into green blade of marsh-grass, which is as if filth bred heaven:

This a man seeth upon the marsh.

O Science, wilt thou take my Christ,

Oh, wilt thou crucify Him o'er

Betwixt false thieves with thieves' own pain,

Never to rise again?

Leave me this love, O cool-eyed One,

Leave me this Saviour.

Come with me, Science, let us go into the church here (say in Georgia); let alone the youth here, they have roses in their cheeks, they know that life is delicious, what need have they of thee? But fix thy keen eye on these grave-faced and mostly sallow married women who make at least half this congregation—these women who are the people that carry around the subscription cards, and feed the preacher and keep him in heart all ways. See, there is Mrs. S.: her husband and son were killed in the war; Mrs. B.: her husband has been a thriftless fellow, and she has finally found out the damnable fact that she is both stronger and purer than he is, which she is, however, yet sweetly endeavoring to hide from herself and all people. Mrs. C., D., and the rest of the alphabet, in the same condition. Science, I grasp thee by the throat and ask thee with vehement passion, wilt thou take away the Christ (who is to each Deficiency in this house the Completion and hoped Perfectness) from these women?

(Written on the fly-leaf of Emerson's "Representative Men" between 1874 and 1879.)

I fled in tears from the men's ungodly quarrel about God: I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth; then somewhat like the beating of many hearts came up to me out of the ground, and I looked and my cheek lay close by a violet; then my heart took courage and I said:

<sup>1</sup> Lanier planned a volume with this title. As is evident from some of the outlines, he also had in mind series of poems called "Hymns of the Marshes," "Songs of Aldhelm," and "Poems on Agriculture."



I know that thou art the word of my God,  
 dear violet:  
 And, oh, the ladder is not long that to my  
 heaven leads!  
 Measure what space a violet stands above the  
 ground,  
 'T is no farther climbing that my soul and  
 angels have to do than that.

I went into the church to find my Lord.  
 They said He is here. He lives here.  
 But I could not see Him  
 For the creed-tablets and bonnet-flowers.

To him that humbly here will look  
 I'll ope the heavens wide,  
 But ne'er a blessing brings a book  
 To him that reads in pride.

Ambling, ambling round the ring,  
 Round the ring of daily duty,  
 Leap, circus-rider, man, through the paper  
 hoop of death,  
 Ah, lightest thou, beyond death, on this  
 same slow-ambling, padded horse of  
 life.

The monstrous things the mighty world  
 hath kept  
 In reverence 'gainst the law of reverence,  
 The lies of Judith, Brutus' treachery,  
 Damon's deceit, all wiles of war.

The sleep of each night is a confession of  
 God. By whose will is it that my heart beat,  
 my lung rose and fell, my blood went with  
 freight and returned empty these eight  
 hours?

Not mine, not mine.

(The original penciled on back of a verse from "The  
 Cedarcroft Chestnut.")

Great shame came upon me.  
 I wended my way to my own house,  
 And I was sorrowful all that night;  
 For the touch of man had bruised my man-  
 hood,  
 And in playing to be wise and a judge before  
 men,  
 I found me foolish and a criminal before  
 myself.

I am but a small-winged bird;  
 But I will conquer the big world  
 As the bee-martin beats the crow,  
 By attacking it always from above.

I will be the Terpander of sadness;  
 I will string the shell of slow time for a lyre—  
 The shell of tortoise-creeping time,  
 Till grief grow music.

How did'st thou win her, Death?  
 Thou art the only rival that ever made her  
 cold to me.  
 Thou hast turned her cold to me.

It may be that the world can get along  
 without God: but *I* can not. The uni-  
 verse-finity is to me like the chord of the  
 dominant seventh, always leading towards,  
 always inviting onwards, a chord of progress;  
 God is the tonic triad, a chord of repose.

There will one day be medicine to cure  
 crime.

The United States in two hundred years  
 has made Emerson out of a witch-burner.

But, oh, how can ye trifle away your time  
 at trades and waste yourself in men's com-  
 merce, when ye might be here in the woods  
 at commerce with great angels, all heaven at  
 purchase for a song!

In the lily, the sunset, the mountain, the  
 rosy hues of all life, it is easy to trace God.  
 But it is in the dust that goes up from the  
 unending battle of things that we lose Him.  
 Forever through the ferocities of storms, the  
 malice of the never-glutted oceans, the sav-  
 agery of human wars, the inexorable bar-  
 barities of accident, of earthquake and mys-  
 terious disease, one hears the voice of man  
 crying, "Where art Thou, my dear Lord and  
 Master?"

A man does not reach any stature of man-  
 hood until, like Moses, he kills an Egyptian  
 (that is, murders some oppressive prejudice of  
 the all-crushing tyrant Society, or Custom,  
 or Orthodoxy) and flies into the desert of his  
 own soul, where among the rocks and sands,  
 over which at any rate the sun rises clear  
 each day, he slowly and with great agony  
 settles his relation with men and manners and  
 powers outside, and begins to look with his  
 own eyes, and first knows the unspeakable  
 joy of the outcast's kiss upon the hand of  
 sweet, naked Truth.

But let not the young man go to killing  
 his Egyptian too soon: wait till you know all  
 the Egyptians can teach you; wait till you  
 are master of the technics of the time; then  
 grave, and resolute, and aware of conse-  
 quences, shape your course.

The old obligation of goodness has now  
 advanced into the delight of goodness; the  
 old curse of labor into the delight of labor;  
 the old agony of blood-shedding sacrifice into

the tranquil delight of unselfishness. The curse of the Jew of Genesis is the blessing of the modern Gentile. It is as if an avalanche, in the very moment of crushing the kneeling villagers, should turn to a gentle and fruitful rain, and be minister not of death, but of life.

#### TO THE POLITICIANS

YOU are servants. Your thoughts are the thoughts of cooks curious to skim perquisites from every pan. Your quarrels are the quarrels of scullions who fight for the privilege of cleaning the pot with most leavings in it. Your committees sit upon the landings of back-stairs, and your quarrels are the quarrels of kitchens.

#### WHAT AM I WITHOUT THEE?

WHAT am I without thee, Beloved?  
A mere stem, that hath no flower;  
A sea forever at storm, without its calms;  
A shrine, with the Virgin stolen out;  
A cloud void of lightning;  
A bleak moor where yearnings moan like the winter winds;  
A rock on sea-sand, whence the sea hath retired, and no longer claspeth and laveth it;  
A hollow oak with the heart riven thereout, living by the bark alone;  
A dark star;  
A bird with both wings broken;

A dryad in a place where no trees are;  
A brook that never reached the sea;  
A mountain without sunrise thereon, and without springs therein;  
A wave that runneth on forever to no shore;  
A raindrop suspended between heaven and earth, arrested in his course;  
A bud that will never open;  
A hope that is always dying;  
An eye with no sparkle in it;  
A tear wept, dropped in the dust, cold;  
A bow whereof the string is snapped;  
An orchestra, wanting the violin;  
A poor poem;  
A bent lance;  
A play without plot or dénouement;  
An arrow shot with no aim;  
Chivalry without his ladye;  
A sound unarticulated;  
A water-lily left in a dry lake-bed;  
Sleep without a dream and without a waking-time;  
A pallid lip;  
A grave whereafter cometh neither heaven nor hell;  
A broken javelin fixed in a breastplate;  
A heart that liveth, but throbbeth not;  
An aurora of the North, dying upon the ice, in the night;  
A blurred picture;  
A lonesome, lonesome, lonesome yearning lover!



## THE RED CITY

A NOVEL OF THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION  
OF WASHINGTON

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescott," etc.

XXI

AT noon next day a tired rider left his horse at an inn in Perth Amboy and boarded the sloop which was to take him to New York, if tide and wind served. Both at this time were less good to him than usual, and he drifted the rest of the afternoon and all night on the bay.

At length set ashore on the Battery, he was presently with a merchant, in those days of leisurely ventures alto-

gether a large personage, merchant and ship-master, capable, accurate, enterprising, something of the great gentleman, quick to perceive a slight and at need to avenge it, a lost type to-day—a Dutch cross on Huguenot French. Mr. Nicholas Gouverneur was glad to see once more the Vicomte de Courval. His own people, too, had suffered in other days for their religion, and if René's ancestors had paid in the far past unpleasant penalties for the respectable crime of treason to the

king, had not one of Mr. Gouverneur's ancestors had a similar distinction, having been hanged for high treason? "Ah, of course he told you the story, René," said Schmidt when he heard of this interview.

Mr. Gouverneur, having offered the inevitable hospitality of his sideboard, was in no hurry.

René, although in hot haste to be done with his strange errand, knew better than to disturb the formalities of welcome. He must inquire after Mrs. Gouverneur, and must answer for his mother. At last his host said: "You do small justice to my rum, Vicomte. It is as unused to neglect as any young woman. But, pardon me, you look tired, and as if you had made a hard journey. I see that you are anxious and too polite to interrupt a garrulous man. What can I do for you or our friend Schmidt?"

"I have this packet of papers which should go at once to the corvette *Jean Bart*, one François-Guillaume Need, Captain."

"And I have been delaying you. Pray pardon me. Despatches, I suppose, for my cousin Gouverneur Morris." René did not contradict him. "We will see to it at once, at once. The *Jean Bart* sails to-night, I hear. She has waited, we knew not why."

"For these despatches, sir. Can I not be set aboard of her at once?"

"Surely," said Gouverneur; "come with me."

As they walked toward the water Mr. Gouverneur said: "You have, I think you told me, a despatch for the captain of the corvette. Let me urgently advise you not to board that vessel. My boat shall take you to the ship,—deliver your despatch, —but let nothing tempt you to set foot on her deck. We are not on very good terms with France; you are still a French citizen. Several of the corvette's officers have been in Philadelphia. If you are recognized as a French noble, you will never see America again. You know what fate awaits an émigré in Paris; not even your position in the Department of State would save you."

De Courval returned: "You are no doubt right, sir. I had already thought of the risk—"

"There need be none if you are prudent."

"But I ought to receive a receipt for the papers I deliver."

"That is hardly needed—unusual, I should say; Mr. Randolph will scarcely expect that."

De Courval was not inclined to set the merchant right in regard to the character of the despatches, or it might then be necessary to tell the whole story. He made no direct reply, but said merely: "I am most grateful—I shall have the honor to take your advice. Ah, here is the boat."

"It is my own barge," said Gouverneur. "Be careful. Yonder is the corvette, a short pull. I shall wait for you here."

In a few minutes De Courval was beside the gangway of the corvette. He called to a sailor on the deck that he wished to see an officer. Presently a young lieutenant came down the steps. De Courval said in French, as he handed the officer the packet of papers:

"This is a despatch, Citizen, from Citizen Minister Fauchet, addressed to the care of your captain. Have the kindness to give it to him and ask for a receipt."

The lieutenant went on deck and very soon returned.

"The receipt, please," said De Courval.

"Captain Need desires me to say that, although it is unusual to give a receipt for such papers, he will do so if you will come to the cabin. He wishes to ask questions about the British cruisers, and may desire to send a letter to Citizen Minister Fauchet."

"I cannot wait. I am in haste to return," said De Courval.

"*Le diable*, Citizen! He will be furious. We sail at once—at once; you will not be delayed."

René thought otherwise.

"Very well; I can but give your reply. It seems to me strange. You will hear of it some day, Citizen."

As soon as the officer disappeared, René said to his boatman: "Quick! Get away—get me ashore as soon as you can!"

Pursuit from a man-of-war boat was possible, if one lay ready on the farther side of the corvette. He had, however, only a ten minutes' row before he stood beside Mr. Gouverneur on the Battery slip.

"I am a little relieved," said the older man. "Did you get the acknowledgment of receipt you wanted?"



"No, sir. It was conditioned upon my going aboard to the captain's cabin."

"Ah, well, I do not suppose that Mr. Randolph will care."

"Probably not." René had desired some evidence of his singular mission, but the immense importance of it as proof of his good faith was not at the time fully apprehended. The despatch had gone on its way, and he had done honorably his enemy's errand.

"And now," said the merchant, "let us go to my house and see Mrs. Gouverneur, and above all have dinner."

René had thought that flight might be needed if he carried out his fatal purpose, and he had therefore put in his saddlebags enough garments to replace the muddy dress of a hard ride. He had said that he must leave at dawn, and having laid aside the cares of the last days, he gave himself up joyously to the charm of the refined hospitality of his hosts.

As they turned away, the corvette was setting her sails and the cries of the sailors and the creak of the windlass showed the anchor was being raised. Before they had reached Gouverneur's house she was under way, with papers destined to make trouble for many.

As René lay at rest that night within the curtained bed, no man on Manhattan Island could have been more agreeably at ease with his world. The worry of indecision was over. He felt with honest conviction that his prayer for the downfall of his enemy had been answered, and in this cooler hour he knew with gratitude that his brute will to kill had been wisely denied its desire. It had seemed to him at the time that to act on his instinct was only to do swift justice on a criminal; but he had been given a day to reflect and acknowledged the saner wisdom of the morrow.

Further thought should have left him less well pleased at what the future might hold for him. But the despatch had gone, his errand was done. An image of Margaret in the splendor of brocade and lace haunted the dreamy interval between the waking state and the wholesome sleep of tired youth. Moreover, the good merchant's Madeira had its power of somnolent charm, and, thus soothed, De Courval passed into a world of visionless slumber.

He rode back through the Jerseys to avoid Bristol and the scene of his encounter, and, finding at Camden a flat barge returning to Philadelphia, was able, as the river was open and free of ice, to get his horse aboard and thus to return with some renewal of anxiety to Mrs. Swanwick's house. No one was at home; but Nanny told him that Mr. Schmidt, who had been absent, had returned two days before, but was out. Miss Margaret was at the Hill, and June, the cat, off for two days on love-affairs or predatory business.

He went up-stairs to see his mother. Should he tell her? On the whole, it was better not to speak until he had seen Schmidt. He amused her with an account of having been sent to New York on business and then spoke of the Gouverneur family and their Huguenot descent. He went away satisfied that he had left her at ease, which was not quite the case. "Something has happened," she said to herself. "By and by he will tell me. Is it the girl? I trust not. Or that man? Hardly."

The supper passed in quiet, with light talk of familiar things, the vicomtesse, always a taciturn woman, saying but little.

As De Courval sat down, her black dress, the silvery quiet of Mrs. Swanwick's garb, her notably gentle voice, the simple room without colors, the sanded floor, the spotless cleanliness of the table furniture, of a sudden struck him as he thought of the violence and anger of the scene on the Bristol road. What would this gentle Friend say, and the Pearl? What, indeed!

Supper was just over when, to René's relief, Schmidt appeared. He nodded coolly to René and said, laughing: "Ah, Frau Swanwick, I have not had a chance to growl; but when I go again to the country, I shall take Nanny. I survive; but the diet!" He gave an amusing account of it. "Pork—it is because of the unanimous pig. Pies—ach!—cabbage, a sour woman and sour bread, chicken rigged with hemp and with bosoms which need not stays." Even the vicomtesse smiled. "I have dined at Mr. Morris's, to my relief. Come, René, let us smoke."

When once at ease in his room, he said: "*Potstausend*, René, I am out of debt. The years I used to count to be paid are

settled. Two days' watching that delirious swine and bottling up the gossiping little demon Chovet! A pipe, a pipe, and then I shall tell you."

"Indeed, I have waited long."

"Chovet told Fauchet at my request of this regrettable affair. He is uneasy, and he well may be, concerning all there is left of his secretary."

"Then he is alive," said René; "and will he live?"

"Alive? Yes, very much alive, raving at times like a madman haunted by hell fiends. I had to stay. After a day he was clear of head, but as weak as a man can be with the two maladies of a ball in a palsied shoulder and a doctor looking for it. Yes, he will live; and alive or dead will make mischief."

"Did he talk to you?"

"Yes. He has no memory of my coming at the time he was shot. I think he did not see me at all."

"Well, what else?"

"I told him the whole story, and what I had seen him do. I was plain, too, and said that I had found his despatch, and you, being a gentleman, must needs see that it went. He saw, I suspect, what other motive you had—if he believed me at all."

"But did he believe you? Does he?"

"No, he does not. I said, 'You are scamp enough to swear that we set on you to steal your papers, a fine tale for our Jacobin mobocrats.' A fellow can't lie with his whole face. I saw his eyes narrow, but I told him to try it if he dared, and out comes my tale of his treachery. We made a compact at last, and he will swear he was set upon and robbed. I left him to invent his story. But it is plainly his interest to keep faith, and not accuse you."

"He will not keep faith. Some time he will lie about me. The despatch has gone by the *Jean Bart*, but that part of our defense is far to reach."

"Well, Chovet is gold dumb, and as for the Jacobin, no man can tell. If he be wise, he will stick to his tale of highwaymen. Of course I asked Chovet to let the minister learn of this sad accident, but he did not arrive until after I had the fellow well scared."

"Is that all?"

"No. The man is in torment. Damn it!

if I were in pain like that, I should kill myself. Except that fever, I never had anything worse than a stomach-ache in all my life. The man is on the rack, and Chovet declares that he will never use the arm again, and will have some daily reminder of you so long as he lives. Now, René, a man on the rack may come to say things of the gentleman who turned on the torture."

"Then some day he will lie, and I, *mon Dieu*, will be ruined. Who will believe me? The State Department will get the credit of it, and I shall be thrown over—sacrificed to the wolves of party slander."

"Not if I am here."

"If you are here?"

"Yes. At any time I may have to go home."

"Then let us tell the whole story."

"Yes, if we must; but wait. Why go in search of trouble? For a time, perhaps always, he will be silent. Did you get a receipt for the despatch?"

"No. The captain would not give one unless I went to his cabin and that I dared not do."

"I, as the older man, should have pointed out to you the need of using every possible means to get an acknowledgment from the captain; but you were right. Had you gone on board the ship, you would never have left her. Well, then there is more need to play a silent, waiting game until we know, as we shall, of the papers having reached their destination. In fact, there is nothing else to do. There will be a nice fuss over the papers, and then it will all be forgotten."

"Yes, unless he speaks."

"If he does, there are other cards in my hand. Meanwhile, being a good Samaritan, I have again seen Carreaux. He will, I think, be silent for a while. Be at ease, my son; and now I must go to bed. I am tired."

This was one of many talks; none of them left René at ease. How could he as yet involve a woman he loved in his still uncertain fate? He was by no means sure that she loved him; that she might come to do so he felt to be merely possible, for the modesty of love made him undervalue himself and see her as far beyond his desserts. His mother's prejudices troubled him less. Love consults no

peerage and he had long ago ceased to think as his mother did of a title which had no legal existence.

It was natural enough that an event as grave as this encounter with Carteaux should leave on a young man's mind a deep impression; nor had his talk with Schmidt, the night before, enabled him, as next day he walked to the State Department, to feel entirely satisfied. The news of the highway robbery had been for two days the city gossip, and already the gazettes were considering it in a leisurely fashion; but as no journals reached the widow's house unless brought thither by Schmidt, the amenities of the press in regard to the assault and the administration were as yet unseen by De Courval. On the steps of the Department of State he met the Marquis de Noailles, who greeted him cheerfully, asking if he had read what Mr. Bache and the "Aurora" said of the attack on Carteaux.

René felt the cold chill of too conscious knowledge as he replied: "Not yet, Marquis. I am but yesterday come from New York."

"Well, it should interest Mr. Randolph. It does appear to Mr. Bache that no one except the English party and the Federals could profit by the theft. How they could be the better by the gossip of this *sacré* Jacobin actor in the rôle of a minister the *bon Dieu* alone knows."

René laughed. "You are descriptive, Marquis."

"Who would not be? But, my dear De Courval, you must regret that you were not the remarkable highwayman who stole Fauchet's eloquence and left a gold watch and seals; but here comes Mr. Randolph. He may explain it; at all events, if he confides to you the name of that robber, send the man to me. I will pay five dollars apiece for Jacobin scalps. Adieu. My regrets that you are not the man."

Mr. Randolph was cool as they went in together, and made it plain that absence without leave on the part of a clerk was an embarrassment to the public service of the State Department, in which were only three or four clerks. De Courval could only say that imperative private business had taken him out of town. It would not occur again. Upon this Mr. Randolph began to discuss the amazing

assault and robbery with which town gossip was so busy. Mr. Fauchet had been insolent, and, asking aid in discovering the thief, had plainly implied that more than he and his government would suffer if the despatch were not soon restored to the minister. Mr. Randolph had been much amused, a little angry and also puzzled. "It had proved," he said, "a fine weapon in the hands of the Democrats." The young man was glad to shift the talk, but wherever he went for a few days, people, knowing of his duel, were sure to talk to him of this mysterious business. Later the "Aurora" and Mr. Bache, who had taken up the rôle in which Mr. Freneau had acted with skill and ill temper, made wild use of the story and of the value of the stolen papers to a criminal cabinet. Over their classic signatures Cato and Aristides challenged Democratic Socrates or Cicero to say how General Washington would be the better for knowledge of the rant of the strolling player Fauchet. Very soon, however, people ceased to talk of it. It was an unsolved mystery. But for one man torment of body and distress of mind kept ever present the will and wish to be without risk revenged. He was already, as he knew, *persona non grata*, and to have Schmidt's story told and believed was for the secretary to be sent home in disgrace. He waited, seeing no way as yet to acquit himself of this growing debt.

January of 1795 came in with the cabinet changes already long expected. Carteaux was still very ill in bed, with doctors searching for the bullet. As yet he told only of being robbed of his despatches and that he had lost neither watch nor purse, which was conclusive. Whereupon Fauchet talked and insulted Randolph, and the Democratic clubs raved with dark hints and insinuations, while the despatch went on its way, not to be heard of for months to come. René, who was for a time uneasy and disliked the secrecy thrown about an action of which he was far from ashamed, began at last to feel relieved, and thus the midwinter was over and the days began noticeably to lengthen.

## XXII

"LET us skate to-night. I have tried the ice," said Schmidt, one afternoon



in February. "Pearl learned, as you know, long ago." She was in town for a week, the conspirators feeling assured of René's resolution to wait on this, as on another matter, while he was busy with his double work. Her mother had grown rebellious over her long absence, and determined that she should remain in town, as there seemed to be no longer cause for fear and the girl was in perfect health. Aunt Gainor, also, was eager for town and piquet and well pleased with the excuse to return, having remained at the Hill long after her usual time.

"The moon is a fair, full matron," said Schmidt. "The ice is perfect. Look out for air-holes, René," he added, as he buckled on his skates. "Not ready yet?" René was kneeling and fastening the Pearl's skates. It took long.

"Oh, hurry!" she cried. "I cannot wait." She was joyous, excited, and he somehow awkward.

Then they were away over the shining, moonlighted ice of the broad Delaware with that exhilaration which is caused by swift movement, the easy product of perfect physical capacity. For a time they skated quietly side by side, Schmidt, as usual, enjoying an exercise in which, says Graydon in his memoirs, the gentlemen of Philadelphia were unrivaled. Nearer the city front, on the great ice plain, were many bonfires, about which phantom figures flitted now an instant black in profile, and then lost in the unilluminated spaces, while far away, opposite to the town, hundreds of skaters carrying lanterns were seen or lost to view in the quick turns of the moving figures. "Like great fireflies," said Schmidt. A few dim lights in houses and frost-caught ships and faint, moonlit outlines alone revealed the place of the city. The cries and laughter were soon lost to the three skaters, and a vast solitude received them as they passed down the river.

"Ah, the gray moonlight and the gray ice!" said Schmidt, "a Quaker night, Pearl."

"And the moon a great pearl," she cried.

"How one feels the night!" said the German. "It is as on the Sahara. Only in the loneliness of great spaces am I able to feel eternity; for space is time." He had his quick bits of talk to himself.

Both young people, more vaguely aware of some sense of awe in the dim unpeopled plain, were under the charm of immense physical joy in the magic of easily won motion.

"Surely there is nothing like it," said René, happy and breathless, having only of late learned to skate, whereas Pearl had long since been well taught by the German friend.

"No," said Schmidt; "there is nothing like it, except the quick sweep of a canoe down a rapid. A false turn of the paddle, and there is death. Oh, but there is joy in the added peril! The blood of the Angles finds the marge of danger sweet."

"Not for me," said Pearl; "but we are safe here."

"I have not found your Delaware a constant friend. How is that, René?"

"What dost thou mean?" said Pearl. "Thou art fond of teasing my curiosity, and I am curious, too. Tell me, please. Oh, but thou must!"

"Ask the vicomte," cried Schmidt. "He will tell you."

"Oh, will he, indeed?" said René, laughing. "Ah, I am quite out of breath."

"Then rest a little." As they halted, a swift skater, seeking the loneliness of the river below the town, approaching, spoke to Margaret, and then said: "Ah, Mr. Schmidt, what luck to find you! You were to give me a lesson. Why not now?"

"Come, then," returned Schmidt. "I brought you hither, René, because it is safer away from clumsy learners, and where we are the ice is safe. I was over it yesterday, but do not go far. I shall be back in a few minutes. If Margaret is tired, move up the river. I shall find you."

"Please not to be long," said Margaret.

"Make him tell you when your wicked Delaware was not my friend, and another was. Make him tell."

As he spoke, he was away behind young Mr. Morris, singing in his lusty bass snatches of German song and thinking of the ripe mischief of the trap he had baited with a nice little Cupid. "I want it to come soon," he said, "before I go. She will be curious and venture in, and it will be as good as the apple with knowledge of good and—no, there is evil in neither."

She was uneasy, she scarce knew why.

Still at rest on the ice, she turned to De Courval. "Thou wilt tell me?" she said.

"I had rather not."

"But if I ask thee?"

"Why should I not?" he thought. It was against his habit to speak of himself, but she would perhaps like him the better for the story.

"Then, Miss Margaret, not because he asked and is willing, but because you ask, I shall tell you."

"Oh, I knew thou wouldst. He thought thou wouldst not and I should be left puzzled. Sometimes he is just like a boy for mischief."

"Oh, it was nothing. The first day I was here I saved him from drowning. A boat struck his head while we were swimming, and I had the luck to be near. There, that is all." He was a trifle ashamed to tell of it.

She put out her hand as they stood. "Thank thee. Twice I thank thee, for a dear life saved and because thou didst tell, not liking to tell me. I could see that. Thank thee."

"Ah, Pearl," he exclaimed, and what more he would have said I do not know, nor had he a chance, for she cried: "I shall thank thee always, Friend de Courval. We are losing time." The peril that gives a keener joy to sport was for a time far too near, but in other form than in bodily risk. "Come, canst thou catch me?" She was off and away, now near, now far, circling about him with easy grace, merrily laughing as he sped after her in vain. Then of a sudden she cried out and came to a standstill.

"A strap broke, and I have turned my ankle. Oh, I cannot move a step! What shall I do?"

"Sit down on the ice."

As she sat, he undid her skates and then his own and tied them to his belt. Can you walk?" he said.

"I will try. Ah!" She was in pain. "Call Mr. Schmidt," she said. "Call him at once."

"I do not see him. We were to meet him opposite the Swedes' church."

"Then go and find him."

"What, leave you? Not I. Let me carry you."

"Oh, no, no; thou must not." But in a moment he had the slight figure in his arms.

"Let me down! I will never, never forgive thee!" But he only said in a voice of resolute command, "Keep still, Pearl, or I shall fall." She was silent. Did she like it, the strong arms about her, the head on his shoulder, the heart throbbing as never before? He spoke no more, but moved carefully on.

They had not gone a hundred yards when he heard Schmidt calling. At once he set her down, saying, "Am I forgiven?"

"No—yes," she said faintly.

"Pearl, dear Pearl, I love you. I meant not to speak, oh, for a time, but it has been too much for me. Say just a word." But she was silent as Schmidt stopped beside them and René in a few words explained.

"Was it here?" asked Schmidt.

"No; a little while ago."

"But how did you come so far, my poor child?"

"Oh, I managed," she said.

"Indeed. I shall carry you."

"If thou wilt, please. I am in much pain."

He took off his skates, and with easy strength walked away over the ice, the girl in his arms, so that before long she was at home and in her mother's care, to be at rest for some days.

"Come in, René," said Schmidt, as later they settled themselves for the usual smoke and chat. The German said presently: "It was not a very bad sprain. Did you carry her, René?"

"I—"

"Yes. Do you think, man, that I cannot see?"

"Yes, I carried her. What else could I do?"

"Humph! What else? Nothing. Was she heavy, Herr de Courval?"

"Please not to tease me, sir. You must know that, God willing, I shall marry her."

"Will you, indeed? And your mother, René, will she like it?"

"No; but soon or late she will have to like it. For her I am still a child, but now I shall go my way."

"And Pearl?"

"I mean to know, to hear. I can wait no longer. Would it please you, sir?"

"Mightily, my son; and when it comes to the mother, I must say a word or two."

"She will not like that. She likes no one to come between us."

"Well, we shall see. I should be more easy if only that Jacobin hound were dead, or past barking. He is in a bad way, I hear. I could have wished that you had been of a mind to have waited a little longer before you spoke to her."

René smiled. "Why did you leave us alone to-night? It is you, sir, who are responsible."

"*Potstausend! Donnerwetter!* You saucy boy! Go to bed and repent. There are only two languages in which a man can find good, fat, mouth-filling oaths, and the English oaths are too naughty for a good Quaker house."

"You seem to have found one, sir. It sounds like thunder. We can do it pretty well in French."

"Child's talk, prattle. Go to bed. What will the mother say? Oh, not yours. Madame Swanwick has her own share of pride. Can't you wait a while?"

"No. I must know."

"Well, Mr. Obstinate Man, we shall see." The wisdom of waiting he saw, and yet he had deliberately been false to the advice he had more than once given. René left him, and Schmidt turned, as he loved to do, to the counselor Montaigne, just now his busy-minded comrade, and, lighting upon the chapter on reading, saw what pleased him.

"That is good advice, in life and for books. To have a 'skipping wit.' We must skip a little time. I was foolish. How many threads there are in this tangle men call life!" And with this he read over the letters just come that morning from Germany. Then he considered Carteaux again.

"If that fellow is tormented into taking his revenge, and I should be away, as I may be, there will be the deuce to pay."

"Perhaps I might have given René wiser advice; but with no proof concerning the fate of the despatch, there was no course which was entirely satisfactory. Best to let the sleeping dog lie. But why did I leave them on the ice? *Sapristi!* I am as bad as Mistress Gainor. But she is not caught yet, Master René."

### XXIII

IN a few days Margaret was able to be afoot, although still lame; but René

had no chance to see her. She was not to be caught alone, and would go on a long-promised visit to Merion. Thus February passed, and March, and April came, when personal and political matters abruptly broke up for a time their peaceful household.

Margaret had been long at home again, but still with a woman's wit she avoided her lover. Aunt Gainor, ever busy, came and went, always with a dozen things to do.

Her attentions to Madame de Courval lessened when that lady no longer needed her kindness and, as soon happened, ceased to be interesting. She would not gamble, and the two women had little in common. Miss Gainor's regard for René was more lasting. He was well-built and handsome, and all her life she had had a fancy for good looks in men. He had, too, the virile qualities she liked and a certain steadiness of purpose which took small account of obstacles and reminded her of her nephew Hugh Wynne. Above all, he had been successful, and she despised people who failed and too often regarded success as a proof of the right to succeed, even when the means employed were less creditable than those by which René had made his way. Moreover, had he not told her once that her French was wonderful? Miss Gainor changed her favorites often, but René kept in her good graces and was blamed only because he did not give her as much of his time as she desired; for after she heard his history from Schmidt, he won a place in her esteem which few men had ever held. She had set her heart at last on his winning Margaret, and the life-long game of gambling with other folks' fortunes and an honest idolatry for the heroic, inclined her to forgive a lack of attention due in a measure to his increasing occupations.

To keep her eager hands off this promising bit of match-making had been rather a trial, but Schmidt was one of the few people of whom she had any fear, and she had promised not to meddle. At present she had begun to think that the two human pawns in the game she loved were becoming indifferent, and to let things alone was something to which she had never been inclined. Had she become aware of the German's mild treachery that night on the ice, she would in all



likelihood have been angry at first and then pleased or annoyed not to have had a hand in the matter.

Mistress Wynne, even in the great war, rarely allowed her violent politics to interfere with piquet, and now Mr. Dallas had asked leave to bring Fauchet, the new French minister, to call upon her. He was gay, amusing, talked no politics, played piquet nearly as well as she, and was enchanted, as he assured her, to hear French spoken without accent. If to De la Forêt, the consul-general, he made merry concerning his travels in China, as he called her drawing-room, saying it was perilously over-populous with strange gods, she did not hear it, nor would she have cared so long as she won the money of the French republic.

One evening in early April, after a long series of games, he said: "I wish I could have brought here my secretary Carteaux. He did play to perfection, but now, poor devil, the wound he received has palsied his right arm, and he will never hold cards again—or, what he thinks worse, a foil. It was a strange attack."

"Does he suffer? I have heard about him."

"Horribly. He is soon going home to see if our surgeons can find the bullet; but he is plainly failing."

"Oh, he is going home?"

"Yes; very soon."

"How did it all happen? It has been much talked about, but one never knows what to believe."

"I sent him to New York with despatches for our foreign office, but the *Jean Bart* must have sailed without them; for he was waylaid, shot, and robbed of the papers, but lost no valuables."

"Then it was not highwaymen?"

"No; I can only conjecture who were concerned. It was plainly a robbery in the interest of the Federalists. I do not think Mr. Randolph could have these despatches, or if he has, they will never be heard of." Upon this he smiled.

"Then they are lost?"

"Yes. At least to our foreign office. I think Mr. Wolcott of the Treasury would have liked to see them."

"But why? Why Mr. Wolcott?" She showed her curiosity quite too plainly.

"Ah, that is politics, and Madame forbids them."

"Yes—usually; but this affair of Monsieur Carteaux cannot be political. It seems to me an incredible explanation."

"Certainly a most unfortunate business," said the minister.

He had said too much and was on his guard. He had, however, set the spinster to thinking, and remembering what Schmidt had told her of De Courval, her reflections were fertile. "Shall we have another game?"

A month before the day on which they played, the *Jean Bart*, since November of 1794 at sea, after seizing an English merchantman was overhauled in the channel by the British frigate *Cerberus* and compelled to surrender. The captain threw overboard his lead-weighted signal-book and the packet of Fauchet's despatches. A sailor of the merchant ship, seeing it float, jumped overboard from a boat and rescued it. Upon discovering its value, Captain Drew of the *Cerberus* forwarded the despatches to Lord Grenville in London, who in turn sent them as valuable weapons to Mr. Hammond, the English minister in Philadelphia. There was that in them which might discredit one earnest enemy of the English treaty, but months went by before the papers reached America.

Miss Gainor, suspecting her favorite's share in this much-talked-of affair, made haste to tell Schmidt of the intention of Carteaux to sail, to the relief of the German gentleman, who frankly confided to her the whole story. He spoke also once more of De Courval and urged her for every reason to leave the young people to settle their own affairs. Meanwhile Josiah was in bed with well-earned gout.

On the afternoon of the 14th of April, René came home from the State office and said to Schmidt: "I have had paid me a great compliment, but whether I entirely like it or not, I do not know. As usual, I turn to you for advice."

"Well, what is it?"

"The President wants some one he can trust to go to the Western counties of this State and report on the continued disturbance about the excise tax. I thought the thing was at an end. Mr. Hamilton, who seems to have the ear of the President, advised him that as a thoroughly



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"I KNOW, I KNOW; BUT —"

neutral man I could be trusted. Mr. Randolph thinks it a needless errand."

"No. It is by no means needless. I have lands near Pittsburg, as you know, and I hear of much disaffection. The old fox, Jefferson, at Monticello talks about the excise tax as 'infernal,' and what with the new treaty and Congress and other things the Democrats are making trouble enough for a weak cabinet and a strong President. I advise you to accept. You can serve me, too. Take it. You are fretting here for more reasons than one. I hear that Carteaux is out of bed, a crippled wreck, and Fauchet says is soon to go to France. In August the minister himself will leave and one Adet take his place. I think you may go with an easy mind. We are to be rid of the whole pestilent lot."

"Then I shall accept and go as soon as I receive my instructions. But I do dread to leave town. I shall go, but am at ease only since you will be here."

"But I shall not be, René. I have hesitated to tell you. I am called home to Germany, and shall sail from New York for England on to-day a week. I shall return, I think; but I am not sure, nor if then I can remain. It is an imperative call. I am, it seems, pardoned, and my father is urgent, and my elder brother is dead. If you have learned to know me, you will feel for me the pain with which I leave this simpler life for one which has never held for me any charm. Since Carteaux is soon to sail, and I hear it is certain, I feel less troubled. I hope to be here again in August or later. You may, I think, count on my return."

"Have you told Mrs. Swanwick, sir?"

"Yes, and the Pearl. Ah, my son, the one thing in life I have craved is affection; and now—"

"No one will miss you as I shall—no one—" He could say no more.

"You will of course have charge of my affairs, and Mr. Wilson has my power of attorney, and there is Hamilton at need. Ah, but I have had a scene with these most dear people!"

The time passed quickly for De Courval. He himself was to be gone at least two months. There was a week to go, as he must, on horseback, and as much to return. There were wide spaces of country to cover and much business to set-

tle for Schmidt. His stay was uncertain and not without risks.

Over three weeks went by before he could be spared from the thinly officered department. Schmidt had long since gone, and René sat alone in the library at night and missed the large mind and a temperament gayer than his own. His mother had asked no questions concerning Carteaux, and as long as there was doubt in regard to his course, he had been unwilling to mention him; but now he felt that he should speak freely and set his mother's mind at rest before he went away.

Neither, despite what he was sure would be the stern opposition he would have to encounter from his mother, could he go without a word to Margaret—a word that would settle his fate and hers. The Carteaux business was at an end. He felt free to act. Fortune for once favored him. Since he had spoken to his mother of his journey and the lessened household knew of it, Pearl had even more sedulously avoided the pleasant talks in the garden and the rides, now rare, with Aunt Gainor and himself. The mother, more and more uneasy, had spoken to her daughter very decidedly, and Madame grew less familiarly kind to the girl; while she herself, with a mind as yet in doubt, had also her share of pride and believed that the young vicomte had ceased to care for her, else would he not have created his chance to say what long ago that night on the ice seemed to make a matter of honor? She was puzzled by his silence, a little vexed and not quite sure of herself.

He put off to the last moment his talk with his mother and watched in vain for an opportunity to speak to Margaret. His instructions were ready, his last visits made. He had had an unforgettable half-hour with the President and a talk with Hamilton, now on a visit from New York. The ex-secretary asked him why he did not cast in his lot frankly with the new land, as he himself had done. He would have to give notice in court and renounce his allegiance to his sovereign, so ran the new law.

"I have no sovereign," he replied, "and worthless as it now seems, I will not renounce my title, as your law requires."

"Nor would I," said Hamilton. "You



will go home some day. The chaos in France will find a master. The people are weary of change and will accept any permanent rule."

"Yes, I hope to return. Such is my intention," and they fell into talk of Schmidt.

De Courval's last day in the city had come. Schmidt had left him the free use of his horses, and he would try one lately bought to see how it would answer for his long journey.

About eleven of a sunny June morning he mounted and rode westward up Chestnut Street. At Fifth and Chestnut streets, Congress having just adjourned, the members were coming out of the brick building which still stands at the corner. He knew many, and bowed to Gallatin and Fisher Ames. Mr. Madison stopped him to say a word about the distasteful English treaty. Then at a walk he rode on toward the Schuylkill, deep in thought.

Beyond Seventh there was as yet open country, with few houses. It was two years since, a stranger, he had fallen among friends in the Red City, made for himself a sufficient income and an honorable name and won the esteem of men. Schmidt, Margaret, the Wynnes; his encounters with Carteaux, the yellow plague, passed through his mind. God had indeed dealt kindly with the exiles. As he came near to the river and rode into the thinned forest known as the Governor's Woods, he saw Nanny seated at the roadside.

"What are you doing here, Nanny?" he asked.

"The missus sent me with Miss Margaret to carry a basket of stuff to help some no-account colored people lives up that road. I has to wait."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and, dismounting, tied his horse. "At last," he said, and went away up the wood road. Far in the open forest he saw her coming, her Quaker bonnet swinging on her arm.

"Oh, Miss Margaret!" he cried. "I am glad to have found you. You know I am going away to-morrow for two months at least. It is a hard journey, not without some risk, and I cannot go without a word with you. Why have you avoided me as you have done?"

"Have I?" she replied.

"Yes; and you know it."

"I thought—I thought—oh, let me go home!"

"No; not till you hear me. Can you let me leave in this way without a word? I do not mean that it shall be. Sit down here on this log and listen to me." He caught her hand.

"Please, I must go."

"No; not yet. Sit down here. I shall not keep you long—a woman who wants none of me. But I have much to say—explanations, ah, much to say." She sat down.

"I will hear thee, but—"

"Oh, you will hear me? Yes, because you must? Go, if you will. It will be my answer."

"I think the time and the place ill chosen,"—she spoke with simple dignity,— "but I will hear thee."

"I have had no chance but this. You must pardon me." She looked down and listened. "It is a simple matter. I have loved you long. No other love has ever troubled my life. Save my mother, I have no one. What might have been the loves for brothers and sisters are all yours, a love beyond all other loves, the love of a lonely man. Whether or not you permit me to be something more, I shall still owe you a debt the years can never make me forget—the remembrance of what my life beside you in your home has given me."

The intent face, the hands clasped in her lap, might have shown him how deeply she was moved; for now at last that she had heard him she knew surely that she loved him. The long discipline of Friends in controlling at least the outward expression of emotion came to her aid as often before. She felt how easy it would have been to give him the answer he longed for; but there were others to think about, and from her childhood she had been taught the lesson of consideration for her elders. She set herself to reply to him with stern repression of feeling not very readily governed.

"How can I answer thee? What would thy mother say?" He knew then what her answer might have been. She, too, had her pride, and he liked her the more for that.

"Thou art a French noble. I am a plain Quaker girl without means. There would be reason in the opposition thy mother would make."

"A French noble!" he laughed. "A banished exile, landless and poor—a pretty match I am. But, Pearl, the future is mine. I have succeeded here, where my countrymen starve. I have won honor, respect, and trust. I would add love."

"I know, I know; but—"

"It is vain to put me off with talk of others. I think you do care for me. My mother will summon all her prejudices and in the end will yield. It is very simple, Pearl. I ask only a word. If you say yes, whatever may then come, we will meet with courage and respect. Do you love me, Pearl?"

She said faintly, "Yes."

He sat silent a moment, and then said, "I thank God!" and, lifting her hand, kissed it.

"Oh, René," she cried, "what have I done!" and she burst into tears. "I did not mean to."

"Is it so hard, dear Pearl? I have made you cry."

"No, it is not hard; but it is that I am ashamed to think that I loved thee long—long before thou didst care for me. Love thee, René! Thou dost not dream how—how I love thee."

Her reticence, her trained reserve, were lost in this passion of long-restrained love. Ah, here was Schmidt's Quaker Juliet!

He drew her to him and kissed her wet cheek. "You will never, never regret," he said. "All else is of no moment. We love each other. That is all now. I have so far never failed in anything, and I shall not now."

He had waited long, he said, and for good reasons. Some day, but not now in an hour of joy, he would tell her the story of his life, a sad one, and of why he had been what men call brutal to Carteaux and why their friend Schmidt, who knew

of his love, had urged him to wait. She must trust him yet a little while longer.

"And have I not trusted thee?"

"Yes, Pearl."

"We knew, mother and I, knowing thee as we did, that there must be more cause for that dreadful duel than we could see."

"More? Yes, dear, and more beyond it; but it is all over now. The man I would have killed is going to France."

"Oh, René—killed!"

"Yes, and gladly. The man goes back to France and my skies are clear for love to grow."

He would kill! A strange sense of surprise arose in her mind, and the thought of how little even now she knew of the man she loved and trusted. "I can wait, René," she said, "and oh, I am so glad; but mother—I have never had a secret from her, never."

"Tell her," he said; "but then let it rest between us until I come back."

"That would be best, and now I must go."

"Yes, but a moment, Pearl. Long ago, the day after we landed, a sad and friendless man, I walked out to the river and washed away my cares in the blessed waters. On my return, I sat on this very log, and talked to some woodmen, and asked the name of a modest flower. They said, 'We call it the Quaker lady.' And to think that just here I should find you again, my Quaker lady."

"But I am not a Quaker lady. I am a naughty 'Separatist,' as Friends call it. Come, I must go, René. I shall say good-by to thee to-night. Thou wilt be off early, I do suppose. And oh, it will be a weary time while you are away!"

"I shall be gone by six in the morning."

"And I sound asleep," she returned, smiling. He left her at the roadside with Nanny, and, mounting, rode away.

(To be continued)



# ANDREW JOHNSON IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM H. CROOK

WRITTEN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

## SECOND PAPER

CONGRESS convened on the first of September, 1867. Every one awaited its action with a good deal of excitement, for it was generally understood that when the President submitted the question of the removal of Secretary Stanton from the War Department the final struggle between Congress and Mr. Johnson would begin. It was a foregone conclusion that the President's action would not be indorsed. It was, with those of us who knew the President, equally certain that he would persist in his determination not to allow Mr. Stanton to remain in his cabinet. Of course my sympathies were with Mr. Johnson. Even if I had not felt that Mr. Stanton was a harsh and arrogant man, I could not have failed to see how he had thwarted the President at every turn. One surely did not have to know about constitutional questions to understand that a President has a right to be surrounded by a cabinet who are in sympathy with him, and that if one member consistently opposes him and all the other members, and refuses to resign, the President should have a right to dismiss him.

At this time particularly, when, since the Southern States had been again placed under military governors, the retention of Mr. Stanton meant that Mr. Johnson could not have the slightest control over the administration of the unfortunate eleven States, it was necessary to remove Mr. Stanton. The President naturally desired to do the little that was left in

his power to make their condition more bearable.

Within the time prescribed by the Tenure of Office Act, the President reported the removal of Secretary Stanton, with his reasons. On the 14th of January, Congress refused to acquiesce, and ordered his restoration to office. At this point General Grant yielded his portfolio of office to Secretary Stanton, and retired from the position. General Grant's action made of President Johnson a bitter enemy. Together with Stanton, he became the object of the President's hatred. In fact, General Grant seemed to stand, in Mr. Johnson's eyes, as the type of all the opposition the President had undergone. It is useless to discuss whether General Grant was right or wrong. He acted as he thought right. He was a modest man, and it was distasteful to him to seem to usurp a position claimed by another man. I believe that he was honestly convinced that, until the constitutionality of the removal of Secretary Stanton was decided, his was the proper course. But to President Johnson, General Grant's action was that of a traitor.

One week after the action of Congress, the President removed Mr. Stanton and appointed General Lorenzo Thomas in his place. The struggle between Stanton and Thomas had a humorous side. General Thomas made a daily visit to the War Department to demand possession of the office and the records, and Secretary Stanton as regularly refused to



yield his position. In order to prevent a night attack upon his fortress, Stanton had a bed in his private office.

On the twenty-first, General Thomas called and made his demand. There was parleying, but Secretary Stanton reserved his decision. On the twenty-second, early in the morning, by the orders of Secretary Stanton, General Thomas was arrested. He was taken to the station-house, but was immediately released on bail. This was done with the intention of having a court verdict on the matter. General Thomas then repaired to the office of the Secretary of War, and made his second demand. Mr. Stanton refused to yield, and General Thomas refused to depart.

Immediately after this the Secretary of War *ad interim* was tried, and released. He continued to attend cabinet meetings and to make demands upon the Secretary of War. He became generally known as "Ad Interim Thomas."

On the third day after the removal of

Secretary Stanton, the House of Representatives decided that "the President be impeached" before the Senate "for high crimes and misdemeanors."

The managers of the prosecution were: John A. Bingham, George S. Boutwell, James F. Wilson, Thomas Williams, Benjamin F. Butler, John A. Logan, and Thaddeus Stevens. The most bitter against the President were Butler, Stevens, and Wilson. Butler opened the prosecution. There were eleven articles of impeachment, but the only actual charge—that of having disregarded the Tenure of Office Act—was contained in the eleventh.

All over the country men wished to take a part in choosing the President's counsel. Suggestions poured in, and people flocked to the White House, each one with a candidate to put forward. Country lawyers sent in briefs, with the very evident hope that they might be chosen. Others, not so modest, directly offered their services. However much difference

JAMES F. WILSON

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL

JOHN A. LOGAN



BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

THADDEUS STEVENS

THOMAS WILLIAMS

JOHN A. BINGHAM

From a photograph by Brady. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

MANAGERS FOR THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE  
IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON

BENJAMIN R. CURTIS

THOMAS A. R. NELSON



WILLIAM S. GROFSBECK

WILLIAM M. EVARTS

Drawn by Jacques Reich, from photographs

#### THE COUNSEL FOR THE PRESIDENT

of opinion there might be as to other men, the country was virtually unanimous in putting forward the claim of Benjamin R. Curtis, who needed no advocacy, for the President appointed him immediately. The other members of the counsel were William M. Evarts, Thomas A. R. Nelson, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black. Judge Black had hardly agreed to undertake the case before he resigned. This occasioned a great deal of discussion. It was said that Judge Black had given up the case because of its hopelessness, and this gossip injured Mr. Johnson's cause. That the President did not announce the real reason was to his credit.

The true story of the transaction is this: Judge Black was one of the attor-

neys for the Vela Alta claim. Vela Alta was an island near San Domingo which was rich in guano. The President was asked to interfere in the contest as to its possession by pronouncing it the property of a United States company. Whether the contention was a just one or not it is of course impossible to discuss here. Secretary Seward was opposed to United States interference. But the unfortunate thing was that just at this time Judge Black pressed the case, sending in as indorsers four out of the seven managers of the case against the President, Mr. Butler among them. The inference that Mr. Johnson's consent to act as these gentlemen desired might possibly influence their attitude toward the President is an ob-

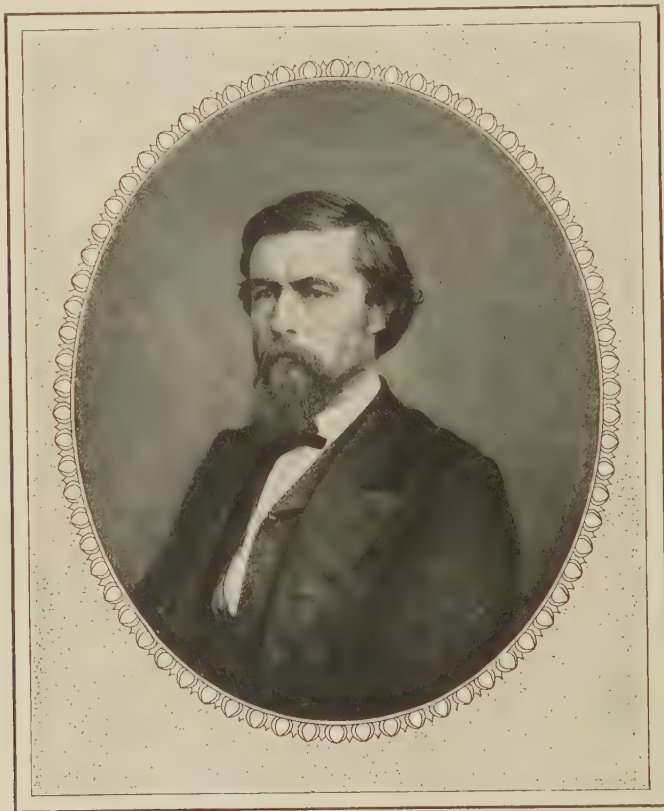
vious one. It was obvious enough to cause Mr. Johnson to refuse to interfere. Thereupon Judge Black promptly resigned from the counsel, feeling, in all probability, that his participation in the trial would prevent success of the private enterprise. William S. Groesbeck was appointed in his place.

Another matter for debate was whether

it was stated that he had already selected his cabinet. I happened to be present when Mr. Johnson was told this. He chuckled and said:

"Old Wade is counting his chickens before they are hatched."

The formal opening of the trial was on the thirteenth of March. The President's counsel asked for forty days in which to



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SENATOR EDMUND GIBSON ROSS OF KANSAS

This photograph is from an original negative made by Brady during the time Mr. Ross was in the Senate, and has been verified by comparison with the portrait in Mr. L. C. Handy's "History of Kansas" in the Congressional Library.

Senator Wade, who was acting-President of the Senate since Mr. Johnson had become President, should have a vote. In the event of the President's being convicted of the charge against him, Mr. Wade would of course become President. It would seem hardly decorous for him to cast a vote; but it was decided, after much discussion, that his vote should count. Mr. Wade was jubilant. In fact,

prepare the arguments. They were rather ungraciously refused, and were allowed ten days instead. The court then adjourned until the twenty-third.

During this preliminary time and during the trial, the spiritualists all over the country tried to gain a proselyte by playing upon the President's natural anxiety as to the outcome. A Mrs. Colby sent him marvelous messages from Lincoln



and other statesmen. The messages were, like most of their kind, illiterate, impudent, and absurd. The "Davenport Brothers" also tried to gain his interest. It was even reported that President Johnson was a spiritualist. Although he was a member of no church, the President was as definite in his orthodox religious views as he was in his political policy. There was nothing of the mystic in his nature, and he was too clear-sighted for mere superstition.

On the 23d of March, when the actual trial began, the President took leave of three of his counsel,—Mr. Evarts, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Nelson,—who had come to the White House for a final discussion. I was near them as they stood together in the portico. Mr. Johnson's manner was entirely calm and unconcerned. He shook hands with each of them in turn and said:

"Gentlemen, my case is in your hands; I feel sure that you will protect my interests." Then he returned to his office. I went off with the gentlemen. By the desire of the President, I accompanied them to the Capitol every day.

When, from my seat in the gallery, I looked down on the Senate chamber, I had a moment of almost terror. It was not because of the great assemblage; it was rather in the thought that one could feel in the mind of every man and woman there that for the first time in the history of the United States a President was on trial for more than his life—his place in the judgment of his countrymen and of history.

There was a painful silence when the counsel for the President filed in and took their places. They were seated under the desk of the presiding officer,—in this case, Chief-Justice Chase,—on the right-hand side of the Senate chamber. The managers for the prosecution were already in their seats. Every seat in the gallery was occupied.

The dignity with which the proceedings opened served to heighten the sense of awe. It persevered during the routine business of reading the journal and while the President's reply was being read; but when Manager Butler arose to make the opening address for the prosecution, there was a change.

His speech was a violent attack upon the President. It was clever. Actually

blameless incidents were made to seem traitorous. The address was so bitter, and yet so almost theatrical, that it seemed unreal. I wondered at the time why it impressed me. In Butler's later action—to which I shall hereafter refer—came a possible explanation of this impression.

The trial lasted three weeks. The President, of course, never appeared. In that particular the proceedings lacked a spectacular interest they might have had. Every day the President had a consultation with his lawyers. For the rest, he attended to the routine work of his position. He was absolutely calm through it all. The very night of the 23d he gave a reception to as many of the members of Congress as would come. I was fully prepared to have the White House deserted, but, instead of that, it was crowded. I wondered why men who hated the President so bitterly could accept his hospitality until I came to a group of about fifteen Radicals gathered together in the East Room, where they had proceeded after paying their respects to the President. They were laughing together and teasing one another like boys.

"What are you here for?" I heard. "And you—what are you doing here yourself?"

"Why, I wanted to see how Andy takes it," was the answer. I thought to myself as I passed them that they were getting small satisfaction out of that, for no one could have seen the slightest difference in Mr. Johnson's manner. He greeted every one as pleasantly as though it were a surprise party come to congratulate him on his statesmanship.

It was the same with the affairs of his personal life. If he had any doubt as to the outcome of the trial, he did not allow it to affect his interest in those who had any claim on him. It was in the midst of the excitement following the impeachment that Slade, the steward, fell ill. Slade was a mulatto, a very intelligent man, and the President had a great deal of confidence in him. I remember very well when, on the 2d of March, I went with Mr. Johnson to see Slade in his home.

The poor fellow was suffering when we entered. He had asthma, and it was piti-

ful to hear him struggle for breath. Mr. Johnson went up to the bed, and took the sick man's hand in his.

"How are you to-day, Slade?" he asked kindly, and when the dying man shook his head, the President tried to cheer him up.

His death followed soon. It is easy to understand how hard it was for Mr. Johnson to spare the time just then, but he went to the funeral. I was there with him. The family of the dead man were greatly pleased because the President honored them and their father, and the daughter thanked him touchingly.

As the trial proceeded, the conviction grew with me—I think it did with every one—that the weight of evidence and of constitutional principle lay with the defense. There were several clever lawyers on the prosecution, and Butler had his legal precedents skilfully marshaled, but the greater part of the proceedings showed personal feeling and prejudice rather than proof. Every appeal that could be made to the passions of the time was utilized. "Warren Hastings," "Charles I.," "Irresponsible tyranny," were always on the lips of the prosecution.

In comparison, the calm, ordered, masterly reasoning of the defense must have inspired every one with a conviction of the truth of their cause. Their efforts were of varying ability and character, of course. The minds of these men were as diverse as their faces. Mr. Nelson was a short, stout man with a ruddy face. Mr. Evarts, who was then laying the foundation for his future unquestioned eminence, was a very tall, thin man. Mr. Groesbeck, who was ill during the trial, and was forced to have his clerk read his argument, had, with appropriateness, considering his name, a prominent, curved nose. Mr. Nelson's address was the most emotional of them all. His appeal was largely for sympathy, for admiration of the man Andrew Johnson; it was personal. Mr. Groesbeck was the surprise of the trial. He had been able to take very little part in the proceedings, but his argument was remarkably fine. Mr. Evarts's address was clearly reasoned. Mr. Curtis's argument, in my opinion, was the finest of them all.

But the legal struggle, after all, with that assemblage of violent passions was

hardly the contest that counted. The debate was for the benefit of the country at large; while the legal lights argued, the enemies of the President were working in other ways. The Senate was thoroughly canvassed, personal argument and influence were in constant use. Every motive, good or bad, was played upon. Long before the final ballot, it became known how each man would probably vote. Toward the end the doubtful ones had narrowed down to one man, Senator Ross of Kansas. Kansas, which had been the fighting ground of rebel guerrilla and Northern abolitionist, was to have, in all probability, the determining vote in this contest.

Kansas was, from inception and history, abolitionist, radical. It would have been supposed that Senator Ross would vote with the Radicals. He had taken the place of James Lane, who had shot himself. Lane was a friend of the President, and, had he lived, in all probability would have supported him. But Ross had no such motive. It became known that he was doubtful; it was charged that he had been subject to personal influence—feminine influence.

Then the cohorts of the Senate and the House bore down upon the Senator from Kansas. Party discipline was brought to bear, and then ridicule. Either from uncertainty, or policy, or a desire to keep his associates in uncertainty, Ross refused to make an announcement of his policy. In all probability he was honestly trying to convince himself.

The last days before the test vote was to be taken were breathless ones. The country was paralyzed. Business in the departments was almost at a standstill. Still, the President was the calmest man in the country, with interest to spare from his own affairs for those of other men. On the 14th, he was visited by an enthusiast, Sergeant Bates, who had taken the Federal flag on a tour through the South to see whether he could prove that the South was loyal, and had walked to Washington from Vicksburg. The President gave him an interview. The man's enterprise evidently appealed to him. With a good deal of feeling and a clasp of his hand, he said when Bates entered:

"I just want to welcome you to Washington."

Bates wanted to wave the flag from the top of the Capitol, but Congress refused. The President gave him permission to take the Stars and Stripes to the top of the unfinished Monument. At the last, Mr. Johnson put a purse into his hand, for all of Bates's expenses had been defrayed by the Southern cities through which he had passed.

On May 15, a rainy, dismal day, the Lincoln Monument in front of the city hall was dedicated. Either the anxiety of Congress to have the impeachment over, or, more probably, a desire to show contempt for Andrew Johnson, who was to preside, caused both houses to refuse to adjourn to honor the memory of the dead President. I accompanied Mr. Johnson, and saw the exercises, which were finished without the recognition of our legislators.

On May 16 the vote was taken.

Every one who by any possible means could get a ticket of admission to the Senate chamber produced it early that morning at the Capitol. The floor and galleries were crowded.

The journal was read; the House of Representatives was notified that the Senate, "sitting for the trial of the President upon the articles of impeachment," was ready to receive the other house in the Senate chamber. The question of voting first upon the eleventh article was decided.

While the clerk was reading the legal statement of those crimes of which, in the opinion of the House of Representatives, the President was guilty, some people fidgeted and some sat with their hands tensely clasped together. At the end, the Chief-Justice directed that the roll be called. The clerk called out:

"Mr. Anthony." Mr. Anthony rose.

"Mr. Anthony,"—the Chief-Justice fastened his eyes upon the Senator,— "how say you? Is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor as charged in this article?"

"Guilty," answered Mr. Anthony.

A sigh went round the assemblage. Yet Mr. Anthony's vote was not in doubt. A

<sup>1</sup>I find in my diary mention of a dream that I had on the night of the 26th of March. I thought that the vote on the impeachment had been taken and that the numbers were thirty-five for the prosecution to fifteen for the defense, with four absent. It is odd to notice that it was almost the actual

two-thirds vote of thirty-six to eighteen was necessary to convict. Thirty-four of the Senators were pledged to vote against the President. Mr. Fowler of Tennessee, it was known, would probably vote for acquittal, although there was some doubt. Senator Ross was the sphinx: no one knew his position.

The same form was maintained with each senator in turn. When Fowler's name was reached, every one leaned forward to catch the word.

"Not guilty," said Senator Fowler.

The tension grew. There was a weary number of names before that of Ross was reached. When the clerk called it, and Ross stood forth, the crowd held its breath.

"Not guilty," called the Senator from Kansas.

It was like the bubbling over of a caldron. The Radical Senators, who had been laboring with Ross only a short time before, turned to him in rage; all over the house people began to stir. The rest of the roll-call was listened to with lessened interest, although there was still the chance for a surprise. When it was over, and the result—thirty-five to nineteen—was announced, there was a wild outburst, chiefly groans of anger and disappointment, for the friends of the President were in the minority.<sup>1</sup>

I did not wait to hear it, for, barely waiting for the verdict to be read,—it was no surprise to me, as I had been keeping tally on a slip of paper,—I ran downstairs at the top of my speed. In the corridor of the Senate I came across a curious group. In it was Thad Stevens, who was a helpless cripple, with his two attendants carrying him high on their shoulders. All about the crowd, unable to get into the court-room, was calling out, "What was the verdict?" Thad Stevens's face was black with rage and disappointment. He brandished his arms in the air and shouted in answer:

"The country is going to the devil!"

I ran all the way from the Capitol to the White House. I was young and strong in those days, and I made good vote. With the four who in my dream were absent added to the fifteen, it would have been the exact division of votes. I suppose it meant that I had been canvassing the probable disposition of the votes, and had repeated my guessing in my dream.



time. When I burst into the library, where the President sat with Secretary Welles and two other men whom I cannot remember, they were quietly talking. Mr. Johnson was seated at a little table on which luncheon had been spread in the rounding southern end of the room. There were no signs of excitement.

"Mr. President," I shouted, too crazy with delight to restrain myself, "you are acquitted!"

All rose. I made my way to the President and got hold of his hand. The other men surrounded him, and began to shake his hand. The President responded to their congratulations calmly enough for a moment, and then I saw that tears were rolling down his face. I stared at him; and yet I felt I ought to turn my eyes away.

It was all over in a moment, and Mr. Johnson was ordering some whisky from the cellar. When it came, he himself poured it into glasses for us, and we all stood up and drank a silent toast. There were some sandwiches on the table; we ate some, and then we felt better. In a few minutes came a message of congratulation from Secretary Seward to "my dear friend." By that time the room was full of people, and I slipped away.

Now I want to tell a very curious thing, which I did not understand at the time, and still can explain only by conjecture.

During the latter part of the trial, while Ben Butler was still apparently the President's bitterest enemy, and was making fierce attacks on him in the Senate chamber, many messages passed between the President and him of which nothing was known to any one but themselves and me. I was the messenger, and the letters were always sent at night. Mr. Johnson would call me to him and say:

"Crook, here is a letter for General Butler. I wish you would take it to him and wait for an answer." Although I can remember no positive direction from the President, my recollection is that these messages were not to be talked about. Sometimes the President would say:

"There is no answer."

General Butler lived on I Street, near 15th. It was a short walk from the White House to his home. When I rang the bell, the butler answered it. He was a curious old chap, cross-eyed like his mas-

ter. When there was an answer, I always gave it into the President's own hands. He always tore up the notes; I saw him do it.

It used to puzzle me a good deal. Why should Mr. Johnson and a man who was pleading so bitterly a case against him have this correspondence? Why should President Johnson, who always kept every scrap of correspondence, even his bills, tear up these notes?

Another thing: Not long after the trial was over, it began to be a matter of comment that Ben Butler had become a friend of the President. Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, a popular novelist of the day, who knew the President well, laughed about Mr. Johnson's "sudden and ardent friend Gen. Butler." I don't pretend to explain these things, but questions will suggest themselves.

Was General Butler sincere when he denounced the President so fiercely, or did he think that the side of the Radicals was the popular one? Since he changed front so completely, as there is evidence that he did, at what time did he change, and what was his motive? Is it possible that he felt that impeachment was going to fail and thought that it would be well to make friends with the winner?

After the excitement of the trial was over, we settled down into what seemed like quiet, although there were always things enough happening. Among others, it was discovered that William P. Wood, who was chief of the Secret Service in the Treasury, had offered \$10,000 to N. M. Young, who had been Jefferson Davis's private secretary, for any letters he might furnish showing complicity between President Johnson and Davis.

Another echo of tragic things was the request made by Booth's noble brother, Edwin Booth, for the possession of the body of the murderer, lying all this time in an unmarked grave at the Arsenal. He asked with no spirit of bitterness, but with the deepest sadness, for permission to remove the body of the "poor misguided boy." The request was granted, and the family buried the body again.

Although the verdict had been with the President, the nation was by no means convinced. It must be remembered that almost two thirds of the Senate had voted to impeach him. The Radical leaders

were unremitting in their opposition. In a speech delivered on the 7th of July, 1868, Thad Stevens, after having stated that he had decided it was impossible to remove an executive by peaceful means, said that the only recourse from tyranny would be "Brutus's dagger."

In spite of his outward stoicism, the long strain of his position was beginning to tell on the President. He had had for three years a continued struggle, almost alone, to maintain his position. He was strong, but he felt his isolation. I believe the nearest approach to discouragement in Andrew Johnson's life came immediately after the verdict was rendered which acquitted him. Even he had not the slightest hope of reelection, and reelection alone could mean full vindication. A telegram which he sent to a friend who had written to him with encouragement shows plainly his depression:

The will of the people, if truly reflected, would not be doubtful. I have experienced ingratitude so often that any result will not surprise me. I thank you most sincerely for the part you have taken in my behalf; it is appreciated the higher because unsolicited. You have no doubt read in the morning paper Stevens' articles of impeachment, together with his speech thereon, in which he states: "The block must be brought out and the ax sharpened; the only recourse from intolerable tyranny is Brutus' dagger," which he hopes may not be used. How is it possible for me to maintain my position against a vindictive and powerful majority, if abandoned by those who profess to agree with me and be supporters of the administration? Such an abandonment at this moment, when the heaviest assaults are being made, would seem an admission that the administration was wrong in its opposition to the series of despotic measures which have been and are being proposed to be forced upon the country.

Mr. Stevens did not live long to fight for the cause which, in his own fierce way, he was convinced was the righteous one. He died in Washington two weeks after Congress adjourned. Mr. Johnson lived to fight longer.

As the summer burned itself out to autumn, the President remained in the country a longer time on our daily drives. Except when the children were with us, he was more somber than ever. One afternoon when we were at the Soldiers' Home he strolled into a little vine-cov-

ered summer-house which stood at the summit of a gentle slope. I entered and stood with him. Below us lay, line upon line, almost as far in both directions as our eyes could reach, plain little white tombstones marking the graves of the Federal soldiers. We were both silent. At last the President said under his breath:

"It's a city, Crook—a city of the dead."

That afternoon, when we were almost home, Mr. Johnson said to me suddenly:

"Everybody misunderstands me, Crook. I am not trying to introduce anything new. I am only trying to carry out the measures toward the South that Mr. Lincoln would have done had he lived."

The last autumn that he was in the White House, Mr. Johnson secured my appointment as a third-class clerk, detailed to the Executive Office. I received the notification on the 21st of November, 1869. From this time promotion would depend wholly upon my own efficiency and faithfulness. My family thought that a great deal had been gained with that third-class clerkship. My case was a type of the President's attitude toward his subordinates: he always looked out for their interests. I went to him and thanked him for his efforts in my behalf. He said he was glad I had the place.

Somehow I had expected that there would be a change in Mr. Johnson's position after his victory over the Radicals. If I had thought of it, I might have realized that the two-thirds majority was still against him. The only difference was that when they passed measures over the President's veto it was without debate. There was no longer need for discussion. It does seem unfortunate that none of them took the trouble to read his message protesting against the reconstruction measures. To me it seemed fine.

There was one difficulty, growing out of the division between the President and Congress, which I believe no other chief executive has ever had to contend against. It was virtually impossible for Mr. Johnson to have his appointments to office confirmed, unless the men happened to be in high favor with Congress. It was a peculiarly irritating situation. The President, however, robbed it of its most humiliating features by the frankness with

which he accepted it. He announced that he could not recommend any man for position who could not place on file, together with the usual credentials, proofs that he could command enough votes to be confirmed by the Senate. One of the President's self-appointed advisers was in a great state of indignation over this.

"You ought not to make such a statement," he said. "It is an indignity for the President of the United States."

In answer, Mr. Johnson smiled slightly. He was one of the men who see nothing humiliating in looking a situation in the face. He was practical about this, as about everything else. Since Senatorial pledges must be had to secure the confirmation of appointments, he would give the men he wished to appoint an opportunity to secure the names. Therefore part of the regular office routine was the consideration of the number of senators whom a would-be collector or postmaster could marshal to his support.

Mr. Ross of Kansas, the senator whose vote had saved the President from impeachment, was at the White House a good deal during the last months of Mr. Johnson's administration. I knew Mr. Ross well. He was a well-looking man of medium height, slightly stooped. He always wore a frock-coat. He was concerned over some appointments in Kansas which he considered necessary for the welfare of his party. It was natural that he should expect help from the man he had saved, and for whom he was suffering. For no one to-day can understand the effect in Kansas of Senator Ross's action. It was hardly safe for any one to speak in favor of him or of the President. One lady, whom I still know, was in Lawrence, Kansas, at the time. Her husband happened to be in Washington on business during the whole period. This gentleman was in favor of Johnson, and therefore approved of Senator Ross's vote. His wife did not dare let any of her friends and neighbors know of the opinions of the family.

The President could do little to help Mr. Ross. The Senator had to rely, like every one else, upon what congressional support he could muster, and he was naturally in bad odor in both houses. As it happened, nothing could have saved Ross's political position in Kansas. I

have been told that when he went home old neighbors would not speak to him. He found life in Kansas impossible. When he had entered the Senate he apparently had a great career before him. He was now made governor of New Mexico. I believe he afterward published a newspaper in Texas. But so far as I can understand, his life never fulfilled all it had seemed to promise. His vote for Andrew Johnson marked the end of his national career.

As Mr. Johnson's administration wore to its close, the daily mail brought to light many contrasting sides of human nature. A few men wrote to him, assuring him of their approval. Amos Kendall, the ex-Postmaster-General, who gave the land for Gallaudet College, was one of these, as was "Sunset" Cox. A fine address of the latter in which he said that Mr. Johnson's career was an example of "moral courage against party discipline" was forwarded to the President, and I pasted it in the scrap-book.

A great many men made suggestions for the President's future guidance. Soon after General Grant was elected, one correspondent had the happy thought that if Mr. Johnson would only refuse to accept General Grant's resignation from the army, it would then be impossible for the coming President to be inaugurated, and Mr. Johnson would have things all his own way! Another guileless being sent a supposedly counterfeit bill by means of which he was convinced a gang of outlaws were endeavoring to seduce his honesty. He was willing to furnish further proof for the sum of ten thousand dollars. This communication was labeled a "confidence game," and the dollar was appropriated for charitable purposes. At intervals amateur detectives furnished information as to meetings of conspirators with schemes inimical to the President.

But by far the greater part of the letters were personal appeals for help. Helpless citizens of the Southern States, men and women, pleaded with their only champion for aid. One woman, the last of a great line, begged the President to save her from being despoiled of the land on which her family had lived for generations. A widow, who said that he had before this furnished her transportation out of his own pocket, asked for further



assistance. An old journeyman tailor who had once worked for Mr. Johnson sought for help, with an evident confidence that it would be granted: part of both feet had been carried off by a shell, and he wanted ten or fifteen dollars to take him back to his friends.

Simple pleas of this nature the President could and did answer; but to the great cry for help that went up from the whole South he was able to give only slight response. His hope had been, as he often told me, to "build up" the South. The accounts of riots, of violence, the insolence of negro agitators, like Hunnicutt of Richmond, the wholesale pilfering of the land by carpet-baggers, were agonizing to those of us who had lived among the Southern people and knew what they were suffering. The only power that was left to the President was the appointment and removal of the military governors. In some cases Mr. Johnson answered the cry for justice by removing the men who seemed to the people of several States responsible for the condition of affairs. It was of course the system of reconstruction that was to answer, not the governors; but the appointment of new men gave the sufferers a gleam of hope.

It is not wonderful that, with all these things to harass him, the President had to turn somewhere for recreation. It was to the children he went. It is a pleasing thought that Andrew Johnson celebrated his sixtieth birthday, in the closing months of the bitterest struggle ever waged from the White House, with a great holiday party for children.

It was on the 30th of December, and there were almost four hundred children present. Almost as many households had been in a state of excitement since the arrival of the truly magnificent cards of invitation. "The President of the United States" it was who desired their presence: no mere child was the host! Every child whose father had any share in the public life of the time and was not the President's bitter enemy, was there. All of Marini's dancing academy were invited, for there was to be wonderful fancy dancing in the great East Room. In the years that I have been at the White House,—and almost every White House family has had its petted children,—there

has never been a children's party so wonderful.

Mr. Johnson received, with Mrs. Patterson and his grandchildren about him, and Mrs. Johnson came down-stairs for a glimpse of the pretty scene. This was, unless I am mistaken, the second appearance she made during her White House life.

The dancing was in the East Room. There were a great many square dances, and a few waltzes and polkas; but the fancy dances were the best. Marini's picked pupils showed their prettiest steps. There was the "Highland fling" of course, and the "sailors' hornpipe." There was a Spanish dance, danced by small Miss Gaburri in a Spanish dress flashing with sequins. Then there was a very sentimental affair—which all the children liked best because there was a "story" in it where one little girl postured with every evidence of languishing devotion, and another little girl circled coquettishly and tantalizingly around her. Pretty Belle Patterson danced prettily, but the stars were the Spanish dancer and little Miss Keen, who were particular friends of the Patterson and Stover children. At the end, the whole company, tots and big girls and boys, were lined up for the "Virginia Reel." After that came "refreshments," the real "party," most of the children thought.

After his frolic with the children, there was little that was not unpleasant before the President. Early in 1869, Hugh McCulloch resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury. There was a large clique which was violently opposed to McCulloch. He was suspected of Southern sympathies—his home was in Maryland. There had been constant attacks upon him and endless appeals to the President to remove him. But Johnson was loyal to the man who, with Secretary Welles and Secretary Seward, had been faithful to him through the whole of his troubled administration. He sustained McCulloch, as he sustained his own reconstruction policy. I do not understand the secret of the opposition to McCulloch. He was an absolutely honest man; perhaps that is the reason he had so many enemies.

During the last two months Mr. Johnson sat at the White House waiting for

the man whom he hated to take his place. Whatever personal resentment he may have had against his enemies was swallowed up at this time, I am convinced, by his sympathy for the struggling masses in the South. He has told me how he felt for them and talked of his own frustrated plans. His hatred of the Southern leaders—the "brigadiers"—was for the moment lost sight of, though it was by no means assuaged. He was calm, however, and, as usual, there was nothing in his manner to reveal his feeling. I could not trace a single line in his face to testify to his four years' fight. He went about his preparations for departure in his orderly, methodical fashion. All his bills were called for and settled long before he left the White House. The steamship companies evidently thought he would be in need of rest and recreation, for they vied with one another in offering him free transportation to any European port he might desire to visit. He might well have wished to accept their offer, for he stood high in the opinion of European nations, and his trip would have been an ovation. But flight was not in his mind.

While the President was so unmoved, the rest of us were beginning to understand what it was that Congress had been doing. Whether public opinion had begun to change to any marked degree I cannot state, but the last public reception that Mr. Johnson gave was marked by a good deal of enthusiasm. Still, he was with the mass of people a very unpopular man.

During all the long contest, as far as I know, neither Thad Stevens nor Charles Sumner ever came to the White House. No one would have expected Stevens to do it; he was too bitter, too passionate. But with most people Sumner stood for calm and unprejudiced principle. One would have thought that he, at least, would have endeavored to have a consultation with the President, to have found out just where he stood, and why he believed as he did, before making him a target for daily denunciation. Of course it is possible that there may have been interviews of which I knew nothing, but I do not think it likely.

Perhaps I was prejudiced against Sumner, knowing how he had opposed President Lincoln, and having seen how Mr.

Lincoln felt toward him. In my opinion, Sumner made most of the trouble. Stevens did not have much weight. Every one knew that he was prejudiced and fierce, and they made allowances for that. But Sumner gave the impression of calm. He was a gentleman, he had correct manners, he was well-groomed, he had learning. To a large element in the country he was a sort of god. Of course there were a few men, like some one in the New York "Herald," who called him a monomaniac on the subject of the negro; and he did irritate the other members of his party by delaying legislation while he quibbled as to whether negroes should be so far distinguished from other men as to be called "negroes"—he himself referring to them as "unionists."

It was to the party of Sumner and Stevens that Andrew Johnson yielded on the 4th of March, 1869, when, a little before noon, he left the White House, and it was to a man by whom he considered that he had been betrayed. Mr. Johnson had refused to ride in the carriage with President Grant, as has always been the custom for the outgoing President. I have heard it said that General Grant refused to ride with him. I do not know whether that is true or not; it does not seem like President Grant, who was kindness itself. But I do know that Mr. Johnson refused to ride with the new President. I heard him say that he would not do it.

So Mr. Johnson remained quietly in the White House while the inauguration ceremonies were in progress, gathering up his papers and making final preparations. He took away with him all the records of the office and the scrap-books which I had compiled. He said:

"I found nothing here when I came, and I am going to leave nothing here when I go."

When he left all the employees of the White House gathered on the portico to say good-by to him. No one else was there. His friends and enemies alike had flocked to see the installation of the new President. The family had preceded him. With all the others, I shook his hand and said:

"Good-by, Mr. President."

"Good-by, Crook," he said. "And God bless you!"

He went down to the carriage which

was waiting to take him to the home of Mr. John F. Coyle, who was one of the two owners and editors of the "National Intelligencer," one of the papers which had constantly supported the administration. Coyle was a brilliant man and a warm friend; he was perhaps the best friend whom the President had in Washington, and Mr. Johnson was very fond of him and of his family. Some one once laughingly asked him when he was going to "shake off this mortal Coyle?" He had no desire to shake him off. Mr. Johnson was a good friend.

SOMEHOW, when Andrew Johnson left the White House I did not feel that that was the end of him. Yet, in a nation where the retiring executive is usually the only man in the country without a future, there apparently never was so dead a President. During the few days he spent with Mr. Coyle he was almost deserted. He had realized long before the end that

his election to the Presidency, which was the only thing that would have meant vindication, was an impossibility. But he was too vital a man to stop fighting.

Therefore I followed with eagerness his career during the years that followed. Every one knows that when he returned to Tennessee he found himself hopelessly unpopular. Brownlow had seen to that. It did not seem to daunt Mr. Johnson in the least. He went to work to win back lost ground. Soon after his return to Greenville there was a United States senator to be chosen. He ran for the position. He was defeated in that. It was too soon. Again he went patiently to work. The same method of personal talk with the "plain people" which had brought him to the front before served him now. Little by little he regained his ascendancy

over his State. In 1872 he was announced as candidate for congressman at large from his State. He conducted a campaign of public speaking and again he was defeated, but by a smaller margin. When, in 1875, he came forward to claim the United States senatorship, he was victorious. That was not a bad record for a man who, at sixty, had retired from the White House unpopular and discredited.

It was not seven years after he had been on trial before the Senate that Andrew Johnson took his place as a member of

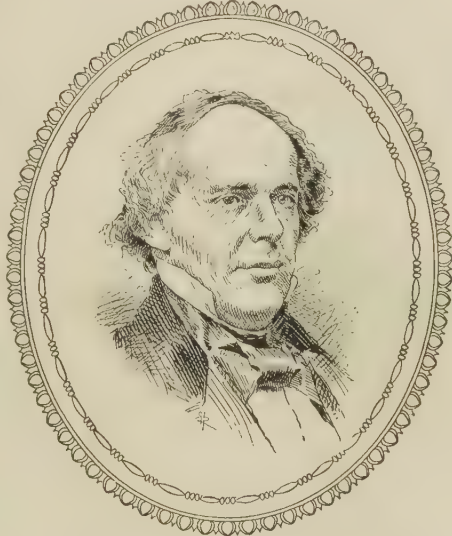
the body that had judged him. Public opinion had traveled a farther journey than the years had done, for his entrance was the scene of a great demonstration. It was the opening day of the special session of 1875. The Senate chamber and the galleries were crowded. His desk was piled high with flowers. Possibly some of the children to whom he used to give nosegays from the White House conservatories were old enough to re-

member and to return the gifts in kind. Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, then Vice-President was, as President of the Senate, to administer the oath. As Charles Sumner's colleague, he had been Johnson's persistent enemy.

There were three new senators to be sworn in, one of them Hannibal Hamlin. As Andrew Johnson's rival for the Vice-Presidency, he had also been an opponent. He took the oath before Johnson; but the name of the ex-President was called before Hamlin had gone to his seat.

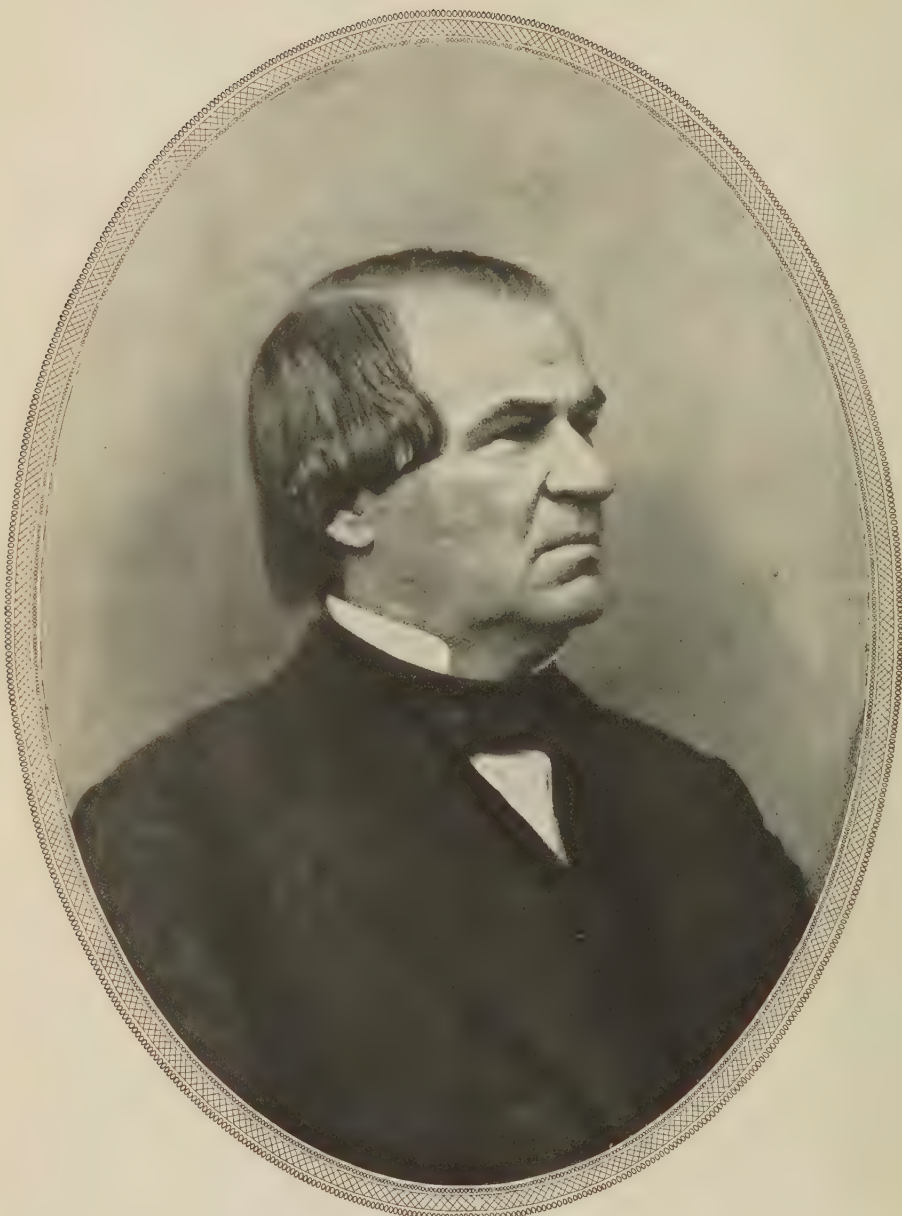
The square, sturdy figure of Andrew Johnson advanced to the desk. The three men stood together before the multitude, who had only one thought: "How would he meet these men who had been his enemies? Would he take their hands?"

There was no pause, although to us who



Drawn by Jacques Reich, from a photograph  
CHIEF-JUSTICE SALMON P. CHASE





Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ANDREW JOHNSON

This portrait is from a photograph said to have been taken not long before his death.

were looking on there seemed to be. Johnson put out his hand without hesitation or embarrassment, without apparent realization that there was anything unusual in the situation. He shook hands first with Hamlin, then, turning, with Wilson, who stood before them both. From floor and galleries went up a thunder of applause. Both Wilson and Hamlin were tall men, and Andrew Johnson was short, but to every one present there was no taller man in the Senate that day.

The oath taken, he went into the cloak-room to avoid publicity. But there he was surrounded by senators, every man eager to take his hand.

There was one man of those whom he considered his enemies, whom Mr. Johnson had not forgiven. It was only a day or two after he took his seat in the Senate that he sent for me to come to his hotel, the old Willard on Pennsylvania Avenue. I found him, on a nearer view, looking very little changed. He was older, of course; there was more gray in his hair; his whole face looked bleached. He seemed finer to me; not less strong, but more delicate. There were no more lines in his face: those that had been there were deeper graven; that was all.

I asked for all the family, and he told me what there was to tell. Mrs. Johnson I knew was still living, but poor Robert Johnson had died soon after his father returned to Tennessee. He spoke to me of them both. The grandchildren were growing up. He told me of his fight for election.

"And now," he said, "I want you to tell me where I can find notices about

Grant in my scrap-book. You remember where you pasted them in. I don't." He got the scrap-books, and I put slips of paper in to mark the references he wanted. As I rose to go he said.

"Crook, I have come back to the Senate with two purposes. One is to do what I can to punish the Southern brigadiers. They led the South into secession, and they have never had their deserts. The other—" He paused, and his face darkened.

"What is the other, Mr. Johnson?" I asked.

"The other is to make a speech against Grant. And I am going to make it this session."

He made the speech in less than two weeks from that evening. It was a clever one, too, and bitter. Every point of General Grant's career which might be considered vulnerable was very skilfully attacked. The fact that he had taken gifts and that it was suspected he desired a third term, were played upon. Yes; Mr. Johnson did what he had intended to do, had been intending to do ever since he left the White House. He was the best hater I ever knew.

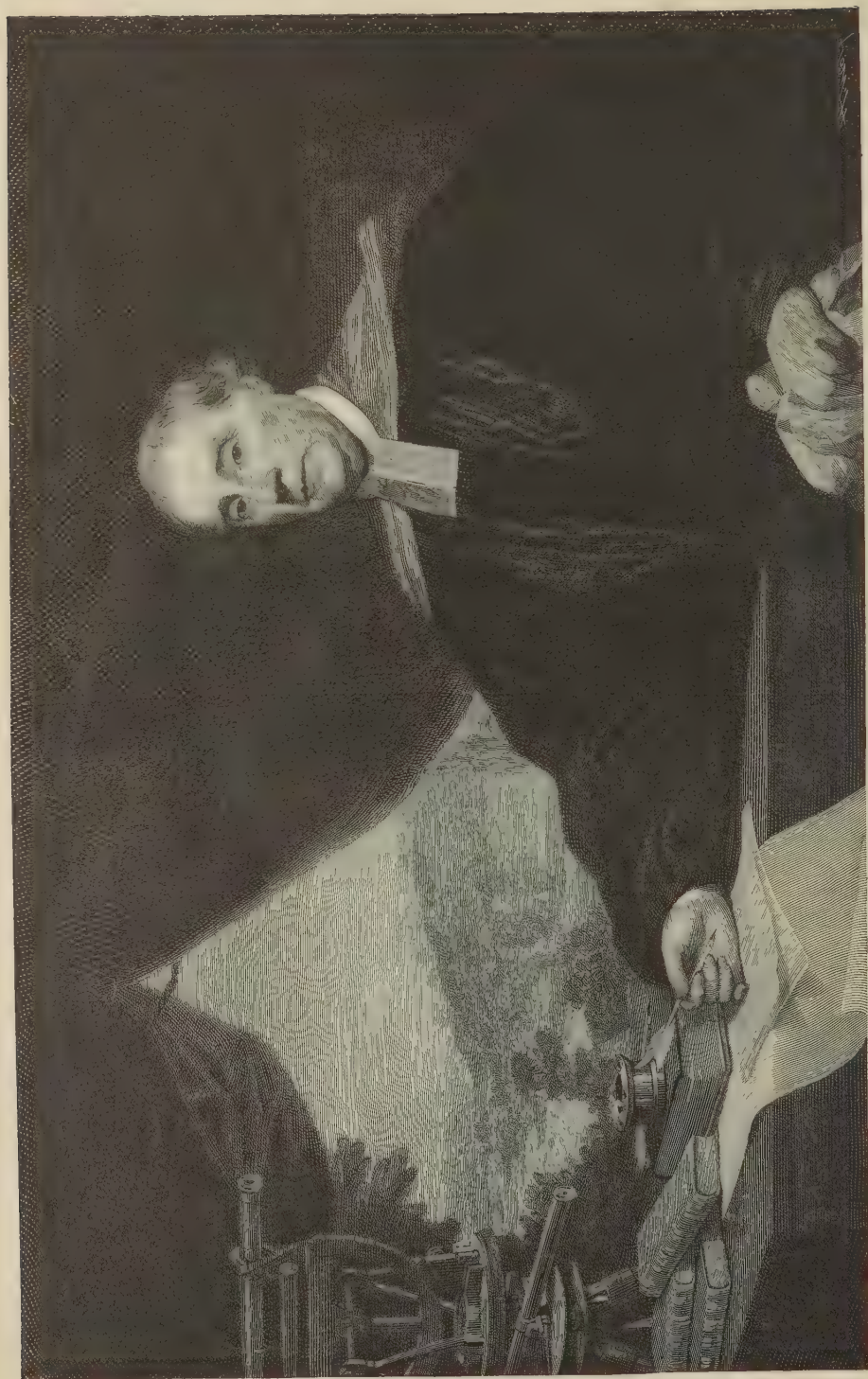
He went back home at the end of the session, and then to visit his daughter, Mrs. Stover, in eastern Tennessee. There, given up to the family associations he clung to, and with the grandchildren he loved, he was stricken suddenly with paralysis and July 31, 1875, he died. It seemed as if, with his speech against President Grant, some spring of action which had kept him fighting broke. The rest was peace.



## QUATRAIN

BY SANBORN GOVE TENNEY

THESE lichens pressed to fence and rock and tree  
 Mayhap have meaning that we do not see;  
 Perchance are seals on old Time's wrinkled deeds  
 By which he holds the forests, hills, and meads.



Owned by the late John H. Britton, M.D.

See "Open Letters."

Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN. V—WILLIAM SMITH, D.D., FIRST PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



# A MAN OF IMAGINATION

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

I

THE winter had set in sadly for Blackwater, and long before the close of the year twelve of her vessels had gone down, and the churches on Sunday looked more than ever like conventual chapels, with the black weeds of widows. It was on New Year's Day that word came of the loss of the Wallace boys off Hatteras, and three days later, as I turned out of High Street into the River Road, with my head lowered against the driving snow, I heard a crying up the street, and stopped in wonder. Out of the loom of the storm old Mr. Foley, with his apple-red cheeks, came staggering through the drifts, wringing his hands and moaning aloud. I called to him. He neither stopped nor turned his eyes my way, but went steadily on, crying "Tommy 's gone! Tommy 's gone!" in a heart-broken voice. Tom was his son and a sailor; I needed to know no more. A week later we heard that four of the crew of the *Harwich* had been picked up at sea and carried into Charleston. Two days later, Phil Challenger, her captain, came home.

Phil was then twenty-six, genial, handsome, and a general favorite. His father, old Captain Henry, had been one of the most successful shipmasters that ever sailed out of our port, a bluff, hearty, daring man. With his father's influence and his own good qualities, young Challenger's seafaring life was made easy. A master at twenty-three, and by inheritance one of the wealthiest men in the town, life had opened pleasantly for him. His first reverse came with the wreck.

He was now welcomed back like a hero, though he modestly put aside any claim to such honor. Before the end of

his first day at home every child in the town knew the story of his three terrible days on a raft. The following night, being at the protracted meeting in the First Church with Lucy Wilder, he listened with a boyishly flushed face to more than one fervid reference to his home-coming in prayer and exhortation; and when, just before the close of the meeting, Mr. Blackshaw called on him to relate the experiences of those three days and nights, he told them simply and diffidently, yet so vividly that our throats ached with the suffering of the shipwrecked men and our eyes were hot with tears.

Challenger had come home by rail, and three days later, John Ketchum, his mate, who had waited for the steamer, arrived. The story of the wreck renewed its life with his coming, but Ketchum had little to say. When Captain Amos Cosgrove, with a touch of reproach in his voice, told him of the meeting in the church, where the captain had related the story with such feeling that the whole audience had been moved, Ketchum simply grinned.

That afternoon, Sim Bennett, the cook, who had returned with Ketchum, came into Palmer's store. Sim, a wiry, red-haired little man of fifty, with a homely wit and a sharp tongue, was warmly welcomed; but when Challenger, who was present, rose, and held out his hand, Sim drew back, fairly yelping:

"No, sir; I don't shake hands with no coward."

No one was prepared for what then happened. Challenger blushed like a boy, and his eyes fell; then slowly he lifted them to the angry man's face.

"Sim," he said in a choking voice, "that 's not fair, and you 'll realize it some day. I could break every bone in

your body for that speech; but I won't. It would n't help to set me right. I'll do that in my own way, so that even you will see." With that he turned abruptly to walk out of the store.

"Break ev'ry bone in my body, could ye?" Sim shouted after him. "Yes, if my back was turned, an' I was fightin' for my life, like Ole was. If—" But Challenger had gone.

Sim turned to the circle of startled faces standing about him. His voice shook.

"Set himself right in his own way, will he?" he cried. "Well, he'll have to bring dead men back to help him—men that went down because he lost his nerve. An' that ain't the worst. Our boat was stove, an' when we saw that the schooner was a goner, we patched up a raft. We did n't have much time, and it was n't much of one, but good enough, too. But when the schooner went down, some did n't get to her in time, an' some was drawn down by the suction, so mighty few of us had a show. I'd got to the raft, an' was lookin' round to see if I could give anybody a hand, when I saw Ole reaching out. He wa'n't no swimmer, but he'd been all right if he'd been let alone; but him there, the cap'n, he pulled Ole off,—I saw him with my own eyes, an' so did Mr. Ketchum,—he pulled Ole off, an' clumb over him to git to the raft. An' he was cryin' like a baby, an' half out of his head, he was that scart. Mr. Ketchum had to lash him fast with his own hands. But we did n't see Ole no more."

THAT same evening at eight, Lucy Wilder was sitting with her mother in the living-room of her home, making a forlorn pretense of being busy on a bit of fancy work. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping.

She started nervously as the door-bell rang; but when her mother rose, she put out her hand.

"I'm going, mother," she said sharply. "You stay right here." Then she walked firmly out of the room, closing the door behind her.

At the outside door she hesitated an instant, then slowly opened it, and stood, tall and pale and silent, confronting Challenger.

He gave a quick glance at her face, and his own fell.

"I see you've heard," he said with bitterness, "and are against me, like the rest."

"Come in," she said unsmilingly. As he stepped within the hall, she closed the door again, and turned, with her hand still on the knob. "Phil," she asked, "is it true?"

He hesitated a moment before answering.

"I don't know what you've heard," he replied, with just a hint of irritation in his voice, "but if you mean about Ole, I can't tell you. I really can't. They say I pulled him away from the raft; but as true as there's a God, Lucy, I did n't know it, if I did. The schooner went down sooner'n we thought she would, and I was aft. When I saw her head fly up as it did, and knew she was going, I ran. I guess I was pulled down by the suction, for when I came to the surface, there was the raft three or four yards away, and my breath was almost gone. I knew I had to get to the raft at once, if I got there at all, with the sea running as it was, and I suppose I was excited. I guess I did n't think of much but just getting my grip on those planks. How I got there I don't remember; it was all a blank. Certainly I don't remember anything about Ole. I would n't do a thing like that—you ought to know it. I'd lost my vessel, and I have n't got used to that sort of thing, like some of the folks who're talking so much about me,—" he spoke bitterly;—"it meant a good deal to me. A captain would feel that most. Somehow I'd known all along we would n't pull through; it was a kind of presentiment. If any mistake was made, I'm ready to shoulder it; but that I deliberately took away another man's chance, knowing I did it, that's false. You ought to know that."

"I do," she said.

He looked up at her quickly, and his face was less wan.

"Then if you—"

"Wait," she said. She hesitated, then looked at him forlornly as she went on: "I do know it; I believe what you say; but, Phil, I can't stand it. You know my father lost his vessel once. I was only a child, but I can remember as plainly as



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"NO, SIR; I DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH NO COWARD!"



if it were yesterday how proud and happy I was when they told of the things he did and stood and suffered—bravely and coolly. You say you have n't got used to losing vessels like some who are blaming you. I suppose you mean Cap'n Jim Miller. Heaven knows he 'd *talk*; but, Phil, you know what he 's mostly had—vessels that were n't fit to leave a duck-pond. It was reckless to go out with them, and maybe he 's reckless at sea. But a woman can't judge that too hard: it 's *brave* at least. And you know the stories they tell about him—how he 'd joke when they thought they were going under any minute; and once he brought all his crew home in an open boat, fairly keeping them alive through those terrible days with his stories and courage and hope. This is different, and I can't bear it. I *can't*."

His face had grown stern, and when she finished, he turned to the door.

"I see," he said; "you don't care for me any longer. You think I 'm—"

"I *do* care," she cried passionately, "and I always shall; but you 've got to make me proud of you again, and trust you. If things should go on the same with us, I should feel that everybody was pitying me. Phil, I could n't stand it. We 'd never be happy."

She cried herself to sleep that night, and awoke in the gray dawn, accusing herself of pride and hardness. Love was not love, she told herself, that asked all, giving nothing. She would let their world know that she trusted him still; she would make that her pride. But it was too late. Challenger had gone away in the stage even while she was waking.

## II

It was the middle of the morning, and Challenger was sitting on the gallery of the ship-broker's office in Port-au-Spain, surrounded by a group of shipmasters. They were telling stories of the sea. He was very quiet, for his own disaster was still too fresh in his mind to bring other than gloomy thoughts, and as he listened, he looked out across the roadstead to where his new vessel, the brig *Cygnets*, lay, with a lighter alongside.

On the bulkhead, a hundred yards away across the open space that skirted the water-front, a throng of negroes were

rolling casks aboard other lighters with a gay joyousness that gave to the task a note of merry-making. One, a brawny fellow, was specially conspicuous as he stalked back and forth, singing in a loud recitative, which at times he interrupted to fling back a retort to some laughing comment on his song. They were a happy lot, Challenger thought, as he turned his gaze idly toward them.

Suddenly the singer straightened up, lifting his hand to his head. He must have uttered an exclamation, unheard at that distance, for Challenger saw his companions turn and look at him in strained attention. Then he wheeled about on his heels, staggered away toward a shed, and half-way to it fell with a little cry. The group about him broke and ran.

Behind him Challenger heard a chair scrape as its occupant sprang to his feet, crying: "My God! that nigger 's took quick! Yellow fever 's here, boys."

Challenger had not stirred. In a strange fascination he sat staring across the hot square, now deserted, to where the half-clad negro lay on the glaring white of the shell-covered plaza. The sun beat down upon him; the white sky seemed pitiless. A sickly cocoa-palm by the sea-wall drooped motionless against the glare of the horizon.

The men about him had risen, but in a kind of strained horror Challenger gripped the arms of his chair, powerless to stir. The sight had unnerved him. His head reeled, and his lips were parched. In a sort of abandonment to a flood of self-abasement, he whispered: "It 's all true: I 'm a coward—a coward."

At his shoulder Captain Parrott said angrily:

"That man should n't lie there. I could n't see a dog struck down like that and not lift my hand. We 've got to get him under cover and send word to the hospital. Come, Cap'n Lyons; lend a hand."

"No, sir," retorted Lyons; "I don't run no risks. Where 's the man's friends?"

"Well, Cap'n Challenger," said Parrott, "you, then. You 're young and strong. I guess it won't hurt you to help get a poor sick nigger under cover."

With an effort Challenger rose to his feet and followed Captain Parrott into the hot sunshine.

It seemed to him that his feet dragged and the sky spun dizzily above him. He pushed back his hat, and passed his hand across his forehead. For an instant he saw the world grow black before his eyes, and he bit his lips cruelly to keep back the rising faintness. "I could n't even refuse to go, like Lyons," he thought; "I was afraid to do even that."

He had not lifted his eyes from the ground, his sense of repulsion for the body he was approaching was so great, and he stumbled against Parrott as the latter suddenly paused.

"Good enough!" he was exclaiming. "They've got some sense, after all."

Then Challenger looked up, and, with a wave of relief, saw half a dozen negroes running with a hand-cart toward the fallen man.

On the gallery, when they went back, they were talking of yellow fever. There was a restrained gravity about them; and the mood, so unlike their usual gay insouciance, deepened Challenger's sense of danger. His fear of death was an obsession; it had always been, he recalled to himself. It was something hideous, abnormal. He watched his vessel lying far out in the windless roadstead, and in his desire to escape to her deck from the danger ashore, he wondered at the indifference of his companions, who sat stolidly on. Yet he dared not make the first move. Gradually he began to listen to their talk.

"You want to keep out of the sun," Lyons was saying, "and don't go out in the night air. That's bad."

"What you eat has a good deal to do with it," added Captain Parrott; "but, best of all, don't think of it. That's what bowls a man over."

"I guess that's so," agreed Captain Mason. "Now, I had a mate once that that moral fitted to a T. We were in New Orleans, loading with cotton for Liverpool, when the fever broke out. It was n't bad, but that man was doomed from the first—could n't seem to get it out of his mind. He talked it when he got up, and he talked it at meals. Got to be a craze with him. Finally I got mad."

"See here," says I, "suppose you take a rest on yellow fever. You've got it too much on your mind. It ain't good for you."

"Well, he quit talking, but he did n't

stop thinking, and I used to watch him going about like a man figuring out something in his head, and not noticing anything. Well, it was just as I said. He came down into the cabin one day looking pretty white, and says he: 'Cap'n, how does it come on?' Then I saw his teeth were chattering; and he was blue about the mouth. In four hours he was dead."

"Well, I guess I'm immune," declared Captain Martin. "Had it in Sagua years ago. Nearly keeled me over." He spoke with a calm complacency that seemed to Challenger impious.

Across the square a man was approaching from the direction of the city. He held a buff, green-lined umbrella low over his head and walked slowly. As he stepped upon the gallery, lowering his sun-shade, they saw that it was Burke, the ship-broker. His face wore an anxious look.

"Well, Cap'n's," he said, "I guess you're going to get demurrage all right."

"How's that?" demanded Captain Parrott.

Burke waved his hand toward the water-front.

"See that?" he asked. "Quiet's a graveyard—a good deal quieter than ours are going to be for the next few weeks. I heard yesterday that the fever had broken out over at the south end. They tried to hush it up; but the jig's up now—ten cases over there this morning, twenty right here in the city. You saw that fellow fall out there?"

They nodded.

"The niggers are in a panic, and are leaving town; everybody's leaving. There won't be another lighter loaded till the fever's over. I guess you won't do anything much but grow barnacles out at the anchorage."

"Can't say I mind demurrage, but I'm not hankering to stay cooped up in this hole," said Captain Lyons.

"Well, I don't want to hurry you away from the office," replied Burke, "but ashore's no place for most of you. I'd advise you to get aboard. And keep out of the sun and the night air."

"I guess that's good advice," Captain Lyons declared. "That's my boat coming ashore now. Who wants to be set aboard?"

There was a scraping of chairs on the

brick floor of the gallery as the captains rose. Only Captain Martin kept his seat.

"I 'm immune," he said composedly. "I 'm going to stay a while and enjoy Burke's company. It 's better 'n anything I 'll get aboard, with two dumb square-heads for mates."

"Good enough!" declared Burke. "I guess we 're in the same boat—have to put up with what we can get."

### III

As Challenger stepped aboard, his mate was sitting on the rail forward, keeping tally on the casks as they were hoisted in. Five were left in the lighter. He marked them down in his tally-book, and followed the captain aft. Challenger was standing in the companionway, scanning the city through the ship's glass.

"A hundred and fifty more will fill us up," the mate said cheerfully. "Now, if we have good luck—"

"We won't," replied the captain. "Yellow fever 's broken out. Everybody 's leaving the city. See that road?" He gave the mate the glass.

The long, white road that mounted steeply into the hills behind the city was crowded with a throng crawling slowly upward. Afoot and in donkey-carts, with here and there a carriage hurrying past the crowd, with its trail of white dust, the long procession streamed upward like files of moving ants. The mate looked long.

"Say, they 've got it bad, ain't they?" he exclaimed, with his eyes still at the glass. "Why, the whole blame' town 's leavin'!" He laid the glass down, and turned his eyes toward the landing. Not a living thing was to be seen. "Everybody struck work ashore?" he asked.

Challenger nodded.

"Catch them niggers stickin' to a job if they can get an excuse for droppin' it!" declared the mate. "Well, I guess we 're goin' to get that month of Sundays folks talk about." His only thought seemed one of detached interest. For himself it had no significance.

For the weeks that they had been together on the brig there had been no real companionship between them. Bunt was a good mate, and knew his place; beyond the formal talk that the working of the

vessel made necessary, they had never gone. Now, in his dread, Challenger clung to the man, fascinated by his unconcern.

The days dragged slowly; a week passed. Challenger rarely visited in the fleet, and beyond a withered, impassive, old negro bumboatman who daily made a round of the shipping, they had no communication with the shore. The water-side was deserted. For days the bells in the churches had tolled almost continuously, but now for more than a day not a sound had risen from the stricken city. This in itself seemed ominous.

About three o'clock, Challenger, sitting under the awning over the quarter-deck, saw the bumboat creeping off. Later, he walked to the rail, where the steward stood bargaining with the negro for yams. The mate strolled up. Challenger asked about the fever, and the man shook his head.

"Very bad," he answered.

"I don't hear the bells any more," Challenger went on. "Why 's that?"

The negro was stooping over, filling a basket with yams. Challenger did not catch his reply.

"What did he say?" he asked the mate.

"Says they 're beyond that now; ain't even burying the dead," replied Bunt. Challenger turned away; the thought made him faint.

The thought had impressed itself upon the mate's mind, also, it seemed; for when, later, he followed the captain aft, he recurred to it, but in a wholly different spirit.

"Now, ain't that like these blame' half-baked critters down here?" he said musingly. "Any amount of frills to send a man out of the world with when they 've got the time, an' they ain't no danger—priests a-marching, an' boys with banners an' candles, an' bells a-tinklin', an' all the people kneelin' as they go by; but just as soon 's the dead get to comin' too quick for all such fuss an' circus shows, they drop everything, an' light out without buryin' 'em at all. Makes me tired." He paused, in his eyes a musing look. Then he threw his abstraction aside. "When my time comes, all I ask is to get home. There 'll be a service in the parlor, with all the neighbors droppin' in an' settin' round solemn; an' Dominie



Parker 'll come to the hall door, read a bit, make a prayer an' a little speech. Say, he 'll do the best he can for me, though I ain't never frequented his precincts enough to get round-shouldered settin' in the pews. Angie White 'll sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' an' everybody 'll file out an' ride or walk to the grave; an' there 'll be another prayer an' readin'—dust to dust, ashes to ashes. You know how it goes. No fuss an' feathers, but sincere an' well intentioned from the word go."

Challenger stirred uneasily. This casual familiarity with death shocked him, and he tried to put the thought aside. But the image of Bunt's pictured scene kept rising before him, as he had often seen it at home, now real and terrifying, with this stricken city lying hushed and desolate before his eyes. The white and yellow houses, with their dusty patches of greenery, seemed the very habitation of desolation, the indwelling spirit of which was death. His old inclination to put away from him quickly any disturbing thought was powerless now before this visualized image of his fears. The very atmosphere seemed ominous: it had no life. The stifling heat wrapped him about; the glare from the windless roadstead, which gleamed like molten metal, beat up against his eyeballs. Over against the town the heat-waves rose dizzily, colored and unwholesome, like a miasma.

"'T ain't very lively, is it?" Bunt had spoken abruptly. It was clear that his thoughts moved, if somewhat more turgidly, through the same channel in which his captain's ran.

Challenger had not replied. He was watching, with painful intentness, a flag slowly rising on the spanker gaff of a vessel anchored off to starboard. In the windless air it rose limp and rag-like; but as it reached the peak, and the halyards were carried inboard, it spread out in straight folds. The union was down.

Challenger leaped to his feet.

"It 's come!" he exclaimed. "The fever 's reached the fleet!"

"Well, I wonder if they think that upside-down flag 's goin' to lift 'em out o' that hole by the slack o' their pants," Bunt drawled. "I take it there ain't any great number of doctors settin' around

ashore waitin' for their door-bells to ring. They ain't watchin' no flag of distress."

"They ought to send ashore for one," replied Challenger, irritably.

"Oh, I guess they know it ain't no use," replied Bunt, easily. "I take it that flag 's intended more to let the rest of us know trouble 's on the way than for any good it 's intended to do. Did you ever notice, when we hear bad news, how quick we are to hurry off to tell somebody else about it? Kind o' seem proud of it, though of course we 're sorry. I guess there 's a good deal of human nature in that flag. Well, who next?"

Challenger turned away quickly, seeing in that moment the crew standing at the rail forward, watching the flag. The strained intentness of their gaze, filled as it was with a sort of horrified fascination, oppressed him anew with a sense of the imminence of this lurking danger; and leaving the deck abruptly, he passed down into the cabin. As he stood dazed and uncertain in the familiar place, now no longer a retreat, he heard through the open slide a quick exclamation from Bunt, and then his voice calling sharply down to him. As they met at the head of the companionway, Bunt thrust the ship's glass into Challenger's hand, saying curtly:

"Look there."

Challenger gazed off toward the stricken vessel. Two boats, filled with men, were pulling out from her side. For a moment they paused under the stern of a neighboring vessel, and then shot out toward the land, heading away from the town toward the high, wooded hills that came down to the beach on the right. On the deck of the abandoned vessel nothing moved.

"It 's the crew," he said slowly. "I can't make out Cap'n Lyons or his mate in the boat. The mate 's an old fellow with a gray beard. Here, see if you can find them." He passed the glass to Bunt.

"It 's the crew," agreed Bunt, after a long pause; "and the second mate is there, too. Well, I guess we don't need to know no more: the old man or his mate, or both, are down with the fever." He lowered the glass and looked at Challenger.

Challenger nodded, and stepped out upon the deck. With a quick marshaling

of all his faculties, he went below, opened his medicine-chest, and, seizing his book of directions, ascended to the deck.

"Mr. Bunt," he ordered, "lower the dinghy over the side, and put in an oar."

Bunt hesitated.

"Why, Cap'n," he said, "don't you think—"

Challenger waved him off.

"Don't wait," he commanded. "Hurry."

Taking a slip of paper from his pocket, he wrote down the name of Lucy Wilder and her address; and when, five minutes later, he stepped over the rail, he gave it to Bunt.

"If I don't come back," he said, "write to her, and tell her why."

"I will," Bunt promised; "but you 'll come back," he added with quiet hopefulness. "You 're too good a man to lose like that."

Challenger shook his head impatiently.

"The point is, I 'm ready to take the risk of not coming back," he corrected. Then he dropped into the boat, and standing erect, sculled away.

He did not once look back. For a moment his exaltation of mood beat down his morbid fear of death, and in a vivid picture he saw himself returning home, whither the tidings of his deed had preceded him, calm and apparently unmoved amid a chorus of awed praise, which was to be all the sweeter because of its touch of remorse. At that moment he could even think with calmness of dying, and with a touch of that barbaric satisfaction in the suffering of those we love that we all feel, when aggrieved, he pictured Lucy passing her days in sad repentance.

But as he drew near the deserted vessel, and saw her sinister hull rise darkly before him, his horror of the terrifying presence that lurked behind her wooden walls awoke again. Yet he sculled steadily on, even exulting in his spiritual mastery of his fear, though all his physical being was near to collapse.

In such fashion he moved on till his boat scraped along the side, and seizing the channel with cold hands, he caught up his painter and swung himself up to the deck. For a moment he gazed about him, noting the evidence of haste in the departure of the crew. The uncovered hatchways, the smoke still rising from the galley fire, the paint-pots and scrapers

cluttering the disordered deck—he stared at them dully, comprehending their significance only as fresh and vivid details of the horror that lay hidden in the silent cabin which he must even then enter. With a quick bracing of all his senses to meet the shock, he walked slowly toward the open door.

IV

HE was gone just five days. Twilight was falling as he went up the side of his own vessel, where Bunt stood waiting with a smile of welcome. His own face was white and drawn with fatigue, but in his eyes there shone a light that Bunt had never seen in them before—the light of hope.

"Well?" exclaimed Bunt as he wrung his hand.

"The mate 's gone," replied Challenger, "but Cap'n Lyons is getting well. Cap'n Martin 's with him now; he 's had the fever."

"I saw him go aboard," the mate declared. "An' no one else came near you?"

"No," Challenger answered. "I 'm pretty tired."

"The cowards!" exclaimed Bunt, hotly. "I 'd gone myself, but I had to stand by the vessel. The crew would have taken to the hills; had to watch 'em every minute. But some one else might have gone—some captain. Well, it ain't no picnic, I suppose," he added.

Challenger looked at him with a tired smile.

"Mr. Bunt," he said, "I was afraid myself—every minute. I 've got to tell you."

"But you went, did n't you?" said the mate. "That 's the point. Now, me—you know how I am; one thing 's about the same 's another. I don't feel things. Some folks call that courage! Good Lord! by that kind o' reckonin', I guess a wooden Injin in front of a cigar store 's about the bravest thing you could scare up. But when a man sees things to the very end, an' all that can happen, but goes right on, that 's what I take my hat off to every time."

"Well, don't take it off to me," replied Challenger; but as he sank upon the lounge in the cabin, he was still smiling, and it was clear that he was pleased.

Bunt seemed not to hear. He had

paused in the middle of the cabin in deep thought, but suddenly he looked up.

"Cap'n," he said, "I suppose I ought to tell you, but George ain't feelin' just right. He 's in a good deal o' pain. I had the deck-house cleared out, an' carried him in there. The crew 's badly scared."

Challenger rose to his feet.

"I got that out," the mate went on impassively,—he thrust his foot out toward the medicine-chest,—“an’ doctored him for the fever. Did n’t think it was worth while experimentin’ on any other disease just now.”

"I 'll go and take a look at him," said the captain, and moved heavily toward the companionway; but Bunt caught his arm.

"You 've done your share for one spell, sir," he protested. "Go turn in now. You 're played out. I 'll look out for George."

But Challenger shook his head.

"It 's my place to look out for my crew, Mr. Bunt," he replied. "You stay right here."

He was white and spent when he came out of the deck-house half an hour later. As he mounted to the poop-deck, where Bunt was standing, he said:

"Don't you think 'we ought to try to get a doctor aboard?"

Bunt smiled.

"Say, Cap'n, did you ever have any dealin's with any of these doctors down here? As a general thing, I take it they 're kind of a cross between an Indian medicine-man and a female Christian Scientist. Besides, they don't take to *Americanos* no great. Sooner work over a pet cat; an' that ain't professional. Then, too, they 've got their hands full ashore, if they have n't lit out for the hills. Any which way you look at the proposition, I guess we 're up a tree."

The captain nodded.

"I suppose you 're right," he acquiesced, and went back to the cabin. At half-past nine he returned to the deck-house, to give George his hourly medicine. By the light of the lantern the man's face had shown haggard, but his pain was gone. The air of the place was stifling, and Challenger had not lingered. Though inexpressibly weary, his heart was light, and he returned with new hope.

"I think he 's going to pull through," he said. "I 'd like to save him."

But as he sank into a chair by the cabin table, and rested his head on his hand, Bunt glanced at him.

"Cap'n," he said, "you 're used up; let me do this. You 've done your share."

Challenger raised his head.

"My share 's bigger than you know," he replied enigmatically. "I 've got old scores to pay off."

They sat on in silence. The loud tick of the clock seemed to fill the place. As the hands marked the hour of ten, and the clock struck four bells, Challenger jumped nervously.

"I thought it was later," he said.

"Slow work," Bunt replied composedly.

The lamp burned lower, and all at once began to sputter. A red rim showed about the wick.

"That blame' steward 's forgot to fill it again," exclaimed Bunt, and rose.

"Blow it out," said the captain. "It hurts my eyes."

Out of the darkness at last Bunt spoke again.

"Turn in for a while, sir," he begged.

"I 'll look after George."

"No," answered Challenger, stubbornly.

Then his weariness, the darkness, and the ready sympathy of Bunt, made him loquacious.

"Did you ever do anything,—make a mistake or something,—and find that nothing you could ever do after that could set it right?" he asked. "Everything seemed to lead right back to that, like a dead wall; and there you were, helpless."

"More times than you could shake a stick at," replied Bunt. "An' after every one I 'd say, 'Well, this finishes me,' an' I 'd feel pretty down in the mouth. But somehow I kept on goin', an' gradually gettin' chirpier an' chirpier, an' first thing I knew that blame' fatal mistake had slipped clean out of my mind. Now I 've got so I kind o' distrust 'em." He laughed.

"Well, this is different," declared Challenger, and began to tell of the loss of his vessel.

When he finished there was an awkward pause, which Bunt at last broke.

"Hard luck!" he said, and relapsed into sympathetic silence.

Challenger's heart sank with a sickening sense of defeat. It seemed to him



that there was a difference in the man's tone—as if he had withdrawn all sympathy. He felt unutterably alone and helpless. Back of all his fidelity, his patient endurance, his subjugation of self, he saw the specter of his old defeat rise, dominating his life. As if a prop had been removed, his strength seemed suddenly to give way. As he rose to go up to the deck he staggered.

As he drew near the deck-house, he saw that the lantern was out; the acrid smell of burnt wick in the place disclosed the cause.

"Confound it! Can't they keep any lamp filled!" he muttered, and angrily lighted a match. As the blue flame flickered up, he started. The face on the blanket was ghastly. The man's jaw had fallen. With a startled exclamation, Challenger dropped the match, and reached out his hand to the man's forehead. As his fingers touched it, he drew sharply back. It was cold.

Challenger went blindly out of the deck-house and aft, stumbling down the companionway as Bunt was lighting a lamp. The mate turned, stared, then jumped forward.

"Why, Cap'n!" he exclaimed. "Cap'n!"

"He 's dead," muttered Challenger—"George is dead." He sank into a chair, raising his hand mechanically to his forehead. A shiver ran through his frame, and with a sinking of the heart Bunt saw that his lips were blue and drawn and his teeth were chattering.

It was near the middle of the next forenoon when Captain Martin, who had been summoned, came aboard. Later, as he came up out of the cabin with Bunt, and walked to the side-ladder, he stood for a moment at the rail. His face wore a puzzled look. He turned to the mate.

"You say you don't know what made him think the man dead?"

Bunt shook his head sadly.

"Have n't a notion," he replied. "Soon 's I got the cap'n fixed comfortable, I went up to see about George. He was settin' up. His forehead was moist, an' his pain gone. Then he told me he 'd bought some fruit of the bumboatman. The cap'n would n't allow it aboard just now. It 's pretty queer."

"Yes," replied Captain Martin; "it 's a strange case—very strange." He stepped over the rail and began to descend the side-ladder. Half-way down he paused. "But one thing 's pretty sure," he said: "it was n't yellow fever that killed Captain Challenger. There 's not a tinge of yellow on the body. There always is, you know, in yellow fever—always."

"I guess he was played out, if the truth was told," said Bunt. "He could n't seem to do enough; and he had too much imagination. Did n't only see a thing, but saw 'way beyond it—all the consequences, an' just how they 'd happen."

Captain Martin nodded.

"I guess that 's so," he agreed. "I noticed he was a good deal worked up the day the fever broke out. Looks as if it was a kind o' presentiment, don't it?"

"Yes," said the mate. "I guess he 'd have 'em pretty easy—with his imagination. Now, I ain't got no more 'n a cow. I don't know but what that 's a good thing for a sailor. But, Cap'n Martin, when a man like that can do the thing he 's done, I take off my hat to him every time. It was the bravest thing I ever saw."

A MONTH later Lucy Wilder sat reading over for the fifth time the letter in which Bunt had set down the story plainly but vividly in his characteristic fashion. Through a mist of tears she read the last words, then dropped her face on her folded arms as they lay along the table. In the hush that followed her mother stepped softly across the room and laid her hand on Lucy's head.

"Don't, dear!" she begged. "You 'll kill yourself grieving so. Don't!"

Lucy lifted her face. It was almost luminous.

"I 'm not grieving, mother," she said,—"not yet. Just now I can only be glad—and proud—proud of him. Though I shall never see him again, I shall never forget him or cease to be proud of him, for he was a brave man and did brave things. I doubted him once, but now I know the truth, and I feel that he knows that I know it, and is glad. He must, if God is good."

# THE SPELL OF EGYPT

AS REVEALED IN ITS MONUMENTS

SIXTH PAPER: PHILÆ

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN

AS I drew slowly nearer and nearer to the home of "the great Enchantress," or, as Isis was also called in bygone days, "the Lady of Philæ," the land began to change in character, to be full of a new and barbaric meaning. In recent years I have paid many visits to northern Africa, but only to Tunis and Algeria, countries that are wilder-looking, and much wilder-seeming, than Egypt. Now, as I approached Assuan, I seemed at last to be also approaching the real, the intense Africa that I had known in the Sahara, the enigmatic siren, savage and strange and wonderful, whom the typical Ouled Nâil, crowned with gold, and tufted with ostrich plumes, painted with kohl, tattooed, and perfumed, hung with golden coins and amulets, and framed in plaits of coarse, false hair, represents indifferently to the eyes of the traveling stranger. For at last I saw the sands that I love creeping down to the banks of the Nile. And they brought with them that wonderful air which belongs only to them—the air that dwells among the dunes in the solitary places, that is like the cool touch of liberty upon the face of a man, that makes the brown child of the nomad as lithe, tireless, and fierce-spirited as a young panther, and sets flames in the eyes of the Arab horse, and gives speed of the wind to the Sloughi. The true lover of the desert can never rid his soul of its passion for the sands, and now my heart leaped as I stole into their pure embraces, as I saw to right and left amber curves and sheeny recesses,

shining ridges and bloomy clefts. The clean delicacy of those sands that, in long and glowing hills, stretched out from Nubia to meet me, who could ever describe them? Who could ever describe their soft and enticing shapes, their exquisite gradations of color, the little shadows in their hollows, the fiery beauty of their crests, the patterns the cool winds make upon them? It is an enchanted *royaume* of the sands through which one approaches Isis.

Isis and engineers! We English people have effected that curious introduction, and we greatly pride ourselves upon it. We have presented Sir William Garstin, and Mr. John Blue, and Mr. Fitz Maurice, and other clever, hard-working men to the fabled Lady of Philæ, and they have given her a gift: a dam two thousand yards in length, upon which tourists go smiling on trolleys. Isis has her expensive tribute,—it cost about a million and a half pounds,—and no doubt she ought to be gratified.

Yet I think Isis mourns on altered Philæ, as she mourns with her sister, Nephtys, at the heads of so many mummies of Osirians upon the walls of Egyptian tombs. And though the fellaheen very rightly rejoice, there are some unpractical sentimentalists who form a company about her, and make their plaint with hers—their plaint for the peace that is gone, for the lost calm, the departed poetry, that once hung, like a delicious, like an inimitable, atmosphere, about the palms of the "Holy Island."

I confess that I dreaded to revisit Philæ. I had sweet memories of the island that had been with me for many years—memories of still mornings under the palm-trees, watching the gliding waters of the river, or gazing across them to the long sweep of the empty sands; memories of drowsy, golden noons, when the bright world seemed softly sleeping, and the almost daffodil-colored temple dreamed under the quivering canopy of blue; memories of evenings when a benediction from the lifted hands of Romance surely fell upon the temple and the island and the river; memories of moonlit nights, when the spirits of the old gods to whom the temples were reared surely held converse with the spirits of the desert, with Mirage and her pale and evading sisters of the great spaces, under the brilliant stars. I dreaded, because I could not believe the asseverations of certain practical persons, full of the hard and almost angry desire of "Progress," that no harm had been done by the creation of the reservoir, but that, on the contrary, it had benefited the temple. The action of the water upon the stone, they said with vehement voices, instead of loosening it and causing it to crumble untimely away, had tended to harden and consolidate it. Here I should like to lie, but I resist the temptation. Monsieur Naville has stated that possibly the English engineers have helped to prolong the lives of the buildings of Philæ, and Monsieur Maspero has declared that "the state of the temple of Philæ becomes continually more satisfactory." So be it! Longevity has been, by a happy chance, secured. But what of beauty? What of the beauty of the past, and what of the schemes for the future? Is Philæ even to be left as it is, or are the waters of the Nile to be artificially raised still higher, until Philæ ceases to be? Soon, no doubt, an answer will be given.

Meanwhile, instead of the little island that I knew, and thought a little paradise breathing out enchantment in the midst of titanic sterility, I found a something diseased. Philæ now, when out of the water, as it was all the time when I was last in Egypt, looks like a thing stricken with some creeping malady—one of those maladies which begin in the lower members of a body, and work their way grad-

ually but inexorably upward to the trunk, until they attain the heart.

I came to it by the desert, and descended to Shellal—Shellal with its railway-station, its workmen's buildings, its tents, its dozens of screens to protect the hewers of stone from the burning rays of the sun, its bustle of people, of overseers, engineers, and workmen, Egyptian, Nubian, Italian, and Greek. The silence I had known was gone, though the desert lay all around—the great sands, the great masses of granite that look as if patiently waiting to be fashioned into obelisks, and sarcophagi, and statues. But away there across the bend of the river, dominating the ugly rummage of this intrusive beehive of human bees, sheer grace overcoming strength both of nature and human nature, rose the fabled "Pharaoh's Bed"; gracious, tender, from Shellal most delicately perfect, and glowing with pale gold against the grim background of the hills on the western shore. It seemed to plead for mercy, like something feminine threatened with outrage, to protest through its mere beauty, as a woman might protest by an attitude against further desecration.

And in the distance the Nile roared through the many gates of the dam, making answer to the protest.

What irony was in this scene! In the old days of Egypt, Philæ was sacred ground, was the Nile-protected home of sacerdotal mysteries, was a veritable Mecca to the believers in Osiris, to which it was forbidden even to draw near without permission. The ancient Egyptians swore solemnly "By him who sleeps in Philæ." Now they sometimes swear angrily at him who wakes in, or at least by, Philæ, and keeps them steadily going at their appointed tasks. And instead of it being forbidden to draw near to a sacred spot, needy men from foreign countries flock thither in eager crowds, not to worship in beauty, but to earn a living wage.

And "Pharaoh's Bed" looks out over the water and seems to wonder what will be the end.

I was glad to escape from Shellal, pursued by the shriek of an engine announcing its departure from the station, glad to be on the quiet water, to put it between me and that crowd of busy workers. Before me I saw a vast lake, not unlovely,





THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ  
PAINTED FROM NATURE BY JULES GUÉRIN



where once the Nile flowed swiftly, and far off a gray smudge—the very damnable dam. All about me was a grim and cruel world of rocks, and of hills that look almost like heaps of rubbish, some of them gray, some of them in color so dark that they resemble the lava torrents petrified near Catania, or the “black country” in England through which one rushes on one’s way to the North. Just here and there, sweetly almost as the pink blossoms of the wild oleander, which I have seen from Sicilian seas lifting their heads from the crevices of sea rocks, the amber and rosy sands of Nubia smiled down over gritstone and granite.

The setting of Philæ is severe. Even in bright sunshine it has an iron look. On a gray or stormy day it would be forbidding or even terrible. In the old winters and springs one loved Philæ the more because of the contrast of its setting with its own lyrical beauty, its curious tenderness of charm—a charm in which the isle itself was mingled with its buildings. But now, and before my boat had touched the quay, I saw that the island must be ignored—if possible.

The water with which it is entirely covered during a great part of the year seems to have cast a blight upon it. The very few palms have a drooping and tragic air. The ground has a gangrened appearance, and much of it shows a crawling mass of unwholesome-looking plants, which seem crouching down, as if ashamed of their brutal exposure by the receded river, and of harsh and yellow-green grass, unattractive to the eyes. As I stepped on shore, I felt as if I were stepping on disease. But at least there were the buildings, undisturbed by any outrage. Again I turned toward “Pharaoh’s Bed,” toward the temple standing apart from it, which already I had seen from the desert, near Shellal, gleaming with its gracious sand-yellow, lifting its series of straight lines of masonry above the river and the rocks, looking from a distance very simple, with a simplicity like that of clear water, but as enticing as the light on the first real day of spring.

I went first to “Pharaoh’s Bed.”

Imagine a woman with a perfectly lovely face, with features as exquisitely proportioned as those, say, of Praxiteles’s statue of the Cnidian Aphrodite,

for which King Nicomedes was willing to remit the entire national debt of Cnidus, and with a warmly white rose-leaf complexion—one of those complexions one sometimes sees in Italian women, colorless, yet suggestive almost of glow, of purity, with the flame of passion behind it. Imagine that woman attacked by a malady which leaves her features exactly as they were, but which changes the color of her face—from the throat upward to just beneath the nose—from the warm white to a mottled, grayish hue. Imagine the line that would seem to be traced between the two complexions—the mottled gray below the warm white still glowing above. Imagine this, and you have “Pharaoh’s Bed” and the temple of Philæ as they are to-day.

“Pharaoh’s Bed,” which stands alone close to the Nile on the eastern side of the island, is not one of those rugged, majestic buildings, full of grandeur and splendor, which can bear, can “carry off,” as it were, a cruelly imposed ugliness without being affected as a whole. It is, on the contrary, a small, almost an airy, and a femininely perfect thing, in which a singular loveliness of form was combined with a singular loveliness of color. The spell it threw over you was not so much a spell woven of details as a spell woven of divine uniformity. To put it in very practical language, “Pharaoh’s Bed” was “all of a piece.” The form was married to the color. The color seemed to melt into the form. It was indeed a bed in which the soul that worships beauty could rest happily entranced. Nothing jarred. Antiquaries say that apparently this building was left unfinished. That may be so. But for all that it was one of the most finished things in Egypt, essentially a thing to inspire within one the “perfect calm that is Greek.” The blighting touch of the Nile, which has changed the beautiful pale yellow of the stone of the lower part of the building to a hideous and dreary gray,—which made me think of a steel knife on which liquid has been spilt and allowed to run,—has destroyed the uniformity, the balance, the faultless melody lifted up by form and color. And so it is with the temple. It is as it were cut in two by the intrusion into it of this hideous, mottled complexion left by the receded water. Everywhere one sees disease



on walls and columns, almost blotting out bas-reliefs, giving to their active figures a morbid, a sickly look. The effect is specially distressing in the open court that precedes the temple dedicated to the Lady of Philæ. In this court, which is at the southern end of the island, the Nile at certain seasons is now forced to rise very nearly as high as the capitals of many of the columns. The consequence of this is that here the disease seems making rapid strides. One feels it is drawing near to the heart, and that the poor, doomed invalid may collapse at any moment.

Yes, there is much to make one sad at Philæ. But how much of pure beauty there is left—of beauty that mutely protests against any further outrage!

As there is something epic in the grandeur of the Lotus Hall at Karnak, so there is something lyrical in the soft charm of the Philæ temple. Certain things or places, certain things in certain places, always suggest to my mind certain people in whose genius I take delight—who have won me, and moved me by their art. Whenever I go to Philæ, the name of Shelley comes to me. I scarcely could tell why. I have no special reason to connect Shelley with Philæ. But when I see that almost airy loveliness of stone, so simply elegant, so, somehow, spring-like in its pale-colored beauty, its happy, daffodil charm, with its touch of the Greek,—the sensitive hand from Attica stretched out over Nubia,—I always think of Shelley. I think of Shelley the youth who dived down into the pool so deep that it seemed he was lost forever to the sun. I think of Shelley the poet, full of a lyric ecstasy, who was himself like an embodied

longing for something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.

Lyrical Philæ is like a temple of dreams, and of all poets Shelley might have dreamed the dream, and have told it to the world in a song.

For all its solidity, there are a strange lightness and grace in the temple of Philæ; there is an elegance you will not find in the other temples of Egypt. But it is an elegance quite undefiled by weakness, by any sentimentality. (Even a building, like a love-lorn maid, can be

sentimental.) Edward Fitzgerald once defined taste as the feminine of genius. Taste prevails in Philæ, a certain delicious femininity that seduces the eyes and the heart of man. Shall we call it the spirit of Isis?

I have heard a clever critic and antiquarian declare that he is not very fond of Philæ; that he feels a certain "spuriousness" in the temple due to the mingling of Greek with Egyptian influences. He may be right. I am no antiquarian, and, as a mere lover of beauty, I do not feel this "spuriousness." I can see neither two quarreling strengths nor any weakness caused by division. I suppose I see only the beauty, as I might see only the beauty of a woman bred of a handsome father and mother of different races, and who, not typical of either, combined in her features and figure distinguishing merits of both. It is true that there is a particular pleasure which is roused in us only by the absolutely typical—the completely thoroughbred person or thing. It may be a pleasure not caused by beauty, and it may be very keen, nevertheless. When it is combined with the joy roused in us by all beauty, it is a very pure emotion of exceptional delight. Philæ does not, perhaps, give this emotion. But it certainly has a loveliness that attaches the heart in a quite singular degree. The Philæ-lover is the most faithful of lovers. The hold of his mistress upon him, once it has been felt, is never relaxed. And in his affection for Philæ there is, I think, nearly always a rainbow strain of romance.

When we love anything, we love to be able to say of the object of our devotion, "There is nothing like it." Now, in all Egypt, and I suppose in all the world, there is nothing just like Philæ. There are temples, yes; but where else is there a bouquet of gracious buildings such as these gathered in such a holder as this tiny, raft-like isle? And where else are just such delicate and, as I have said, light and almost feminine elegance and charm set in the midst of such severe sterility? Once, beyond Philæ, the Great Cataract roared down from the wastes of Nubia into the green fertility of Upper Egypt. It roars no longer. But still the masses of the rocks, and still the amber and the yellow sands, and still the iron-

colored hills, keep guard round Philæ. And still, despite the vulgar desecration that has turned Shellal into a workmen's suburb and dowered it with a railway-station, there is mystery in Philæ, and the sense of isolation that only an island gives. Even now one can forget in Philæ—forget, after a while, and in certain parts of its building, the presence of the gray disease; forget the threatening of the altruists, who desire to benefit humanity by clearing as much beauty out of humanity's abiding-place as possible; forget the fact of the railway, except when the shriek of the engine floats over the water to one's ears; forget economic problems and the destruction that their solving brings upon the silent world of things whose "use," denied, unrecognized, or laughed at, to man is in their holy beauty, whose mission lies not upon the broad highways where tramps the hungry body, but upon the secret, shadowy byways where glides the hungry soul.

Yes, one can forget even now in the hall of the temple of Isis, where the capricious graces of form are linked with the capricious graces of color, where, like old and delicious music in the golden strings of a harp, dwells a something—what is it? A murmur, or a perfume, or a breathing?—of old and vanished years when forsaken gods were worshiped. And one can forget in the chapel of Hathor, on whose wall little Horus is born, and in the gray hounds' chapel beside it. One can forget, for one walks in beauty.

Lovely are the doorways in Philæ; enticing are the shallow steps that lead one onward and upward; gracious the yellow towers that seem to smile a quiet welcome. And there is one chamber that is simply a place of magic—the hall of the painted portico, the delicious hall of the flowers.

It is this chamber which always makes me think of Philæ as a lovely temple of dreams, this silent, retired chamber, where some fabled princess might well have been touched to a long, long sleep of enchantment, and lain for years upon years among the magical flowers—the lotus, and the palm, and the papyrus.

In my youth it made upon me an indelible impression. Through intervening years, filled with many new impressions, many wanderings, many visions of beauty

in other lands, that retired, painted chamber had not faded from my mind—or shall I say from my heart? There had seemed to me within it something that was ineffable, as in a lyric of Shelley's there is something that is ineffable, or in certain pictures of Boecklin, such as "The Villa by the Sea." And when at last, almost afraid and hesitating, I came into it once more, I found in it again the strange spell of old enchantment.

It seems as if this chamber had been imagined by a poet, who had set it in the center of the temple of his dream. It is such a spontaneous chamber that one can scarcely imagine it more than a day and a night in the building. Yet in detail it is lovely; it is finished and strangely mighty; it is a lyric in stone, the most poetical chamber, perhaps, in the whole of Egypt. For Philæ I count in Egypt, though really it is in Nubia.

One who has not seen Philæ may perhaps wonder how a tall chamber of solid stone, containing heavy and soaring columns, can be like a lyric of Shelley's, can be exquisitely spontaneous, and yet hold a something of mystery that makes one tread softly in it, and fear to disturb within it some lovely sleeper of Nubia, some Princess of the Nile. He must continue to wonder. To describe this chamber calmly, as I might, for instance, describe the temple of Derr, would be simply to destroy it. For things ineffable cannot be fully explained, or not be fully felt by those the twilight of whose dreams is fitted to mingle with their twilight. They who are meant to love with ardor *se passionnent pour la passion*. And they who are meant to take and to keep the spirit of a dream, whether it be hidden in a poem, or held in the cup of a flower, or enfolded in arms of stone, will surely never miss it, even though they can hear roaring loudly above its elfin voices the cry of directed waters rushing down to Upper Egypt.

How can one disentangle from their tapestry web the different threads of a spell? And even if one could, if one could hold them up, and explain, "The cause of the spell is that this comes in contact with this, and that this, which I show you, blends with, fades into, this," how could it advantage any one? Nothing would be made clearer, nothing be

really explained. The ineffable is, and must ever remain, something remote and mysterious.

And so one may say many things of this painted chamber of Philæ, and yet never convey, perhaps never really know, the innermost cause of its charm. In it there is obvious beauty of form, and a seizing beauty of color, beauty of sunlight and shadow, of antique association. This turquoise blue is enchanting, and Isis was worshipped here. What has the one to do with the other? Nothing; and yet how much! For is not each of these facts a thread in the tapestry web of the spell? The eyes see the rapture of this very perfect blue. The imagination hears, as if very far off, the solemn chanting of priests, and smells the smoke of strange perfumes, and sees the long, aquiline nose and the thin, haughty lips of the goddess. And the color becomes strange to the eyes, as well as very lovely, because, perhaps, it was there—it almost certainly was there—when from Constantinople went forth the decree that all Egypt should be Christian; when the priests of the sacred brotherhood of Isis were driven from their temple.

Isis nursing Horus gave way to the Virgin and the child. But the cycles spin away down "the ringing grooves of change." From Egypt has passed away that decreed Christianity. Now from the minaret the muezzin cries, and in palm-shaded villages I hear the loud hymns of earnest pilgrims starting on the journey to Mecca. And ever this painted chamber shelters its mystery of poetry, its mystery of charm. And still its marvelous colors are fresh as in the far-off pagan days, and the opening lotus-flowers, and the closed lotus-buds, and the palm and the papyrus, are on the perfect columns. And their intrinsic loveliness, and their freshness, and their age, and the mysteries they have looked on—all these facts are part of the spell that governs us to-day. In Edfu one is inclosed in a wonderful austerity. And one can only worship. In Philæ one is wrapped in a radiance of color. And one can only dream. For there is coral pink, and there a wonderful green, "like the green light that lingers in the west," and there is a blue as deep as the blue of a tropical sea; and there are green-blue and lustrous, ardent red. And the odd

fantasy in the coloring, is not that like the fantasy in the temple of a dream? For those who painted these capitals for the greater glory of Isis did not fear to depart from nature, and to their patient worship a blue palm perhaps seemed a rarely sacred thing. And that palm is part of the spell, and the reliefs upon the walls, and even the Coptic crosses that are cut into the stone.

But, at the end, one can only say that this place is indescribable, and not because it is complex or terrifically grand, like Karnak. Go to it on a sunlit morning, or stand in it in late afternoon, and perhaps you will feel that it "suggests" you, that it carries you away, out of familiar regions into a land of dreams, where among hidden ways the soul is lost in magic. Yes, you are gone.

To the right—for one, alas! cannot live in a dream forever—is a lovely doorway through which one sees the river. Facing it is another doorway, showing a fragment of the poor, vivisected island, some ruined walls, and still another doorway in which, again, is framed the Nile. Many people have cut their names upon the walls of Philæ. Once, as I sat alone there, I felt strongly attracted to look upward to a wall, as if some personality, enshrined within the stone, were watching me, or calling. I looked, and saw written "Balzac."

Philæ is the last temple that one visits before he gives himself to the wildness of the solitudes of Nubia. It stands at the very frontier. As one goes up the Nile, it is like a smiling adieu from the Egypt one is leaving. As one comes down, it is like a smiling welcome. In its delicate charm I feel something of the charm of the Egyptian character. There are moments, indeed, when I identify Egypt with Philæ. For in Philæ one must dream; and on the Nile, too, one must dream. And always the dream is happy, and shot through with radiant light—light that is as radiant as the colors in Philæ's temple. The pylons of Ptolemy smile at you as you go up or come down the river. And the people of Egypt smile as they enter into your dream. A suavity, too, is theirs. I think of them often as artists, who know their parts in the dream-play, who know exactly their function, and how to fulfil it rightly. They sing, while you are





THE GREAT ROCK-TEMPLE OF ABU-SIMBEL

PAINTED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULES GUÉRIN



dreaming, but it is an under-song, like the murmur of an Eastern river far off from any sea. It never disturbs, this music, but it helps you in your dream. And they are softly gay. And in their eyes there is often the gleam of sunshine, for they are the children—but not grown men—of the sun. That, indeed, is one of the many strange things in Egypt—the youthfulness of its age, the childlikeness of its almost terrible antiquity. One goes there to look at the oldest things in the world and to feel perpetually young—young as Philæ is young, as a lyric of Shelley's is young, as all of our day-dreams are young, as the people of Egypt are young.

Oh, that Egypt could be kept as it is, even as it is now; that Philæ could be preserved even as it is now! The spoilers are there, those blithe modern spirits, so frightfully clever and capable, so industrious, so determined, so unsparing of themselves and—of others! Already they are at work “benefiting Egypt.” Tall chimneys begin to vomit smoke along the Nile. A damnable tram-line for little trolleys leads one toward the wonderful Colossi of Memnon. Close to Kom Om-

bos some soul imbued with romance has had the inspiration to set up—a factory. And Philæ—is it to go?

Is beauty, then, of no value in the world? Is it always to be the prey of modern progress? Is nothing to be considered sacred; nothing to be left untouched, unsmirched by the grimy fingers of improvement? I suppose nothing.

Then let those who still care to dream go now to Philæ's painted chamber by the long reaches of the Nile; go on, if they will, to the giant forms of Abu-Simbel among the Nubian sands. And perhaps they will think with me, that in some dreams there is a value greater than the value that is entered in any bank-book, and they will say, with me, however uselessly:

“Leave to the world some dreams, some places in which to dream; for if it needs dams to make the grain grow in the stretches of land that were barren, and railways, and tram-lines, and factory chimneys that vomit black smoke in the face of the sun, surely it needs also painted chambers of Philæ and the silence that comes down from Isis.”

THE END



## THE DAYS

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

I MUST arise and meet the new-born Day.  
 She comes with eager step; but shall I dare  
 To look upon her purity, and share  
 The ventures of her brief, untrodden way?  
 For Yesterday and I went far astray.  
 She took my hopeful hand, she cried, “Beware!”  
 But long ere sunset she was bowed by care;  
 My thoughts or deeds had made her old and gray.  
 Still let me try again, and yet once more,  
 O messengers of the forgiving sky!  
 For though thy lessons be forgotten lore,  
 Though disappointed months and years flit by,  
 And this dear, puzzling life will soon be o’er,  
 I crave one perfect day before I die.



# THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

ELEVENTH PAPER: THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSE FANCY-DRESS  
BALL—THE OUTBREAK OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR—  
FORMATION OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE AMER-  
ICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE*—DEPARTURE  
FOR SOUTH AFRICA

RARELY has the London social world been so stirred as by the fancy-dress ball given at Devonshire House, July 2, 1897. For weeks, not to say months, beforehand, it seemed the principal topic of conversation. The absorbing question was what characters our friends and ourselves were going to represent. Great were the confabulations and mysteries. With bated breath and solemn mien a fair dame would whisper to some few dozen or more that she was going to represent the Queen of Cyprus or Aspasia, Frédégonde or Petrarch's Laura, but the secret *must* be kept. Historical books were ransacked for inspirations, old pictures and engravings were studied, and people became learned in respect to past celebrities of whom they had never before heard. The less well-known the characters, the more eagerly were they sought after. "Never heard of Simonetta? How curious? but surely you remember Botticelli's picture of her—one of the beauties of the Florentine court? No? How strange!"

"My dress is to be old Venetian pink velvet, with gold embroideries—one of those medieval women. I can't remember her name; but that 's of no consequence. Masses of jewelry, of course."

The men, oddly enough, were even more excited over their costumes than the women, and many paid extravagant sums for them. There is no doubt that when a

man begins to think about his appearance, he competes with women to some purpose, money, time, and thought being of no account to him. On the night of the ball, the excitement rose to fever heat. Every coiffeur in London and Paris was requisitioned, and so busy were they that some of the poor victims actually had their locks tortured early in the morning, sitting all day in a rigid attitude, or, like Agag, "walking delicately."

Devonshire House, with its marble staircase and glorious pictures, was a fitting frame for the distinguished company which thronged its beautiful rooms. Every one of note and interest was there, representing the intellect, beauty, and fashion of the day, from the present King and Queen (then Prince and Princess of Wales) dressed respectively as the Grand Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and Marguerite de Valois, to the newest Radical member of Parliament, gorgeously attired as the Great Mogul. The Duchess of Devonshire, who looked exceedingly well as Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, and the Duke as the Emperor Charles V, on a raised dais at the end of the ball-room received the endless procession that passed by, bowing, courtesying, or salaaming, according to the characters they represented. Princess Pless, lovely as Cleopatra, was surrounded by a retinue in Oriental garb, some of whom so far sacrificed their appearance as to blacken

their faces. A number of the ladies were more becomingly than comfortably attired. A charming Hebe, with an enormous eagle poised on her shoulder and a gold cup in her hand, made a perfect picture, but, alas! in one attitude only, which she vainly tried to preserve throughout the evening, while the late hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg (Prince Alfred of Edinburgh), as the Duke of Normandy, A.D. 1060, in casque and chain armor, kept his vizor down until heat and hunger forced him to sacrifice his martial appearance. A beautiful and fascinating duchess, famous for her jewels, elected to appear as Charlotte Corday in cotton skirt and mob-cap, whereas Lady —, trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, was covered with gems of priceless value. The late Lady Tweedmouth was a striking figure as Queen Elizabeth, with eight gigantic guardsmen surrounding her, all dressed as yeoman of the guard. Many people copied the portraits of their ancestors, and Sir John Kaye, in chain mail, represented Sir Kaye of the "Morte d'Arthur." Many, too, were the heart-burnings over failures or doubles. In one case a well-known baronet had been perfecting himself for weeks in the rôle of Napoleon, his face and figure lending themselves to the impersonation. But what was his dismay at finding in the vestibule another victor of Austerlitz even more lifelike and correct than himself. It was indeed a Waterloo for both of them.

Few danced, as in a raree-show of that kind people are too much occupied in gazing at one another or in struggling to play up to their assumed parts. Sometimes this was carried further than was intended. Toward the close of the ball, two young men disputed over a certain fair lady. Both losing their tempers, they decided to settle the matter in the garden, and pulling out their weapons, they began making passes. But the combatants were unequally armed, one being a crusader, with a double-handed sword, the other a Louis XV courtier, armed with his rapier only. He, as might be expected, got the worst of it, receiving a nasty cut on his pink silk stocking. Where so many magnificent and exquisite dresses were worn, it is invidious to mention names,

but I remember thinking that the Duchess of Somerset's was the most correct and beautiful, with every detail carefully carried out, the result being absolutely perfect.

On the Saturday following this great entertainment I went to Kimbolton to stay with the Duchess of Manchester, where most of the company were persuaded to don their fancy dress once more. Of course the ball was discussed *ad nauseam*. Many were the divergent opinions as to who looked the best, the majority giving the palm to Lady Westmoreland.

In the winter of 1898, persistent rumors of war with South Africa were prevalent, although few realized how soon England was to be plunged into its grim realities. At a shooting party at Chatsworth, I remember meeting Mr. Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. One night at dinner we discussed the situation, and he frankly told me he considered it inevitable. A few months later, hostilities were declared, and great was the excitement. But not even the most gloomy of pessimists could have foreseen or imagined the proportions the war was going to take, or the length of time it was to last. As is well known, the war was very unpopular with many people, particularly with those who knew South Africa well and had lived there; but in the growing enthusiasm their voices were as of "one crying in the wilderness," and before long they were dubbed "Pro-Boers," or even traitors.

Mr. Selous,<sup>1</sup> writing to me November 5, 1899, said:

I am terribly depressed about this war. I believe it to be unjust and impolitic, and fraught with the gravest danger to the British Empire in the not distant future. By our attitude at the time of the Jameson raid, and ever since, we gave the Transvaal every excuse for arming to resist an attack on their independence. The country was practically unarmed for war with an European nation before the Jameson raid; but we now say that the Transvaal Government has been arming for many years past, with the idea of driving the British out of South Africa. What your husband wrote some years ago as to what would have happened had we carried on the war and crushed the Transvaal Boers in 1881, is singularly applicable to the present

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Frederick Courtney Selous, author of several books on travel and hunting adventures in South Africa.

situation. You know the passage of course, but I will quote it: "Better and more precise information combined with cool reflection leads me to the conclusion that had the British Government of that day taken advantage of its strong military position, and annihilated, as it could easily have done, the Boer forces, it would indeed have regained the Transvaal, but it might have lost Cape Colony. The Dutch sentiment in the Colony has been so exasperated by what it considered to be the unjust, faithless, and arbitrary policy pursued towards the free Dutchmen of the Transvaal that the final triumph of the British arms, mainly by brute force, would have permanently and hopelessly alienated it from Great Britain." As this war has been entered upon, I trust it will soon be brought to a victorious conclusion. That is the only chance of peace in the immediate future, and there is a possibility that by good government and a conciliatory and sympathetic attitude towards the conquered Boers, we may gradually wear away any ideas they may have of another war of independence a generation hence. But I have little hopes for the future. My views are of course very unpopular in this country just now, and I am freely called a traitor, etc., and have lost many old friends.

A few days later he wrote again:

. . . Now that the war has broken out in South Africa, no Englishman, I think, can wish for anything else than complete and absolute victory for our arms. I hope and I believe that soon after all our forces now on their way to South Africa have arrived there, Sir Redvers Buller will be able to overcome all opposition, so that our Government can dictate its own terms of peace. Should those terms of peace bear out Lord Salisbury's statement that the British Government seeks to gain neither gold-fields nor territory by this war, then every honest Englishman will support the Government, but not otherwise. I wish I could persuade myself that this war was just and necessary, and would bring honor to England and lasting benefit to the Empire; but I cannot believe any of these things. The Jameson raid was, though a seeming failure, in reality a magnificent success; for the Jameson raid caused the Transvaal and the Orange Free State to arm, and the arming of these States—the menace to British supremacy in South Africa, as it was called—is what has really brought about this war. . . . I long to go out to South Africa and offer my services to Lord Methuen, whom I know well; but yet cannot do so because of the views I hold as to the real causes of the war, and because I don't see how, holding the views I do, I could bring myself to raise my rifle against men from whom I

have received nothing but kindness, and the vast majority of whom are patriots fighting for the independence of their country, which they believe to have been unjustly assailed by Mr. Chamberlain.

That Mr. Selous's pessimistic views as regards the Transvaal have not been fulfilled must be a great joy to him, as it is to all those who have the welfare of South Africa at heart. There is no doubt that the policy which he advocated of "a good Government and a conciliatory and sympathetic attitude towards the conquered Boers," which has been followed by the present Liberal Administration, has brought about the existing happy state of affairs. One sometimes wonders what would now be the condition of South Africa had the late Conservative government remained in power and carried out their proposed measures. But this is by the way.

In moments of great stress and struggle, inactivity becomes a positive pain. The people who were the most to be pitied during the war were, as a friend wrote to me at the time, those who had to remain at home. "It is like being in a country house, and seeing day after day other guests going out to hunt, while compelled oneself to remain indoors. I know nothing so depressing." People feeling this, every sort of movement was soon set on foot for raising funds to alleviate the miseries of the sick and wounded. Every one became interested and occupied in some scheme.

One day in October I received a visit from Mrs. Blow, an American lady who had lived for some time in Australia. The object of her visit was to suggest the idea of an American hospital-ship to be sent out to South Africa. I confess the project did not strike me as practical, and for some days I gave it no thought. Happening, however, to meet Sir William Garstin (of Egyptian fame), I discussed it with him, and he strongly advised me to take it up. "Believe me," he said, "you will be making history apart from the excellence of the work." Then and there I made up my mind to do it.

On October 25, 1899, the first committee meeting was held at my house, at which a number of my compatriots attended. Mrs. Blow was made honorary





From a photograph by Lafayette, Ltd.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, AS THE BYZANTINE EMPRESS THEODORA,  
AT THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSE FANCY-DRESS BALL

secretary, Mrs. Ronalds treasurer, and I was elected chairman, and subsequently Mrs. Adair was made vice-chairman. A large and influential general committee was formed.<sup>1</sup> All worked with zeal and enthusiasm, and soon the whole thing was well in train. There was a general impression that the war would be short and sharp. Hospitals of all kinds were greatly needed, and we hurried with feverish activity. Funds and a ship—those were our two great and immediate occupations. No stone was left unturned to procure money—much money, and it had to be all American money. It would be useless to deny here the fact that the war was viewed with disfavor by my countrymen. They had a fellow-feeling for the Boer, fighting, as they thought, for his independence. But the plea of humanity overran their political opinions, and the fund once started, money poured in. A resolution carried at the meeting of the executive committee was embodied in our appeal to the public:

That whereas Great Britain is now involved in a war affecting the rights and liberties of the Anglo-Saxon people in South Africa, and has under arms 70,000 troops to maintain such rights and liberties.

And whereas the people of Great Britain have, by their sympathy and moral support, materially aided the people of the United States of America in the war in Cuba and the Philippine Islands; *it is therefore resolved:*

That the American women in Great Britain, whilst deploring the necessity for war, shall endeavor to raise, among their compatriots, here and in America, a fund for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers and refugees in South Africa. It is proposed to despatch immediately a suitable hospital ship, fully equipped with medical stores and provisions, to accommodate 200 people, with a staff of four doctors, five nurses, and forty non-commissioned officers and orderlies.

To carry the above resolution into effect, the sum of \$150,000 (£30,000) will be required.

Concerts, matinees, and entertainments of all sorts and kinds were organized. Large firms of many nations contributed their specialties, until the amount of

medical comforts became so great that we found some difficulty in storing them.

Checks and gifts from two shillings to £1000 were given to us by private persons, whose generosity seemed to know no bounds. On the other hand, we sometimes met with rebuffs, notably in the case of an American multimillionaire to whom I cabled, asking for a subscription for the hospital. He replied that he had "no knowledge of the scheme." The press by that time both in England and the United States was full of our enterprise. I cabled back, "Read the papers," but this, alas! did not untie his purse-strings. Another American of vast means, whose generosity along some lines we thought a good omen, also refused. Some of his workmen, however, subscribed £500.

We had asked for £30,000, but eventually received £41,597, which, it must be admitted, was a noble sum to raise in two months, particularly under the circumstances.

Our researches and inquiries respecting a suitable vessel were not at first crowned with success. We were particularly anxious to secure an American ship if possible, and cabled to Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, to know if he could help us in the matter. Unfortunately, he could not suggest anything. Had we but known it, owing to the large sum collected, a good liner might have been hired, which would have served our purpose admirably. We were in great tribulation until the offer came through the chairman of the Atlantic Transport Company to lend us the *Maine*.

At the outbreak of the South African War this company offered the *Maine* to the English Government for service as a hospital-ship; the captain and crew were to be maintained at the company's expense during such time as the ship was in use. The Government accepted the offer; but the ship being a cattle boat, and the expense of fitting her out as a hospital-ship being very great, the Admiralty had taken no steps to alter her up to the time when the American Ladies' Committee was formed. Mr. Bernard Baker, Presi-

<sup>1</sup> Executive Committee of the American Hospital Ship *Maine*: Lady Randolph Churchill (Chairman); Mrs. Adair (Vice-Chairman); Mrs. Blow (Hon. Secretary); Mrs. Ronalds (Hon. Treasurer); The Duchess of Marlborough; Lily, Duchess of Marlborough; the Countess of Essex; Mrs.

Bradley-Martin; Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain; Mrs. Earle; Mrs. Field; Mrs. Moreton Frewen; Mrs. Hugh Reid Griffin; Mrs. Haldeman; Mrs. Leslie; Mrs. Arthur Paget; Mrs. Taylor; Mrs. Van Duzer; Mrs. Ralph Vivian; Madame Von Andre.

dent of the company, hearing of our committee and its aims, generously proposed to the Admiralty to hand over the *Maine* to us to fit out. The Admiralty agreed. The committee took over the ship from the Government on the same terms. This arrangement pleased both parties.

Our chief difficulty was ignorance of the requirements of such a hospital. Compared with it, the many field hospitals which were being organized were easy matters to arrange, for every detail was already laid down by the Army Medical Department. It is true that four or five other ships were being equipped for the same purpose, but I imagine they found themselves equally embarrassed. There was no precedent that one could go upon in England of a properly constituted floating hospital for war-times.

In vain I haunted the precincts of the Army and Red Cross Medical departments, they were of little use in the way of advice. Taken *au dépourvu*, they themselves did not know which way to turn, their resources being strained to the utmost limit. However, they supplied us with a certain number of men from the St. John Ambulance Brigade, who, owing to their training and military discipline, were of the greatest use and comfort on board.

The Atlantic Transport Company luckily proved more helpful, as, having already, during the Cuban war, equipped and given the twin-ship of the *Maine*, the *Missouri*, to the American Government, they had a certain amount of experience. We were determined that the staff of doctors and nurses should be American. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was communicated with in New York, and with her knowledge of nursing and her connection with the Mills School, which her father, Mr. D. O. Mills, had founded, was able to send us out a most efficient staff of doctors, nurses, and orderlies.

During October and November the committee met almost daily. I shall always look back to that time as perhaps the most absorbing of my life. The gloom and terrible depression which had settled on London at the unexpected reverses to the British arms did not affect us, and the daily accounts of horrors and sufferings only doubled our activity. We had no time for tears. All our thoughts were

centered in that small cattle boat which was to be converted by our efforts and the generosity of our compatriots into a haven of rest and comfort where some of the terrible suffering could be alleviated.

The *Maine* Committee worked with such will and fire that they carried all before them. The War Office and the Admiralty were badgered and heckled: Would they supply us with this? Would they guarantee us that? We would not take "No" as an answer. Our cause was a righteous one, and we did not mind being importunate.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of Lord Lansdowne, then Minister of War. He helped us in every possible manner, waiving aside all red-tape, as he realized how anxious we were to get our ship under way. Indeed, it was greatly owing to him and the late Lord Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, that our efforts were crowned with success.

November 12, we held our first general committee. It was with conscious pride that I was able to point out that although the scheme had been in existence only a little more than a fortnight, we already had a ship, a magnificent staff, hundreds of gifts, sympathizers working for us in every part of the globe, and, what was even more important, £15,000. I confess that I had a suspicion that some of those present criticized the policy which necessitated the sending of so many gallant soldiers to the front. But with this policy *we* had nothing to do. My friend Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), writing to me at the time, said: "The wounded are the wounded, irrespective of creed or nationality." This I quoted with much effect to the meeting; also the trite saying that "deeds were better than words," and that the *Maine* would probably do more to cement the friendship between the two nations than any amount of flag-waving and pleasant amenities.

Although the *Maine* was an American hospital-ship, it was very important for its welfare that we should have it under the aegis of the British Government. There were many privileges which they alone could give us. It was also absolutely necessary for our proper status that we should be recognized as a military hospital-ship, and that our principal medical officer should be an Englishman of such standing in the army as to give





Sir E. Poynter R.S.A. pin.

Walker & Boutall photo.

*The Duchess of Somerset  
as "Jane Queene of Englande wyfe to Kyng  
Henry the Eight. and mother to  
Kinge Edward the Sixt".*

This picture of the Duchess of Somerset as she appeared at the Devonshire House fancy-dress ball, is after a photogravure from the painting by Sir E. J. Poynter, published by Walker & Boutall.

him ample authority. On this subject we did not at first get much encouragement from headquarters. In a letter to me, Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief, deprecated the idea, and rather hinted that as we were going to be *so* independent, we had better be entirely so. But later he changed his mind, and wrote:

I am only too anxious to help you in this matter to show you how thoroughly our army, and indeed the nation, appreciate this evidence of the interest that American ladies take in our sick and wounded.

Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Hensman, A.M.D., late of the 2nd Life Guards, was eventually chosen for us, and we never had cause to regret the choice, for to a sense of duty, he added tactful and courteous manners. It was no easy matter to control men of two nationalities, for although they were united in a common cause, English and Americans have different ideas and methods, and it is a lasting credit to the ship that there never were any serious differences on board.

The arrival of the American staff from New York occasioned much excitement and interest not only in the committee, but in all circles. Hotels vied with one another to offer them accommodation at very reduced rates pending the departure of the ship to South Africa.

Indeed, they were lionized, lunches and dinner-parties and every sort of entertainment being given them, among which was one given for them by the matrons and nurses of the London hospitals. They were invited to Windsor, where, after viewing the state and private apartments and having luncheon, they were personally presented to Queen Victoria by Her Royal Highness, Princess Christian, whose interest in hospital matters is well known. Her Majesty was deeply interested, wishing them God-speed on their errand of mercy. She added: "I am very pleased to see you, and I want to say how much I appreciate your kindness in coming over to take care of my men." Before returning to London, the staff had tea with Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge, thus getting an opportunity of seeing the great park as they drove through it.

Two days later I was bidden to dine and sleep at Windsor, and had a most

interesting conversation with the Queen about the war. Her Majesty asked me many questions about the *Maine*, and spoke of the visit of the surgeons and nurses, whom she professed to be very pleased with; but said, "I think the surgeons look very young." "All the more energetic, therefore," I hoped. The Queen was full of inquiries about my sister-in-law, Lady Sarah Wilson, who was then reputed to be a prisoner in the hands of the Boers. "They will not hurt her," she said, with a charming smile.

The next day Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Blow came to the Castle to be personally thanked for their work. I was asked to present them to the Queen, and felt very proud of my handsome countrywomen as they came forward with that self-possession and grace which seems inherent in them.

The committee were very desirous that President McKinley should give us the American flag we intended to fly on our hospital-ship, and accordingly I cabled, asking him to do so, adding that it would carry no political significance. After some delay there came an answer through Secretary Hay, to the effect that the President thought it would not do for him to present a flag to the ship, as his "motives might be misconstrued." I cabled again: "Would not red cross on flag remove difficulty? Wounded are to be tended irrespective of nationality." But I suppose the pro-Boer feeling was running too high in America, for my request was again refused.

Meanwhile I had enlisted the kind offices of the Duke of Connaught to ask the Queen to give us a Union Jack, and never doubting that we should secure the Stars and Stripes from the President, I mentioned the fact to His Royal Highness. A few days later I received the following letter:

Bagshot Park, Surrey,

Dec. 4th, 1899.

DEAR LADY RANDOLPH: I am happy to be able to tell you that the Queen has consented to present a Union Jack to the Hospital-Ship *Maine* as a mark of her appreciation of the generosity of those American ladies who have so nobly come forward, and have at such great expense equipped a hospital-ship for wounded British officers and men. I hope to be able to bring the flag down with me on the 16th, and to present it in the Queen's name.



From a photograph by The Bower Studio, Durban, South Africa

#### THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE* IN DURBAN HARBOR

The Duchess and I have accepted to dine at the Carlton on the 17th to meet you all, and I understand the nurses, too.

Hoping you got your telegram through to Pretoria.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

*Arthur.*

The refusal from Washington placed me in rather an awkward position, as the Queen, in presenting a flag, was under the impression that the President was doing the same. In the circumstances, I thought the best policy was to preserve a judicious silence, and the American flag was not mentioned. On the appointed day the Queen's present of a gorgeous Union Jack, embellished in the center with the red cross on a white ground was duly hoisted. This ceremony was attended with all the éclat we would ensure for it. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and a number of distinguished people came to the luncheon and witnessed the presentation.

The Duke of Connaught made a most felicitous speech, which delighted us all.

In the name of her Majesty the Queen,

he presented the Union Jack to the hospital-ship *Maine*.

as a mark of her appreciation of the generosity of those who have found the money for this ship, and also of that charity which a large number of American ladies and gentlemen have shown towards the soldiers of her kin, speaking their own language, who are now fighting gallantly in South Africa. It is a great pleasure to me to have been asked to perform what I believe is a unique ceremony. Never before has a ship sailed under the combined flags of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes; and it marks, I hope, an occasion which brings out that feeling of generosity and affection that the two countries have for each other. I cannot sufficiently thank those who have come forward in such a liberal manner for what they have done. As an officer in the English Army, I feel, I can assure you, most deeply what you all have done for us this day, and I am sure that the officers and men who may reap the advantage of this well-equipped ship will bless those who have done so much towards it. I should like to mention many names, but I am afraid it is impossible, and I will therefore ask Lady Randolph Churchill to accept in the name of all those who have worked with her the thanks both of the Sovereign of our country and of all



English men and women for this splendid present which has been made in aid of our wounded soldiers in South Africa.

To this I replied:

Your Royal Highness, I beg to thank you in the name of my committee for your kindness in coming here to-day to present on behalf of her Majesty the Queen, her gracious gift of the Union Jack to the American ladies' hospital-ship *Maine*. I trust your Royal Highness will convey to her Majesty how deeply we feel honored by this kind and thoughtful act, which we look upon as an acknowledgment and appreciation of our efforts. It is a source of much gratification to us Americans that our compatriots have responded so generously to our call on behalf of the sick and wounded, enabling us by their sympathy and money to fit out this splendid ship. We have also had many donations from English people who have come forward most lavishly with their gifts. Indeed, all who have been interested in this work have made it a labor of love. We hope that the *Maine* will be more than useful on her errand of mercy, and that our charity will be as wide-spread as possible irrespective of nationality.

The flag was then fastened to a halyard and run up by the Duke to the mainmast, where, after an energetic pull or two, it flew out to the breeze, the band of the Scots Guards playing "Rule Britannia." This they quickly changed to the "Star-Spangled Banner" as the Stars and Stripes were run up to the mizzen, and the Red-Cross flag to the foremast. With the Admiralty's transport flag at the helm, it is not surprising that we felt much beflagged and bedecked. It was a great moment for us all, and I confess I felt a lump in my throat. We had had an anxious moment in the morning when the Bishop of London, who was to have blessed the flag, telegraphed that he was suddenly taken too ill to come. London was scoured to find a divine to take his place; fortunately we secured the Bishop of Islington. But he, too, gave us a scare, as he missed his train and barely arrived in time.

On December 23, the *Maine* sailed for Cape Town. I had made up my mind some time previously to go with her, feeling that the committee should be represented



SOME OF THE STAFF OF THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE*

From left to right (sitting): Miss Hibbard; Sister Ruth (Miss Manly); Lady Randolph Churchill; Miss Eleanor Warrender; Sister Sarah (Miss McVean). (Standing): Dr. Weber; Sister Virginia (Miss Ludekins); Colonel H. F. Hensman, in command; Captain Stone; Dr. Dodge; Sister Margaret (Miss McPherson).



From a photograph by The Bower Studio, Durban, South Africa

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND HER SON, MR. JOHN CHURCHILL,  
ON BOARD THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP *MAINE*

by an unsalaried person with authority. Although the morning broke dark and foggy, I started with a light heart, as I had just received a cable to say that my son Winston, who had escaped from Pretoria, where he had been a prisoner after the armor train disaster at Chieveley, was safe at Lorenzo Marquez. Had it not been for the absorbing occupation of the *Maine*. I cannot think how I could have got through that anxious time of suspense.

To say that the ship was in a state of chaos does not express it. On the Sunday before 10,000 people had visited her,

which did not help to keep the new paint immaculate. The decks were covered with mud from the boots of the numerous workmen; painters, carpenters, plumbers, and engineers were seen in every nook and corner putting on the last touches, the wards were littered with wood-shavings, paint-pots, ropes, scaffoldings, and the thousand and one kind of débris which the conversion of a cattle boat entails. With my friend Miss Warrender, who was going out with me, I stood on the deck as the vessel moved out of the docks, leaving family and friends behind. A gleam of sun shone on us for a moment

as those on shore burst into cheers, which were taken up by the crews of the ships which lay alongside. "Mind you bring home Kruger, and we 'll eat him" and a few similar recommendations, came from

grimy colliers, but these cries were soon lost in the black fog which settled down upon us. Although, owing to it, we got only as far as the outer basin, we felt we had started on our journey.

(To be continued)



## THE WRIT OF INJUNCTION AS A PARTY ISSUE

A COMPARISON OF THE REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC  
PLATFORMS IN THEIR TREATMENT OF  
THE LABOR QUESTION

BY SETH LOW

IT is no accident that the platforms of both the Republican and the Democratic parties contain a plank relating to the use of injunctions in labor disputes. I am not able to discuss this question from a technical point of view, for I am not a lawyer; but I hope to be able to present the subject as one sees it who is familiar with the point of view of organized labor, and who is so much in sympathy with the general aims and purposes of organized labor as to understand its point of view, while yet remaining, from circumstances and from habit of mind, sufficiently independent to form his own opinions.

For many years organized labor has been protesting against the use of the injunction in labor disputes, and for several years there have been pending before Congress two bills relating to this subject. One of these bills, indorsed by the American Federation of Labor, has sought to forbid the use of the writ itself in labor disputes, on the ground that, as so used, it is an extension of the equity powers of the court into a field which constitutes a perversion of this writ. The other bill, which was indorsed by the Railroad Brotherhoods, contemplated merely a more careful regulation of the conditions under which the writ should be issued especially in the matter of notice. Both

bills were vehemently antagonized by the opponents of organized labor, on the ground that both proposed to limit the powers of the court in a domain where the interests of society require that the powers of the court to prevent the doing of irreparable injury should be maintained to the uttermost. Broadly speaking, the Democratic platform seems to take the first view, though it does not consistently do so. Again broadly speaking, the Republican platform approximates the second view while not exactly taking it; and the third, or the view of the opponents of organized labor, that the criticism of labor upon the use of the injunction is without merit, has been disregarded by both of the great parties.

The extreme opponents of organized labor are not slow to urge that the objection of organized labor to the use of the injunction in labor disputes arises from the fact that organized labor wishes to be free to accomplish by violence what it cannot accomplish in a peaceful and orderly manner. This is to imply that millions of our fellow-citizens are indifferent to disorder and anarchy; and, unless one is able to rise above this point of view, he cannot hope to consider the subject dispassionately. Labor objects to the use of the injunction, either wholly



or without limitations, partly because it believes that, as used, the injunction has sometimes been the make-weight in a labor dispute, which has prevented labor from gaining its cause, not by preventing violence and disorder, but by preventing united action in perfectly legitimate ways at the psychological moment; and, partly, because it believes that the use of the injunction in labor disputes involves a discrimination against labor from which other citizens are free. There is at least one injunction which has been made permanent, although no strike was in force at the time, by which the officers of a union, and others, have been forbidden to organize the workmen in the employ of a certain company; forbidden to come into their neighborhood; and forbidden to ride on trolley cars with them. As I understand it, none of these things can be done at any time by the persons affected by the injunction, without exposing them to the liability of punishment for contempt of court.

The ordinary use of the injunction, as one observes it in other fields, is to prevent something being done for which, if done, damages afford no adequate compensation. The temporary injunction, or restraining order, aims to maintain the *status quo* for the time being, until the court can have the opportunity to determine definitely the course of action to be pursued in a given controversy. Mr. Taft has pointed out how injustice has sometimes been done in labor controversies by the issuing of such temporary orders without notice, while the date for the hearing on the injunction itself has been designated for weeks or months later. Some labor injunctions have been made so broad as to forbid the doing both of things that are criminal in themselves and of things that are not criminal. So far as the things forbidden are criminal, labor maintains that the injunction which substitutes punishment for contempt of court for the ordinary processes of the criminal law, involves a departure from the constitutional method of preserving the peace, obtaining not only in the States but in the United States. In the case of a crime the ordinary processes of law contemplate an indictment for the crime charged, a trial by jury, and punishment only after conviction. When a crime is forbidden by

injunction, and the man who commits it is thrown into jail for contempt of court, the contention is, that the judge has constituted himself lawgiver, judge, and jury, all in one; and that government by a person has so far been substituted for government by law. When a thing forbidden by the injunction is not criminal, the contention is, that the attempt to preserve the *status quo* in a controversy between employer and employee upon the *ex parte* testimony of the employer, without notice to the employees, is really to throw the weight of the court in that particular controversy in favor of the employer; for the reason that the injunction against actions not in themselves illegal prevents the combined action of the Union, precisely when combined action is necessary for the success of their cause.

This is a layman's statement of the case; but if it be correct, and I think it is, it seems impossible to deny that there is ground for the objection on labor's part to some of the writs that have been issued. So much is virtually conceded by the present attitude of both of the two great parties in the platforms which they have adopted. The question is, Which of the two platforms comes nearer offering the right remedy? If organized labor really is discriminated against every good citizen will wish the discrimination removed. But when such a claim is made, it is legitimate to ask whether organized labor, smarting under a grievance that in instances is admitted, is not seeking a remedy that would, on the other hand, constitute organized labor a favored class in a citizenship which, in this sense, should know no classes. The courts justify the use of the injunction in labor disputes on the ground that it is necessary to use it at times in order to protect property from irreparable injury. If labor disputes involved nobody but the contestants it might be less difficult to sustain the extreme labor point of view, that no writs of injunction should be used in labor disputes; but as matter of fact, labor disputes are carried on in the midst of organized society, and society suffers from them while they are in progress only less than the actual disputants. It is said by the labor leaders that the disorder and violence which not infrequently attend strikes are neither practised nor justified

by the Unions. Probably there are few responsible labor leaders who do not throw all their influence in favor of good order and of peaceful methods whenever a strike is on. And yet it is also true that, human nature being what it is, some members of the organization, and men not members of the organization, are only too apt at such times to indulge in practices fatal to the welfare of society and abhorrent to the judgment of all good men in their calmer moments. As this fact has slowly developed with a persistency and uniformity that compel men to look upon it as one of the probable incidents of a strike involving large numbers of men, the courts in their relation to labor disputes may, perhaps, have taken this fact into consideration. At all events, to the lay mind, it is this aspect of the matter which gives special importance to the use of the writ of injunction from the point of view of the public. There is no doubt that society must and will find a way to prevent, as far as possible, disorder and violence that can be foreseen, whatever the occasion; but whenever new conditions call for the development of new methods of protecting society against new forms of danger, it is always legitimate to consider whether any particular method is the best adapted to the case in hand. The first American case involving the use of the injunction in a labor dispute was decided in 1888, twenty years after the first English use of the writ in a labor controversy. So used, the injunction involves the revival of an old doctrine which had its origin in the time of Edward III rather than the development of a new doctrine. While the doctrine itself is not new, the modern application of it is. It is certainly a serious criticism upon the use that has thus been made of the injunction in labor disputes, that it has made hundreds of thousands of good citizens feel that the courts, even when acting, as they believe, in the general interest, have really thrown their influence on the side of one party to the labor controversy, and always on the same side.

#### THE ATTITUDE OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC TOWARD THE INJUNCTION

ON the other hand, the sympathy of the disinterested public has usually gone with

the use of the injunction, without much regard to the merits of the particular controversy or to the character of the injunction, because the disinterested public has perceived that the injunction, as actually used, has proved an efficient agency for maintaining the peace and for preventing dreaded interruptions of the orderly movements of commerce. The platforms of both the great parties give evidence of a consciousness of this fact; for, while the Democratic platform frankly emphasizes the grievance, it is careful to try to protect itself against the charge of belittling the efficiency of the courts. The Republican platform, though it emphasizes rather the importance of maintaining untrammelled the powers of the courts "to protect life, liberty, and property," nevertheless frankly admits that there is need to define more accurately, by statute, the rules of procedure with reference to the issuance of the writ of injunction. In other words, in all labor disputes there are not two parties only to the controversy, labor and capital; but also a third, the general public; and the interests of the general public, in a certain sense, embrace and include the fundamental interests of the other two. That is to say, however much the special interests of the employer or of the employee may be involved in a given controversy, the fundamental interests of both, in the last statement, are identical with the fundamental interests of society at large; for neither labor nor capital can prosper except under conditions in which good order is so much the rule that the peaceable employment of both labor and capital may be taken for granted, almost like a law of nature. Society, therefore, is not selfish in insisting upon it that labor disputes shall be kept within such limits as do not interfere with the general well-being; for, in so insisting, society at large is simply demanding that conditions shall prevail which are essential for the successful employment of both labor and capital.

This being so, however, it is vitally important that society shall maintain good order upon conditions that leave labor as free as capital to strive for the advancement of its own welfare. It would be intolerable in a free country to have the laws favor capital against labor, or yet labor against capital, or to have the laws

so administered that laws which are themselves fair press unfairly in one direction or the other; and it is because organized labor has felt that the writ of injunction has pressed unfairly upon laborers that both of the old political parties have taken cognizance of their complaint.

#### A COMPARISON OF THE INJUNCTION PLANKS

EXCEPT for the explicit indorsement of the Bill passed by the United States Senate in 1896, when the Senate was under Democratic and Populistic control, the plank in the Democratic platform bearing upon this question might fairly be described as meaning anything or nothing according to the wishes of the reader. But the Bill so indorsed provided for summary punishment by the court in direct contempt cases, and made it mandatory for the court to grant a trial by jury, if asked for, in all cases where such contempt was committed outside of the presence of the court. In other words, in its platform Democracy says, first, that it does not propose to weaken the dignity of the courts; secondly, that injunctions should not be issued in any cases in which injunctions would not issue if no industrial dispute were involved. This probably means nothing, because injunctions cannot be issued in labor cases or any other except upon the allegation that irreparable injury will be done if the injunction does not issue. And, thirdly, the Democratic platform commits itself to a definite limitation of the power of the courts upon the assumption that injunctions will continue to be used in labor disputes. The platform may not be an attempt to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, but it conceals its definite pledges by reference to a bill which never became law and with the details of which few people, if any, are familiar. This treatment of the question does not encourage the belief that the party which has so dealt with it, if placed in power, can be trusted to handle the question in a large-minded, impartial fashion.

By contrast with this platform, the treatment accorded the subject in the Republican document is clear and explicit. It distinctly says that the right and power of the courts "to protect life,

liberty, and property" shall be maintained in full efficiency; and thus pledges itself to maintain in the courts, unimpaired, the power to protect the general welfare. At the same time, the Republican platform explicitly recognizes a grievance in connection with the use of the injunction, by pledging itself to define more accurately by statute the rules of procedure in the Federal Courts with respect to the issuance of this writ. It also says that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted.

It is clear that the makers of this platform had a perfectly definite idea in mind. They propose to the country, in explicit terms, that the power of the courts in respect of the writ of injunction shall not be limited; but they also propose that the rules under which this power is exercised shall be so clearly defined as to avoid, as far as possible, the abuses of which complaint is made. Every one—those who like the policy and those who do not like it—can readily understand what is proposed. The platform starts from the point of view of protecting the general welfare and aims to remedy the specific complaint. It does not start from the point of view of the complaint, as the Democratic platform does, and promise simply not to weaken the dignity of the courts. Inasmuch as the whole is greater than any part, the starting point of the Republican platform seems the wiser; and the fact that the platform says exactly what it means, without attempting to balance one phrase against another, encourages the belief that the party which makes the declaration, if continued in power, will honorably redeem its pledge. When this has been done, if there still remains just ground for complaint, there can be no doubt that further action will be considered. In a matter involving such vast interests, it is certainly wise to test every new departure by experience.

#### LABOR AND RESTRAINT OF TRADE

THERE is in the Democratic platform a paragraph which has no parallel in the Republican platform. It is as follows:



The expanding organization of industry makes it essential that there should be no abridgment of the right of wage-earners and producers to organize for the protection of wages and the improvement of labor conditions, to the end that such labor organizations and their members should not be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade.

Everybody will assent to that, for there is no proposal pending in any quarter to regard labor organizations and their members as illegal combinations in restraint of trade. There is a question to what extent, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, such organizations and their members may not be held to be capable of actions in restraint of trade. In the Danbury Hat Case, recently decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, a conspiracy in restraint of trade was found to exist which brought those concerned in it under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. What was actually condemned was the inter-State boycott of hats made by a certain Danbury firm; but the court found the evidence of a conspiracy in restraint of trade not only in the boycott which was the outcome of the conspiracy, but in a strike at the factory; in certain trade agreements by which seventy out of eighty-six hat factories in the United States had been unionized; and, finally, in the boycott itself, which interfered with the sale of those particular hats in many States of the Union. The fact that the court cited as elements in the conspiracy in restraint of trade which it condemned, the strike at the factory and the trade agreements, has certainly awakened in the mind of organized labor and its friends, very widely, a fear lest even a strike and a trade agreement, quite apart from any boycott, might be held to be a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

It is probable that neither a strike nor a trade agreement *per se* is a conspiracy in restraint of trade; but it is evident that either or both may be adduced, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, as partial evidence of a conspiracy which is in restraint of trade. It is intolerable that there should be any doubt cast upon the right of labor to strike; for that is a necessary incident of freedom of contract. A man cannot be made to work unless he is a slave or under some sort of temporary control. It is equally intolerable that

employer and workmen should not be at liberty to enter into trade agreements, provided such trade agreements, on their merits, do not contravene any public interest. As the Sherman Anti-Trust Law now stands, in view of this recent decision of the Supreme Court in the Danbury Hat Case, I have maintained and firmly believe that the right of labor to organize, to make trade agreements and to strike should be explicitly recognized by the laws of the United States; and I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that the late Senator Hoar in a debate upon this Bill in 1901 gave expression to substantially the same view: that is to say, he gave it as his opinion that the rights of labor under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act ought to be more carefully defined. The amendment to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act then proposed by Senator Hoar reads:

Sec. 4. That nothing in said Act shall be so construed as to apply to any action or combinations, otherwise lawful, of trade unions or other labor organizations, so far as such action or combinations shall be for the purpose of regulating wages, hours of labor, or other conditions under which labor is performed, without violence or interfering with the lawful rights of any person.

In the discussions upon this subject before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives last spring, the Federation of Labor took the extreme view that labor ought to be exempt altogether from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, on the ground that labor which produces, and which is only another name for human beings at work, is so different in nature from the things produced by it, that it is not possible wisely to legislate for both together under the same law. The Democratic platform does not frankly commit itself to this view; but, on the other hand, it commits itself to an abstract proposition which nobody has challenged, and thus encourages organized labor to believe that the Party indorses labor's position in connection with this particular law; while the Party, in fact, carefully keeps itself free from the embarrassment which the attitude of a part of organized labor in this regard involves. So far as labor is engaged in production, I think the claim is good that

it ought to be free from the restrictions of the Anti-Trust Law; and for that reason I think its right to combine, its right to make trade agreements, and its right to strike, ought to be explicitly recognized, and, not even by the slightest implication, be called in question. That some of labor's rights might be called in question under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was foreseen, as I have said, by Senator Hoar; and that, under this law, some of them have been called in question is labor's fear to-day. Of course such rights as these on the part of the workmen involve corresponding rights on the part of the employers to combine for the purpose of securing labor on satisfactory terms, to make trade agreements with their workmen, and to dismiss or lockout their employees; and these rights also should be explicitly recognized. But when labor leaves the field of production, and undertakes to limit the distribution and sale of the products of labor, as it certainly does in every secondary boycott as described by the Anthracite Strike Commission, there would seem to be no reason why this sort of restraint of trade even though practised by labor should not be forbidden under any law that prohibits such restraints of trade as may be practised by a trust or by a combination.

#### WHY PARLIAMENT MAY PASS CERTAIN LEGISLATION AND CONGRESS MAY NOT

FOR really a fundamental principle is herein involved. The representatives of organized labor frequently point to the Trades Disputes Act, passed by the British Parliament in 1906, under which act trade disputes were placed in a category by themselves. Under the terms of this act, nothing is actionable when done or procured to be done by a combination of men in a labor dispute unless it would be actionable if done by one person alone. It is quite clear that under the terms of this act even a secondary boycott would not be illegal; for no one doubts that a person can buy or decline to buy of any one he pleases and ask his friend to do

the same. Organized labor, therefore, says: "Why is it that in a republic like the United States labor cannot enjoy the privileges which it has secured in a monarchical country like England?"

This question goes to the very root of the matter, and the answer to it makes it clear why organized labor cannot be exempted from the Sherman Anti-Trust Act when organized labor indulges in restraint of trade, so long as all others are forbidden by this act to indulge in restraint of trade. The answer to this question is partly legal. Great Britain has an omnipotent Parliament, while Congress can legislate only in the exercise of the powers given to it under the Constitution of the United States; and under this Constitution the Congress of the United States probably has no power to enact such legislation. The Parliament of Great Britain, however, has this power; and, what is even more to the point, society in Great Britain has been established on a class basis from time immemorial. In days gone by Parliament frequently legislated for the noble class; then, again, for the landlord class, and it is both easy and natural for it, if it wishes to do so, to legislate now for the labor class. On the other hand, it is the essential characteristic of American democracy that there shall be no classes in the body politic, and that all citizens shall stand in precisely the same relation to the law. This is the philosophical reason why the Sherman Anti-Trust Act cannot be amended so as to leave organized labor free to indulge in restraint of trade, when all other citizens of the United States are forbidden to take action in restraint of trade; and this is why the paragraph quoted from the Democratic platform is open to such serious criticism. As this platform appeals to organized labor, it seems to offer a word of promise to the ear; but, as matter of fact, that promise must be broken to the hope unless the Democratic party of the United States deliberately proposes to make the country a country of classes.



"SO?" SAID GRIMM

## THE UNPLEDGED MAN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

ALBERT KENNEDY, driving along the country road, swerved in toward the fence and stopped his horse. This being accepted as an indication of a desire to pass the time of day, the man on the other side of the fence brought his horses to a standstill, and leaned against his plow. The man on the other side of the fence was Adam Grimm.

"Hullo, Adam!" Kennedy called out cheerily.

"Mornin', Mr. Kennedy," Grimm replied stolidly.

"Rather early with your plowing, ain't you?" asked Kennedy, who knew as little about plowing as he did about the pearly gates.

"No," answered Grimm; "late."

Kennedy flicked his whip at a fence-post idly, as if waiting for the spirit to move him to some other passing pleasantries, and Grimm seemed content to rest for a moment in silence.

"Been noticing the political talk much lately?" Kennedy finally inquired.

"Don't never bother none about that," returned Grimm.

"You ought to," advised Kennedy. "There 's a chance for a new man to go to the legislature."

"So?" said Grimm.

"Why don't you try for it?" asked Kennedy.

"Me!" exclaimed Grimm.

"Sure," urged Kennedy. "It 's a great chance for you."

"Gidap!" said Grimm to his horses, and went on with his plowing.

Kennedy, surprised, followed the retreating figure with his eyes, and then smiled grimly. "He is n't much to talk," he reflected, "but I guess I 've got the seed planted. He 'll do a good bit of thinking."

Half a mile down the road Kennedy made another stop, to discuss politics with Jonas Ritter, another farmer. This time he had a more loquacious man, and the conference was longer and more intimate.

"Been watching the political situa-



tion?" asked Kennedy, after the usual greetings.

"Some," answered Ritter.

"We ought to beat Hanchett for the legislature," remarked Kennedy.

"I thought he was your man," said Ritter, in surprise.

"Not this time," explained Kennedy.

"He 's been there so long that he 's getting careless, and I can't stand for his record."

"It 's bad," agreed Ritter. "I ain't had any use fer Hanchett since he hitched up with the corporations; but it looks like he 's got a cinch on this district."

"Oh, no," returned Kennedy, confidently; "the right kind of a man can beat him."

"Who 's the right kind of a man?"

"Adam Grimm."

Ritter scratched his head thoughtfully, and then rested his arms on the top of the fence and looked off down the road. "He 'd git the farmer vote solid, if he was nominated," he said, "but I don't see no way to nominate him. We farmers mostly git flimflammed in the conventions."

"I don't," returned Kennedy.

"That 's so," admitted Ritter.

"You 'd all have to back me up strong, but I could put him through."

"He 's a good man," reasoned Ritter, half to himself; "them corporation people would have trouble handling him, an' we'd like to have a chance to 'lect a man that we really know. But what 's *your* game?" he asked suspiciously.

"I 'm merely looking for a man who can beat Hanchett," replied Kennedy. This was true; but he neglected to say that his reason for wanting to beat Hanchett was a purely selfish one. "We 've got to beat him with a farmer," he explained, "for he 's strong in town, and he might run independent when he 's turned down in the convention. Only a man who could poll the solid farmer vote would have much chance, and Adam Grimm looks like that man."

"He looks like him," said Ritter, slowly.

"Think it over," advised Kennedy.

"I 'll be along again in a few days."

Kennedy also discussed the situation with a few others during his drive, but he was careful to do no more than suggest the availability of Grimm. No one knew

better than he the folly of trying to force a boom: the farmers must be given time to think and talk, so that the movement would seem to be their own. Besides, he must rely largely upon their influence with Grimm, and the esteem in which Grimm was held made him the one man for the purpose in view.

It was a week or ten days before Kennedy decided that he had business in the country again, and this time, as before, he found Grimm busy with his plow.

"Hullo, Adam!" he called cheerily.

"Mornin', Mr. Kennedy," returned Grimm.

"Well, I guess Hanchett won't go back to the legislature," remarked Kennedy.

"So?"

"Not if you care to go."

Grimm made no reply, but he did not seem to be in such a hurry to move on this time.

"The talk is all for you," Kennedy added.

"They 're doin' some talkin'," Grimm admitted. "There 's been one or two of them here."

"All you 've got to do," urged Kennedy, "is to come out as a candidate. You can be elected all right."

"I reckon I 'd have a middlin' good chance," said Grimm, slowly, "if I was nominated on the reg'lar ticket. But it don't look to me like I could be nominated. We mostly git the worst of it at conventions."

"I can look after that," suggested Kennedy, insinuatingly.

"You!"

"Sure. I can get the nomination for you."

"Gidap!" said Grimm, and he trailed off after his plow.

There was an intimation of something decidedly unflattering in this, and Kennedy's frown was dark; but a practical politician cannot afford to be sensitive, and Kennedy was soon able to smile again. For purposes of his own he had need of Grimm, and Grimm, on this occasion, had listened longer than when the subject was first broached.

Kennedy stopped to talk with no other farmers that day, but a trusted lieutenant, not too closely identified with his master, took the field on the next, and the boom was most adroitly handled. It was not

wise that a man of Kennedy's political reputation should show absorbing personal interest in the success of such a movement as this.

Grimm, meanwhile, was unconsciously preparing himself, and being prepared, for the third interview. He was slow, but he was human, and he could not dismiss the subject from his mind as easily as he had dismissed the discussion of it with Kennedy. It would be an honor to go to the legislature. It had not seemed to him that he was exactly qualified, but it was beginning to be evident that his neighbors thought differently. So the possibility lingered with him as he plowed, was discussed over the fence with some who passed, and was finally taken to the house for the consideration of his wife.

Mrs. Grimm, having heard much of Kennedy, was suspicious of him, but her eyes sparkled at the thought of such splendid recognition for her husband.

"I ain't keen fer it," he explained, "an' that 's what makes it look safe. I don't trust Kennedy much myself, but he ain't said a word that 's wrong, an' mebbe he 's only tryin' to beat Hanchett, like he says. Anyhow, he can't put any halter on me when I ain't askin' anything of him. He 's

forcin' the office on me, an' that leaves me free."

"An' you *stay* free!" she said with emphasis.

"Of course."

"Don't you make a promise to nobody of what you 'll do after 'lection."

"Only what I promise open to the voters," he assured her, and this, of course, was quite satisfactory.

So, having this indirect encouragement, he was ready for Kennedy when the latter came again. In his slow but straightforward way he had been considering all the phases of the question that his mind could grasp, and he had been building some rather hazy air-castles. He would like to show his neighbors that their confidence in him was not misplaced; he would like to have the honor of representing them; he would like to demonstrate what a man of stubborn honesty and direct methods could do; he would like to prove that he was more than a mere farmer: but he also wished to be sure that there were no entanglements in his path.

He moved over to the fence when Kennedy gave him the usual cheery greeting.

"Look here, Al Kennedy," he said bluntly, "what 's back o' this?"



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"THE POSSIBILITY . . . WAS DISCUSSED OVER THE FENCE WITH SOME WHO PASSED"

"Politics," answered Kennedy, smiling.

"What kind o' politics?"

"Good politics. I want to send a good man to the legislature."

"An' then what?"

Kennedy preferred not to answer the question directly. He wound the reins around the whip, jumped from the buggy, and walked over to the fence.

"Adam," he said, "it's just a question of beating Hanchett, and you're the man to do it. Hanchett has no business to be in the legislature: he was all right when he first went, but he's turned out bad, and he's disgracing the district. But the man who's in has a big advantage, and the only way we can beat Hanchett is to put up somebody who can draw the solid farmer vote. That's why a few of us picked out you. We can hold him down some in town, but we've got to have the solid farmer vote to do the trick."

All this was said with an air of the greatest frankness, and it was very plausible. If he had further explained that there was a split in the local "machine," as a result of which Hanchett was no longer available for certain desired purposes, the explanation would have been quite complete.

"I ain't makin' any promises," announced Grimm, after a long pause.

"I have n't asked for any, have I?" returned Kennedy.

"No," admitted Grimm; "but I want to make that p'int good an' clear."

"Make it as clear as you like," said Kennedy, cheerfully.

"I would n't go to the legislater unless I was a free man," persisted Grimm.

"I can't see that anybody's got a string on you," laughed Kennedy. "You have n't noticed me trying to hand you a halter, have you?"

"No," answered Grimm, frowning perplexedly; "an' that's what's worryin' me."

Kennedy became serious. "Why, Adam," he said, "the trouble with you is that you get your ideas from the sensational press. The papers have told so many lies about me that you're actually making it difficult for me to do a fine thing for both you and the district. I'm offering you the nomination, and I'm asking you for no pledge of any sort whatever. Do you want it?"

"Yes, I want it," replied Grimm, desperately, "if it comes to me fair an' proper."

"All right," said Kennedy. "Tell



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'AN' YOU STAY FREE!'"





Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"A MAN DOES N'T SET OUT TO BEAT HIMSELF VERY OFTEN"

your friends you 're out for it, let them whoop it up a little, and I 'll do the rest." He offered Grimm his hand to bind the bargain, and Grimm, now fully committed, shook it with painful earnestness. Then Kennedy climbed back into his buggy and drove away, alternately frowning and smiling.

"He 's going to be difficult," mused Kennedy, "but not impossible—certainly not impossible." For Kennedy, in a desperate political plight, was risking much on his judgment of human nature—all human nature. "The man to whom the bird in the bush is no temptation," he reflected, "will do much to retain possession of the bird in the hand."

THREE days before the convention Kennedy drove out to see Grimm again, and Grimm was much perturbed. They had met in town a day or so before, at which time Kennedy had assumed an air of proprietorship of Grimm and his political fortunes that was not wholly pleasing. While he had made no direct attempt to exact a pledge of any sort, he had intimated rather broadly that he expected Grimm to be guided by his judgment and wishes

in all matters wherein he might choose to exert the influence that gratitude for favors done should give him. So adroitly was this done that Grimm felt himself being drawn into the meshes of the political net without a fair chance to free himself. There was nothing that he could openly resent, yet he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being led into an inferential pledge that was wholly foreign to his purpose when he consented to run for the legislature.

Then Kennedy, with fine tact, had succeeded in inviting himself to Grimm's farm for a general discussion of the situation. Grimm had no objection to the arrangement, but he realized that it was not of his making, and he was troubled by the thought of the ease with which Kennedy had managed him. It was a trifling matter, and it had all come about quite naturally, but there was an unpleasant consciousness that he was merely doing what Kennedy had previously decided he should do. So he had looked forward to the interview with some misgivings.

Kennedy, however, was in fine humor when he arrived. So far as outward indi-

cations went, the purpose of his visit was one of friendly congratulation. He treated Grimm as if they had been on terms of the closest intimacy since boyhood, and he quite overwhelmed Mrs. Grimm and Miss Anna Grimm with his high spirits and his hearty assurances that the husband and father was virtually a legislator already.

"The only man who can beat him now," he said confidently, "is himself, and a man does n't set out to beat himself very often."

To Miss Anna Grimm he was particularly attentive. She had been away from home, working in the city, so he felt that she was of the world and would have the better appreciation of the pictures he drew of life at the State Capital. Still, he made this look very attractive to Mrs. Grimm, also. Both listened attentively, but Anna Grimm seemed to have much of her father's taciturnity, and said little. However, Kennedy was satisfied that he made the desired impression: any girl would prefer the excitement of life at the State Capital during a session of the legislature to the monotony of life on a farm, or even working in the city.

"When you get the women going," was one of Kennedy's wise sayings, "you've got the family going."

He dined with them, and he knew he had the women with him before dinner was over. Mrs. Grimm was specially interested in the Governor's receptions, and there were occasions when Anna Grimm's eyes sparkled. But Grimm himself grew ever more moody and taciturn, seeming to have an unpleasant suspicion as to where all this was leading.

After dinner, the two men withdrew to the porch for a smoke, tilting their chairs back against the side of the house and making themselves otherwise comfortable. The rattle of dishes in the distant kitchen showed how the women were engaged, and, by contrast, added something to the contentment of the indolent men.

"There's a United States senator to be elected at the next session of the legislature," Kennedy finally remarked carelessly.

"So?" returned Grimm, although he knew it perfectly well.

"Yes," said Kennedy, closely watching

the effect of his words, "and I'd like to see Sparkins elected."

The effect was easily observable. Grimm took his pipe from his mouth and turned a look of blank amazement on the politician. "I thought he'd withdrawn," he said.

"Hardly," replied Kennedy. "There was such a rumpus when he was first mentioned that he's keeping in the background until after the election; but he'll be on deck all right when the legislature meets. He's a good man, too."

"He don't suit me," said Grimm, shaking his head solemnly.

Kennedy had expected this, so it disturbed him not at all. "What's your objection to him?" he asked.

"Boodle," answered Grimm.

"Oh, that's all talk!"

"He looks to me," persisted Grimm, "like a rich man who's tryin' to buy a comfortable place down to Washin'ton. It's jest payin' his way into a swell club fer him."

"All tommy-rot," argued Kennedy. "You got that from the newspapers. But even if it were true, it's no crime to be ambitious for honor after achieving mere worldly success, and he'd be a senator that would do this State credit."

"The men that make their money the way he did," returned Grimm, "don't never represent the honest people; they don't know how. If he's such a good man, why don't he dare come out before the people now?"

"The people are fools," exclaimed Kennedy. "Half the time they don't know what they want."

"They know what they don't want sometimes," remarked Grimm, sententiously. "What's the matter with Senator Kenschaw? Why don't we send him back?"

"Oh, he's been in office too long."

"A good man ain't never in office too long," retorted Grimm, slowly.

The old farmer was developing unexpected cleverness in argument, which was annoying, but not of great importance. Kennedy was still quite certain that he knew where the battle would be won, but the victory would not be quite so easy as it had looked.

"Politically," he urged, "it is quite important that Sparkins shall be given

the senatorship. I should like to be assured that you will vote for him as a matter of political expediency. I think you owe me that much."

"I don't owe you nothing," returned Grimm, with some heat.

"That is rather ungrateful," argued Kennedy, temperately reproachful. "If you will stop to consider all that I've done for you—"

"You said you would n't ask fer no pledge," put in Grimm.

"I said I had n't asked for any pledge," corrected Kennedy; "but I must ask for this one."

"I won't give it," said Grimm, bluntly. "I'm a free man, an' I'm goin' to stay one."

"Have you considered the cost?" asked Kennedy, bluntly.

Grimm did not seem to understand this, and made no reply.

"The only man who can beat you is yourself," pursued Kennedy, giving point to his previous remark to the same effect; "but you can do it. I hardly thought you'd try, though."

Grimm was beginning to comprehend, but he only turned a wondering gaze upon the tempter.

"It would be hard to explain to your neighbors," remarked Kennedy, "and it would be a big disappointment to your wife and daughter. They seem to have their hearts set on this thing."

And Kennedy's efforts to make the future look alluring to them had been one of the things that had disturbed Grimm. His purpose was reasonably clear now.

"Adam," said Kennedy, impressively, "you've got the solid farmer vote, which is necessary to beat Hanchett, but you can't be nominated without me."

"Are you goin' to turn me down?" asked Grimm.

"Are you going to turn *me* down?" retorted Kennedy. "That's the question. You've got your future in your own hands: you can be a big man, or you can be a plow-horse; you can give your wife a little of the happiness of real life, or you can tie her up on the farm; you can make a lady of your daughter, or you can let her be a drudge. And this is n't merely a possibility or a chance: it's a cinch; it's right in your hands now; the convention is only three days off, and I

can give you the roll-call this minute. You have it right in your fist. Are you going to let go? It's up to you, Adam."

Here was Kennedy's theory put to the practical test. A man might be little tempted by the bird in the bush, but could he release the bird in the hand? Grimm seemed to find it no easy task.

"Why, Mr. Kennedy," he reasoned, "Sparkins ain't never done anything fer anybody but himself, an' he never will. He's jest money—that's all he is. Why, we would n't be sending a man to Washin'ton; we'd be sending a bank-account, an' folks would say it was the bank-account that got us to do it. Everybody knows he started out to buy his way in. I guess you ain't stopped to think how people will yell."

"Let 'em yell," returned Kennedy. "They'll forget it a month after it's all over. You'd better think less of Sparkins and more of yourself, Adam."

"I'm thinkin'," said Grimm, dubiously; "but I ain't sure I git it right. There ain't anything hid anywhere, is there?"

"Not a thing," replied Kennedy. "There's no other condition of any sort. I'll give you the nomination in exchange for your promise to vote for Sparkins; otherwise, I'll throw it to Hanchett. If you won't do that much for me, I'd rather have Hanchett, and I've got enough delegates to hand it to whichever I choose. It's a pretty big thing to give up, Adam."

"It is," agreed Grimm, after a long pull at his pipe, "an' I think I'll stick to it."

Kennedy settled back in his chair in evident relief. "Then you'll vote for Sparkins," he said.

"No, I won't," said Grimm.

Kennedy was jarred out of his feeling of self-satisfied contentment, so sharply and unexpectedly did this come.

"I got to go to the legislater as a free man," added Grimm.

"You won't go at all," exclaimed Kennedy, angrily. "You're a fool, Adam."

"I don't reckon you better call me 'Adam' any more," cautioned Grimm. "That name's only fer my friends, an' I don't like folks that work underhanded. You ain't even dared come out fer him open; you ain't dared tell me until now."



"That will do for you!" retorted Kennedy, with much heat. "You 'll stick to your plow." To be thus defied in the moment of victory was enough to try any man's temper.

"That there nomination 's mine, as things stand now," said Grimm, speaking with more than his usual deliberation, "an' I don't look to have you interfere. If folks knowed what you said to me—"

"They don't know," interrupted Kennedy, with an unpleasant laugh, "and you 'd have some trouble convincing them."

"So?" returned Grimm. He reached over and tapped on the closed blinds of a window that opened on the porch. The

blinds swung open, disclosing Anna Grimm with note-book and pencil. "Anna 's been workin' down to the city as a stenographer," explained Grimm. "Looks to me like she come home at a right handy time."

Kennedy looked from the man to the girl, and from the girl back to the man. His mind, usually quick, seemed to be slower than ever Grimm's was, but some of the things he had said stood out with startling distinctness.

"Good newspaper yarn," suggested Grimm. "Do you reckon I 'll go to the legislater unpledged?"

"I think you will," answered Kennedy, reluctantly.



## THE BIRDS OF WESTLAND

(PRINCETON, JUNE, 1908)

BY R. W. G.

O BIRDS of Westland, singing on  
As blithely as of yore!  
Do ye not know how deep he sleeps  
Behind that closed door?

Do ye not know that he who hailed  
Your music, dawn by dawn,  
Hath, since he harkened yesterday,  
From hearing been withdrawn?

O happy birds! I think ye know  
He loved your joyful song,  
And therefore in the growing light  
Ye carol loud and long.

O birds! ye know he would not wish  
To hush that singing sweet,  
Though since he heard your music last  
That great heart ceased to beat.

# LOMBROSO, PROPHET AND CRIMINOLOGIST

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

CESARE LOMBROSO belongs, like Spencer, Darwin, and Taine, to the class of naturalist philosophers who have applied the methods of natural science to the study of psychological and social phenomena. After studying medicine, he became a professor of psychiatry, and devoted himself to pathological anatomy, to anthropology, to morbid and normal psychology and to sociology; but if I were asked to say what Lombroso really is, I should neither call him a naturalist nor an anthropologist, nor a sociologist; I should call him a Jewish prophet in the garb of a modern philosopher. This is the most accurate and comprehensive definition of his personality.

## A MODERN PROPHET

LOMBROSO belongs to a Hebrew family of Verona, and among all the great Jews of the present century he is perhaps the one in whom are most intensely embodied the most original characteristics of his race, namely, the ethical spirit and the passion for social reform. Renan has already noted, that whereas the mission of Greece was esthetic and philosophic, that of the Jews is moral. While Greece was strong to realize the ideal of absolute beauty and perfect wisdom, the Jews of antiquity were tormented by a longing to found the kingdom of absolute justice. This longing was manifested in prophecy, that singular phenomenon of Hebrew history. The prophets from Isaiah to Jesus, who was the last and greatest prophet of all, were social reformers who strove to purify the morals of their nation; and the entire literature of prophecy, which forms the most profound part of Hebrew

literature, is one impassioned propaganda in favor of virtue and justice, conveyed to a world full of vice and violence. After the lapse of many centuries the gift of prophecy may once more be noted in the Hebrew men of genius of modern times, who are all more or less critics and moral reformers—Spinoza, the founder of the first great modern ethical theory; Heine, the implacable scoffer at the moral contradictions of his country; Marx and Lassalle, the two great leaders of German socialism, who strove to reform the commercial morality of our times; and Max Nordau, who has analyzed the "conventional lies of our civilization" in a profound and terrible book.

This spirit of ancient prophecy, which was above all a work of criticism and moral reform, is very powerful in Lombroso, and obviously distinguishes him from the other great naturalist philosophers of the present century, such as Spencer, Darwin, and Taine. The latter have studied and solved great problems, but they were always animated by the purely intellectual desire of solving a scientific question; thus, Darwin wrote the "Origin of Species" with the intention of expounding one of the most important problems of biology; Spencer formulated the theory of evolution for the sake of furnishing a new and general formula of life; Taine wrote "De l'intelligence" in order to establish the psychology of thought upon a new basis. Lombroso, on the contrary, is always urged on to scientific research by deep moral motives. In all his books he, on the one hand, proves himself a physiologist and psychologist who applies the methods of science to the study of certain questions; on the other,

an apostle of moral and social reforms, who, like the prophets of olden times, is endeavoring to amend existing morals and institutions. Thirty years ago he engaged in long clinical studies upon the origin of the *pellagra*, a terrible disease which makes havoc among the peasants of Lombardy; and he advanced a new theory which, although violently opposed at first, is now generally accepted. From the point of view of purely pathological and chemical research, it would seem as if no moral element could have any connection with the matter; yet the prophetic spirit is so strong in Lombroso that he made the conclusions of his researches conducive to an agitation for moral and social reform. According to his theory, the disease arose from the fact that the peasants were in the habit of eating bad maize, which the landowners preferred to give them instead of throwing it away; and this fact impelled him to enter upon a violent campaign against the selfishness of landed proprietors, demanding the interference of the Government on behalf of the peasants. For five years he traveled through the parts of the country which were the most afflicted with this disease, giving popular lectures on the measures to be adopted for its cure; he wrote pamphlets in the form of dialogues or short stories on the causes and cure of the *pellagra*, and distributed thousands of copies among the peasants; he tried to organize societies and hospitals in order to fight the disease; until at length the landowners, wearied of this prophet who went about preaching redemption from *pellagra*, succeeded by means of petty persecutions in rendering his life at Pavia, where he was then living as professor, so unbearable that he was forced to remove to Turin.

At Turin, Lombroso devoted himself to a zealous study of criminals. For the last twenty years he has been examining criminals with the patience of a Benedictine, measuring their faces, their skulls, their degree of sensitiveness, studying their diseases and their psychology, collecting an enormous mass of physiological, anthropological, and psychological data. But it would be wrong to credit him with a mind which is capable of undertaking this endless task for the sake of a purely intellectual pleasure in explain-

ing what a criminal really is. The problem he wishes to solve is one of a higher and more complex nature—that of finding a more vigorous method by which a juster proportion between crime and its punishment may be established. Lombroso has not drawn practical conclusions from his studies with the calm indifference of a philosopher giving advice to men more ignorant than himself, but rather with the impassioned ardor of an apostle who feels that he has a noble mission to fulfil upon earth, so much so that the most eloquent pages in his works are always those in which he attacks with violent and ironical criticism the fundamental injustice of our modern method of penal repression, which is more favorable to the evil-doer than to the honest man. He is actually so thoroughly penetrated and pained by the thought of all this injustice that he does not rest content with instituting an immense propaganda against it by means of books, articles, pamphlets, and speeches, but is continually talking of it in his family-circle and among his friends. He often mentions this subject to us; giving vent to a verve of bitter sarcasm against the men who thus neglect justice; and he often becomes so excited in the discussion that he falls into the most extravagant paradoxes. Then he affirms that men are by no means superior to animals, that civilization is a lie, that all things will end in ruin for want of that which is so dear to the Jew—justice. In short, he has solved a great scientific problem solely in order to attain the means of modifying certain social institutions, and the reform of these institutions means more to him than a simple desire: it is a mission to which he has dedicated his life. Scientific research serves to excite in him the prophetic instinct peculiar to his race, by which, if, on the one hand, he is closely related to Spallau, Zani, Lamarck, Darwin, and Spencer by the kinship of great minds, on the other, his ethical spirit renders him a direct descendant of Ezekiel and Isaiah.

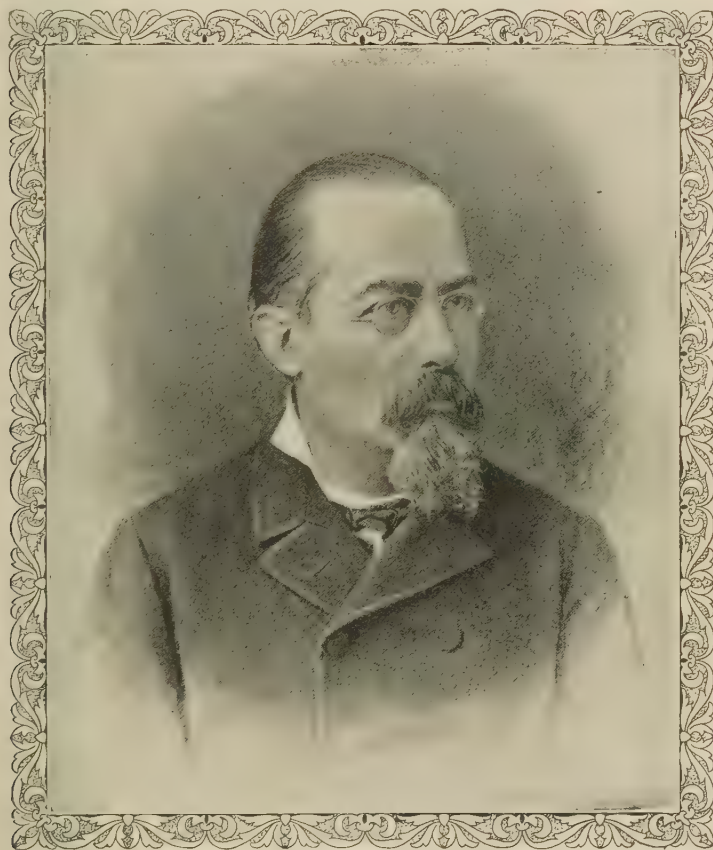
#### A GREAT PESSIMIST

PESSIMISM is a transitory state of Aryan thought, but it is the normal condition of Hebrew thought. As Renan observed, in the whole of the Bible there are only two



bright and joyful books—the “Song of Solomon” and the “Book of Ecclesiastes.” All the rest, especially the Prophets and the “Book of Job,” form one sublime and colossal cry of pain. Even to-day, after the lapse of many centuries, every Jew of genius is almost destined to convey bad tidings to men, for all

In this, Lombroso shares the common fate of his race. Not only has he affirmed that civilization augments crime and that man is fundamentally inclined to evil, but he has formulated the theory which is perhaps the most pessimistic one of the whole century—the theory which was destined to destroy the hero-worship in-



Drawn by Albert Abendschein, from a photograph by G. Vanetti

CESARE LOMBROSO

the great Jewish thinkers have almost always brought to light some painful phenomenon of life. Thus Spinoza announced to mankind that good and evil do not exist; Marx, that society is the battle-field of a desperate struggle between the social classes; Lassalle, that, by the “brazen law,” workmen, in spite of their most strenuous efforts, can never earn more than the minimum which is just sufficient to keep them from starvation.

troduced by Carlyle, and which has so many followers in England: I mean the theory that genius is a form of degeneracy. It is not that this theory is pessimistic in itself; for the truth is neither good nor bad, and all theories are equally capable of a pessimistic or of an optimistic interpretation. If the theory of the degeneracy of genius had been discovered by an optimist, he would have found a way of once more admiring the infinite wisdom and goodness of nature, which

knows how to make use even of disease to serve some great purpose. In the mind of Lombroso, on the contrary, this theory became so tragic as cruelly to wound many timid consciences by means of that species of bitter pleasure with which he set to work to destroy old-fashioned illusions with regard to great men and especially by proving that their intellectual greatness is obscured by serious moral defects, and that almost all of them are bad and often criminal. One is almost led to think that there exists in him an extravagant desire to appear as a blasphemer of hero-worship. I shall never forget the satisfaction that he once derived from certain unpublished documents which served to convince him that Galileo was a slanderer and a bad, hard-hearted man—an unscrupulous thief of discoveries made by his pupils. Thus for some time past Lombroso has been beset by the idea of proving that Dante was in reality a criminal. Dante was sent into exile by his political adversaries upon the accusation of extortion. This does not really prove anything, because that was a pretext by which, during the Middle Ages, political parties in power in Italy were wont to rid themselves of their enemies. In spite of this, Lombroso has investigated all manner of documents in order to persuade himself that the accusation was true. He did not find the proofs, and was much discontented, although such an accusation against Dante would create an enormous scandal in Italy, where Dante is venerated not only as the greatest of poets, but also as one of the grandest characters of our history and a hero of righteousness and justice.

#### THE MAN AND THE WRITER

MANY persons are in the habit of judging a writer's personal character from his works. This method, however, if applied to Lombroso, would lead to erroneous conclusions. One of the most curious traits which distinguish this man of genius is the incongruity which exists between his personal character and the scientific work he has undertaken—an incongruity so striking as to make one doubt whether the Lombroso who thinks and writes is the same person as the Lombroso who lives and speaks.

Lombroso will certainly be considered one of the greatest psychologists of the century; for, with a marvelous depth of thought, he has laid bare many of the most abstruse phenomena of the human soul, especially those relating to the psychology of the genius and the criminal. In spite of this, there is no one who has less penetration; for, while he is so great in theoretical psychology, he is as ingenuous as a child in practical psychology, and easily mistakes a fool for a great genius or a knave for an ingenuous enthusiast. He himself frankly admits that those whom he had originally believed his best and most trustworthy friends have proved his bitterest enemies, and we who are intimate with him are so thoroughly convinced of this want of penetration that when he expresses an opinion with regard to a person whom he has known only for a short time, we instinctively incline to believe that the truth is exactly the contrary. On the other hand, at a hospital, in his laboratory, in a prison, face to face with a madman or a criminal, or at his desk, before a heap of documents relating to the life of a man of genius, Lombroso is transformed into a psychologist, gifted with the greatest lucidity of thought and most extraordinary intuitive power. He understands—I might almost say he sees—the most complicated mechanism of thought and feeling, and is able to interpret it with wonderfully clear syntheses. This is due to the fact that, like almost all men of great genius, he possesses an intuitive insight into things, divining rather than observing. He has always boasted of being an experimentalist, of having introduced the experimental method into the study of morbid psychology; but this is one of the weaknesses which are so frequently observed in men of genius, who think themselves great in things in which they are not. Thus Frederick II boasted of being a very clever flute-player, and Goethe desired to be considered a great painter. As an experimentalist, Lombroso does not really surpass the average, because he possesses neither the patience nor the precision nor the nicety of analysis which are the essential attributes of the true experimentalist. He is a real poet, a truly creative genius, a man who possesses a lofty and vehement imagination, desirous of

expounding great syntheses, incapable of studying an isolated fact in all its details, but capable of divining the great laws of the human mind at a glance. I should say that the light which emanates from his mind is too diffusive and too intense to illuminate minor objects; it is rather fitted to enlighten the distant depths of gloom and ignorance by which we are surrounded.

A still more curious fact is that his most profound psychological researches are those treating of the sentiments most foreign to his own character. He has analyzed all the evil and vicious passions of man, all the most monstrous perversities of moral feeling, with a surprising profundity, revealing the savage bestiality which still lies concealed in the criminal. Yet personally he is the mildest of men, and the basis of his character is a child-like ingenuousness. He is easily angered by things of slight importance, and, when vexed, stamps his foot in the manner peculiar to children; but he is easily pacified. He has many childish habits, one of which is that of holding a glass with the whole palm of his hand instead of with his fingers, as if he were almost afraid of letting it fall. Many of his tastes are essentially childish. For instance, he is fond of scampering through fields like a boy and of watching fireworks (the latter amusement is a favorite one with him); he is also given to continually playing with small Chinese *bibclots*. Any one seeing him at a time when these childish traits happened to be most evident would find it hard to believe himself in the presence of the terrible analyst of the most savage human passions, the man who for forty years has been living in contact with wild beasts in human form, who has studied their feline movements and passions, and measured the force of their teeth and the means of extracting them.

It was Lombroso who formulated the law of misoneism; namely, that man is by nature an enemy of innovations, and that the latter are to be looked upon as pathological and unnatural experiments. Yet he is perhaps one of those who are the fondest of novelty, for that quality in a thing suffices to inspire him immediately with a great liking for it. In

his eyes, whether in science, art, industry, or politics, novelty takes the place of reason and beauty. If a new mechanical invention is announced, he immediately applies it; if a new system of cure is discovered, he immediately has recourse to it; if a new literary school is founded, he immediately becomes one of its adherents. At fifty-five he became a cyclist and a follower of Kneipp's cure; he was at first a great admirer of Zola, Flaubert, and De Goncourt; now he admires Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Wagner. In politics he began by being a conservative and a monarchist; now he is almost a socialist. Until a few years ago he was an opponent of spiritualism; now he affirms that spiritualism will open up endless horizons to human thought. He is never afraid of confessing himself in the wrong and of changing his opinion. Yet while so fond of novelty, he has calmly affirmed that man is naturally conservative and has a right to oppose innovation, as if the discoveries of the thinkers were destined to contradict the man.

Lombroso is, in short, a man and a thinker of a most complex and interesting character. If he had lived in the days of Isaiah or Ezekiel his name would have been classed among those of the old Jewish prophets; but as he was born twenty-seven centuries too late, the pessimistic prophet has turned philosopher, for today philosophy and science are the two greatest instruments of moral and social reform. He entered the world with a mission of justice to accomplish, and for forty-five years he has been laboring toward its fulfilment with admirable zeal, never becoming wearied by opposition or illusions—as young at the age of 72 as at 25. He is irritable, violent, passionate. His character lacks the monumental solemnity of purely contemplative minds, like Spinoza, Kant, Goethe, and Spencer, just as his colossal work is wanting in harmony and proportion of outline. On the other hand, not only the thinker but the man himself stands revealed to us in his books, more than is the case with contemplative minds—the man of intense passions, who is pleased and saddened by the same things which please or sadden us, and who, in spite of all defects, is noble and generous.





Drawn by George S. DuBuis

NEW LIFE AT THE OLD TURNPIKE TOLL-GATE  
(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

# ROBERT FULTON IN FRANCE

HE INVENTS AND DESIGNS THE FIRST PARIS PANORAMA,  
AND INVENTS AND DEMONSTRATES THE FIRST  
SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT

BY ALICE CRARY SUTCLIFFE

Great-granddaughter of the Inventor

IN the year 1797, the Earl of Malmesbury went to Lille to propose terms of peace between England and France. During that neutral period, Fulton thought that he saw an opportunity to convey to the world, through the French Directory, his ideas for future tranquillity, which embraced "a Universal betterment of Humanity, through a constructive system of Canals, and a destructive system of Torpedoes." His large views of universal welfare led him to dream of an ultimate invention which should set at naught the oppression of maritime influences. He planned to make the seas and waters open channels to a peaceful intercourse among the nations. To this end, without abandoning his hope of canal structures for the welfare of inland districts, he conceived a submarine contrivance, which he named a "Torpedo," that through tremendous explosive force might destroy the armaments of the seas. The French statesman Carnot, an inflexible republican, formerly Minister of War, was then an executive of the Directory, but after the revolution of 18 Fructidor he was obliged to flee to Germany. Fulton had reason to hope that he would be able to influence Carnot, who was, already, through correspondence, his personal friend.

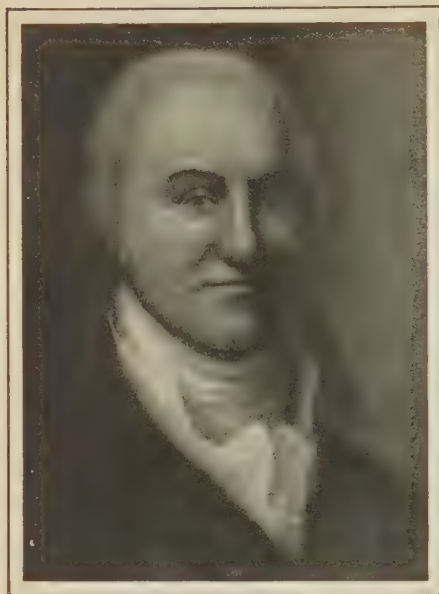
For this purpose, and with the hope of perfecting patents in France for his inventions relating to canals, Robert Fulton journeyed from London to Paris. He called immediately on the poet and diplomat Joel Barlow, to whom he presented credentials, and took up his abode

in the same hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Barlow were living. Later, when the Barlows opened a home of their own, they invited Fulton to join them. A rare friendship between the two men ensued, and for seven years thereafter, Fulton made his home with them. Miss Mifflin, in her "Memoirs of John Ross," refers to Robert Fulton as the private secretary of Joel Barlow during that period. No other mention of such an arrangement appears in any known publication, and it is to be doubted.

During Fulton's sojourn in France, Barlow was not charged with American public duties; but in French politics he identified himself with the Girondist party, and was not without political influence; Robert Fulton shared his political enthusiasm and interest.

Fulton invented the first panorama ever shown in Paris, which was ready to be exhibited about the year 1800. A wealthy American had purchased a large tract of ground in a central position, and had built upon it a row of shops, arranged along two sides of a covered cloister. Upon one section of this property, Fulton suggested the erection of two lofty, circular buildings, and these were constructed for the exhibition of the panorama. The venture attracted great attention and yielded a substantial profit. It was of sufficient importance to suggest the name of the street upon which it was reared, and to this day "Rue des Panorames" serves as a reminder of Fulton's production.

The subject of the panorama, recently discovered upon record in Paris, was



From a painting by Robert Fulton, in the possession of Judge Peter Barlow

JOEL BARLOW

"l'Incendie de Moscow." The scenes depicted were obviously those of one of the early devastations by fire, of which several are recorded in history, and of course not that later famous tragedy of 1812. It is interesting to consider that many of the survivors of Napoleon's army of invasion and retreat may have looked upon the canvases whereon Fulton had depicted earlier scenes of horror and devastation.

Robert Fulton possessed to a remarkable degree the power of concentrated thought. He studied French, Italian, and German, and acquired a proficiency in the three languages. Higher mathematics, physics, chemistry, and perspective also demanded his attention as he progressed in scientific research. It is known that he painted several portraits while in Paris, and one of these, of Joel Barlow, is here reproduced. He mingled with the prominent artists of the day. Houdon, who had visited America with Benjamin Franklin, executed an admirable bust of Robert Fulton, a cast of which may be seen at the National Academy of Design in New York, from which the picture on page 934 has been

taken. The original was shown at the Salon in the Year IX, but its present whereabouts is unknown.

As early as 1793, in a correspondence with the Earl of Stanhope, Fulton showed a desire to investigate the possibilities of steam navigation. Appended to the inaugural address of Mr. John Ward, President of the Institution of Engineers and Ship-Builders in Scotland (1907), is a letter by Robert Fulton to Messrs. Boulton and Watt, Engine-Builders, which affords new and indisputable proof that Fulton was engaged in definite work upon the steamboat invention as early as 1794.

But just at that period canal extension was the main topic of his thought. To this end he addressed letters explanatory of his project to men of distinction in America, France, and England. The following letter to President Washington, written early in the year Fulton went to Paris, is in the archives of the Congressional Library:

*London, Feby. 5th, 1797.*

SIR: Last evening Mr. King presented me with your Letter acquainting me of the Receipt of my publication on Small Canals, which I hope you will Soon have time to Peruse in a tranquil Retirement from the Buisy operations of a Public Life: Therefore Looking forward to that period when the whole force of your Mind will Act upon the Internal improvement of our Country, by Promoting Agriculture and Manufactures: I have little doubt but easy Conveyance, the Great agent to other improvements will have its due Weight And meet Your patronage.

For the mode of Giving easy Communication to every part of the American States, I beg Leave to draw your Particular attention to the Last Chapter on Creative Canals; And the expanded mind will trace down the time when they will penetrate into every district Carrying with them the means of facilitating Manuel Labour and Rendering it productive. But how to Raise a Sum in the different States, has been my Greatest difficulty. I first Considered them as national Works. But perhaps An Incorporated Company of Subscribers, who Should be Bound to apply half or a part of their profits to extension would be the best mode. As it would then be their Interest to Promote the work: *And Guard their emoluments.*

That Such a Work would answer to Subscribers appears from Such Information as I have Collected; Reletive to the Carriage from the Neighborhood of Lancaster, to



Philadelphia. To me it appears that a Canal on the Small Scale might have been made to Lancaster for 120 thousand £ and that the Carriage at 20 Shillings per ton would pay 14 thousand per Annum, of which, 7,000 to Subscribers and 7,000 to extension. By this means in about 10 years they would touch the Susquehanna, and the trade would then so much increase as to produce 30,000 per Annum, of Which 15,000 to Subscribers, the Remainder to extension; Continuing thus till in About 20 Years the Canal would Run into Lake Erie, Yielding a produce of 100,000 per annum or 50 thousand £ to Subscribers, which is 40 per Cent; hence the Inducement to Subscribe to such undertakings.

Proceeding in this manner I find that In about 60 or 70 years Penselvania would have 9360 Miles of Canal, equal to Bringing Water Carriage within the easy Reach of every house, nor would any house be more than 10 or 14 Miles from a Canal: By this time the whole Carriage of the country would Come on Water even to Passengers—and following the present Rate of Carriage on the Lancaster Road, it appears that the tolls would amount to 4,000,000 per year. Yet no one would pay more than 21 shillings and 8d. per ton, whatever might be the distance Conveyed, the whole would also be *poud Canal*, on which there is an equal facility of conveyance each way. Having made this Calculation to Show that the Creative System, would be productive of Great emolument, to Subscribers, It is only further to be observed that if each State was to Commence a Creative System, It would fill the whole Country, and in Less then a Century bring Water Carriage within the easy Cartage of every Acre of the American States,—Conveying the Surplus Labours of one hundred Millions of Men.

Hence Seeing that by System this must be the Result, I feel anxious that the Public mind may be awakened to their true Interest: And Instead of directing Turnpike Roads towards the Interior Country, or expending Large Sums in River navigations—Which must ever be precarious and lead [— —] I Could wish to See the Labour, and funds applied to Such a System As would penetrate the Interior Country And bind the whole In the Bonds of social Intercourse.

The Importance of this Subject I hope will plead my excuse for troubeling you with So Long a Letter, And in expectation of being Favoured with your thoughts on the System and mode of Carrying it into effect, I Remain with the utmost

Esteem and Sincere Respect

Your Most Obedient Servant

*Robt. Fulton.*

HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The foregoing letter offers indisputable proof that Fulton was the first to suggest the Erie Canal. The claim to this priority has been disputed, but the above testimony seems conclusive.

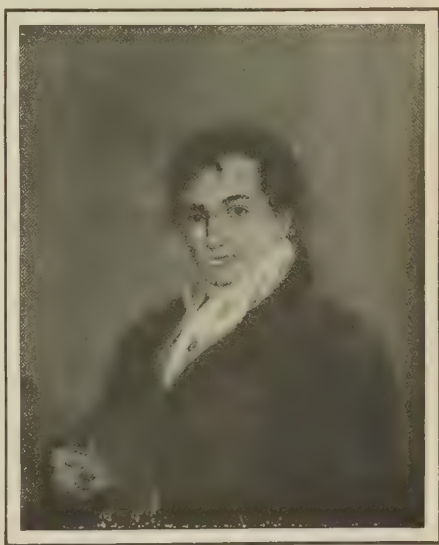
In the Lenox Library may be found the French original of the following letter, which apparently was addressed to Bonaparte shortly before his departure for Egypt.

TO GENERAL BONAPARTE.

Citizen General: Citizen Perier having informed me that you would like to have acquaintance with my Work on the System of Small Canals, I take the liberty of presenting you with a copy and shall be happy if you find therein some means of improving the industries of the French Republic.

To this copy I have added two memoirs which I purpose putting before the eyes of the Directory. One relates to the absolutely new system of Small Canals which if it is adopted, will produce the most considerable portion of the public revenue. In the other I try to show the favorable results of this system and at the same time, the necessity of an entire liberty of Commerce.

These plans of improvement and my reflections upon Commerce, are elaborations of the



From the original painted by himself in 1795, now owned by Mrs. Robert Fulton Blight

ROBERT FULTON

This portrait was purchased from the authorities of Fulton Hall, Lancaster, Penn., by Robert Fulton Blight. It was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, and at the request of the German Consul was copied by Thomas Anschutz for the Postal Museum at Berlin.

following ideas which I regard as the base of political welfare, and which seem to me worthy of the consideration of all republicans, of all friends of humanity: Labor is the source of riches of all kinds; it follows that the more numerous the industrious and use-

tinually to increase the number of useful individuals; and only by eliminating as far as possible the causes of war, will men be enabled to devote themselves to industrious works, and reduce beggary.

Among all the causes of wars, it is true,



BUST OF ROBERT FULTON BY HOUDON

The bust is signed and dated, "Houdon An. XII (1804) R. Fulton, 38 An." From the cast in the National Academy of Design, New York. The location of the original is unknown.

ful class, the more a country should gain in riches and comfort. It is then to the interest of each Nation to draw from its natural advantages every feature possible. To that end Governments must apply themselves above all to domestic improvements and search con-

each day sees disappear that which relates to Kings, Priests, and the things which accompany them. But nevertheless Republics themselves will not be exempt from melancholy quarrels, in as much as they do not separate themselves from the erroneous sys-

tems of exclusive commerce and distant possessions. Therefore, all who love their fellow men should try to search to destroy these errors. Ambition itself should not search for glory further than to show to men the way of truth, and to set aside the obstacles which hinder nations from arriving at a lasting peace,—for what glory can survive that does not receive the sanction of Philosophy?

To liberate the nations, Citizen General, you have executed vast enterprises, and the glory you have achieved should be as durable as time. Who then could render a more efficacious approval of the projects which can contribute to the general welfare? It is with this idea that I submit my work to you, hoping that if you find there some useful truths you will vouchsafe the support of your powerful influence, and in fact, favor projects the execution of which should render more happy millions of men. Could virtuous genius find a more delightful satisfaction? It is from this point of view that interior improvements and liberty of commerce become of the highest importance.

If success crowns the efforts of France against England, it will only remain for her to terminate gloriously this long war by according liberty to commerce and by compelling other powers to adopt this system. Political liberty would thus acquire that degree of perfection and of extent of which it is susceptible, and Philosophy would see with joy the Olive Branch of Eternal Peace sheltering Science and Industry. With salutation and respect,

*Robert Fulton.*

PARIS, 12 FLORÉAL, AN 6

On August 28, 1798, Mr. Joshua Gilpin of London said in a letter to Lord Stanhope: "I hear from France that Mr. Fulton has not yet gone to America; and probably it may be some time before he gets away, as an embargo rests on our vessels; besides which the Government and he are amusing each other (I think however to little purpose) on his new invention of the submarine boat. I fear this will keep him from more useful pursuits." Many of Fulton's friends were doubtful of the value of his ventures. That the rumor of their disapproval reached him is shown by a passage in a letter dated "Paris, November the 20th, 1798," to Mr. Gilpin:

I thank you for . . . Mr Chapman's observations on my system of small canals—which observations I expect will tend to bring the subject to discussion and Render its im-

portance understood. . . . But for the pleasure of Seeing my Canal system stand in its true Light I look to America, and to America I look for the perfecting of all my plans—which plans are not numerous but their Consequences perhaps may be immense on the future improvement and happiness of America. The plan of my *Nautilus* [Fulton's plunging boat] you say is not liked, this must be because its Consequences are not understood. The Idea is yet an Infant, but I think I see in it all the nerve and muscle of an Infant hercules which at one grasp will Strangle the Serpents which poison and Conulse the American Constitution.

Every man who has the least pretension to expanded Reflection and a Knowledge of the interest of nations must admit that a perfect free trade is of the utmost importance, but a free trade or in other words a free Ocean, is particularly Important to America. I would ask anyone if all the American difficulties during this war is not owing to the Naval systems of Europe and a Licensed Robbery on the ocean? how then is America to prevent this? Certainly not by attempting to build a fleet to cope with the fleets of Europe, but if possible by Rendering the European fleets useless. A letter has not Room for much on this head, my Reasons on the Subject shall make their appearance in time, and I hope in manner which will Carry Conviction—From what I have heard, some of my friends fear that I may become an instrument in the hands of party—but of this I believe there is not the least danger. If I know myself I believe I am much governed by my own Contemplations which Contemplations I believe always tend to promote the Interests of Mankind—at least Such is my wish and I Cannot unite with any party or polity nor will I aid them unless I Clearly see that an obstacle between Society and a Lasting peace or improvement Can be Removed.

Remember me with the utmost affection to Mr and Mrs West tell them how much I love them, and wish to imitate their Social Virtues. I am happy Ralph has gone to America where I hope to return early in the Spring.

Remember me also to Mr Cartwright's family, with Regard to his engines I will write him.

Fulton's reference to Mr. Cartwright reminds us that Edmund Cartwright, an English clergyman and graduate of Oxford, had in 1785 obtained the first patent for a power-loom for the weaving of cotton cloth. Two years later he invented a wool-carding machine; and, in 1797, a steam-engine in which alcohol was used.



It is asserted that he "assisted Robert Fulton in his experiments with steam-boats." Joel Barlow also mentions him, in a letter to Fulton in 1802, when, after an interview with Mr. Livingston, he says that he has heard unfavorable reports about Cartwright's engine, and doubts whether it will do for the proposed steamboat. "If you recur to Watts," he adds, "it is probably best to lay it horizontal, his fears with regard to the strain on the boat from the up-and-down stroke are not without foundation."

The letter to Joshua Gilpin, never before published, gives additional proof of Robert Fulton's constancy to his country. Those who have criticized his aim of securing "a lasting peace" by means of a destructive agent, the torpedo-boat, a weapon designed to cause wholesale ruin and devastation, should remember that he was animated by the hope that so powerful an instrument in the hands of a righteous nation would ultimately put an end to all warfare on the seas.

As early as December, 1797, Fulton, aided by Barlow, experimented upon a machine designed to impart motion under water to "carcasses" of gunpowder. An elongated and oval construction was to be forced to a point below water, and, at a calculated time, discharge its fire. The project contained the initial idea of Fulton's subsequent invention of the torpedo-boat, but at that time the test failed to be satisfactory. The name "torpedo," chosen by Fulton for his submarine contrivance, has since been given to all similar machines. Sir Thomas Herbert, the English traveler and author, had written:

The Torpaedo or Cramp Fish came also to our hands, but we were amazed (not knowing that fish but by its quality) when a sudden trembling seized on us; a device it has to beget liberty, by evaporating a cold breath to stupefy such as either touch or hold a thing that touches it.

Fulton's countryman, David Bushnell, a graduate of Yale, during the Revolution had invented a submarine "magazine" which by means of clockwork would explode a case of gunpowder under water; but the attempts to use the device resulted in failure.

After the first failure, with characteristic hopefulness Fulton began immediately to formulate a variety of new experiments. There is no doubt that at this time he valued the torpedo project with more favor than his already conceived idea of steam navigation.

Throughout the summer of 1800, Fulton was at Havre, busily engaged upon experimental work with his torpedoes. Mrs. Joel Barlow, on medical advice, had gone there for the invigoration of the sea air and baths. Mr. Barlow's affairs detained him in Paris, and his letters to his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, are filled with interesting references to Fulton's submarine projects. Fulton made divers tests with his torpedo-boats against the British frigates which hovered along the coast. The situation was filled with suspense, and the utilization of a new weapon of warfare seemed soon to be realized. But the experiments were costly, and Fulton was frequently in need of money for the furtherance of his schemes. From time to time Barlow forwarded drafts, which apparently were the profits from Fulton's panorama, then on exhibition in Paris. These profits were shared by a Mr. Thayer, who had secured an extension to fifteen years of the original ten years' patent granted to Fulton on April 26, 1799. Barlow wrote to his wife, on 29th Thermidor, 1800:

Tell Toot he shall have the \$1000 in a day or two, but Thayer has not paid according to his promise. The pictures go not well,—50 or 60 livres a day for both,—and at this season! But the excessive heat prevents everybody from stirring out, especially upon the Boulevard, and in the day time.

"Toot" was Barlow's pet name for Fulton, possibly suggested by the tooting of the steam-engine with which he was already experimenting.

A few days later Barlow forwarded \$500 through a banking house, and promised more in a day or two.

During that summer Fulton gave every effort to the development and practical demonstration of submarine navigation. His friends, of whom Barlow was chief, were anxious lest he should overtax his strength. With this thought in mind Barlow wrote to his wife on the 13th Fructidor:

Tell Toot that every strain and extraordinary exertion in middle life, and cold, and damp and twisting and wrenching, and unnatural and strained positions that our bodies are exposed to, tend to stiffen the nerves, joints and muscles, and bring on old age prematurely, perhaps sickness or decrepitude; that pains, gouts, rheumatism and death are not things of chance but are physical effects from physical causes; that the machine of his body is better and more worthy his attention than any other machine he can make; that preservation is more useful than creation; and that unless he could create me one in the image of himself he had better preserve his own automaton. Read this lecture to him, or a better one, on the preservation of health and vigor, every morning at breakfast.

The torpedo experiments were attended with danger and under hostile observation. Barlow wrote to his wife 17th Fructidor:

And poor Toot, I suppose, is now gone. I have not believed of late there was much danger in the expedition especially if they don't go over to the enemy's coast. I have certainly seen the day when I would have undertaken it without fear or apprehension of extraordinary risk. I can't say that I am now without uneasiness. I should probably have less if I was in the boat and without bodily pain. But there is really very little to fear. The weather is fine; they are only going along the coast. He is master of all his movements, and it appears to me one of the safest of all hostile enterprises.

The following day he wrote:

I am glad you made such good lectures to the poor boy before he went away. They will be useful to him always, whether there is any danger but fatigue or not. I feel very anxious, but it is rather from the magnitude of the object than from the danger.

Throughout his manœuvres, Fulton recognized the necessity of governmental coöperation. The project in hand was, he believed, for the benefit of the nations of the earth, and not for the furtherance of individual or even of national aggrandizement. His device for submarine gunnery must, if it should prove to be practicable, be guarded by wise laws for the safety of navies. But first it must be practised and proved of value in warfare by some one nation. To that end he hoped to find the Government of France willing to give the system a fair trial.

His first appeal to the Directory was encouraged. With the appeal he forwarded a descriptive letter which defined the advantages of his invention. He described it as a weapon capable of freeing the Republic from all oppressors. The Directory gave him reason to hope that his plan would be received with favor. Day by day he awaited the reply. Barlow added his influence to obtain official sanction for an expedition against the enemy's boats; but there were many rebuffs and few encouragements, as may be inferred from the following letter. On the 19th Fructidor, after a call upon the Minister of the Marine, in Paris, Barlow wrote:

Your letter of the 16th came yesterday about 4 o'clock, too late to see the Minister, and this morning he seems to have got up wrong end foremost. I went to his porter's lodge at 9 o'clock and sent up a letter, concise and clear, explaining the affair and telling him I should wait there for an answer, or for leave to speak to him. The porter returned and said he put the letter into his hands, and he read it and shrugged his shoulders, and when the porter asked him for the answer he said, "*Je ne puis pas, je ne puis pas.*" And that was all he could get out of him; that he seemed to be very busy and vexed about other things. The porter, who was very civil, said it would be useless for me to wait; he was sure I should get no answer today. However, as tomorrow is *de cadé*, I will go again today about 2 o'clock and send up another note, and write you tomorrow my success. I always doubted whether this Government would suffer your expedition to go into effect. It is possible they have reserved to themselves this method to prevent it, always in hope before that your preparatory experiments would fail, or that your funds and patience would be exhausted.

Of this latter contingency there seems to have been little likelihood. The patience of Fulton was inexhaustible. It is marked and emphasized at every period of his busy life. Barlow mentions a further manifestation of Fulton's characteristic courage, and his charity in dealing with unsympathetic officials, in his next letter, written on the 20th Fructidor:

TOOT: I went to the Marine again yesterday at 3 o'clock and sent up a written request for an answer to my letter of the morning. The Minister referred me to Forestier, who, he said, had orders to attend to this affair.

I went to Forestier's bureau: his adjoint told me that the business was done; that the orders were sent that day by post to the prefect of the Marine at Havre to deliver you the commission and dispense with the caution. Thus if you can rely on a class of men on whom I have learned long ago not to rely at all, the business is done.

But if there is any more difficulty, which is altogether probable, explain it to me, and I will go to Forfait [Secretary of the Commission] with pleasure to get it removed. . . . Your old idea that these fellows are to be considered parts of the machine, and that you must have as much patience with them as with a piece of wood or brass, is an excellent maxim. It bears up my courage wonderfully every time I think of it, and makes me a better part of the machine than I should otherwise be. I have told it to several persons, who say it is a maxim to be quoted as a mark of a great mind. I will take care that it shall not be forgotten by the writer of your life, who, I hope is not born yet.

The commission had been appointed by the Minister of the Marine during the preceding year (1799), and the reply sent by Fulton is here printed for the first time in America, if not in all the world. The original manuscript, written in French, is the only Fulton document preserved in the British Museum, and a translation is herewith reproduced by permission. It conclusively proves that Fulton had received very definite encouragement from the Government of France, and it emphasizes the inventor's desire, dominating his enthusiasm throughout all his experiments, that an eternal peace would result from his warlike machine:

CITIZEN DIRECTOR: From the report of the Commissioner named by the Minister of the Marine, it would seem that the machine and the means by which I have proposed to destroy the English Fleet, are pronounced to be practicable, — Permit me then to recall to your consideration the consequences which should result from the success of this enterprise. The enormous commerce of England, no less than its monstrous government, depends upon its military marine. However if their vessels of war are destroyed by means so novel, so hidden and so incalculable, the confidence of the sailors will be destroyed, and the fleet rendered useless in the first moment of its terror. In such a state of affairs the Republicans in England would rise to facilitate a descent of the French, or would change their government of themselves without shedding much blood and without

any expense to France. With England Republicanized, the seas will be free. The liberty of the seas would become a guarantee of perpetual peace to all maritime nations.

By such a peace France will gain more than any other nation, because of her great population and the immensity of her resources. Only then will humanity perceive, how priceless are the principles for which the French have expended prodigies of their blood, in all their miracles of bravery.

If at first glance, the means I propose seem revolting, it is only because they are extraordinary. They are anything but inhuman; it is certainly the most peaceful and least bloody mode that the philosopher could imagine to overturn the system of plunder and of perpetual war, which has always vexed the maritime nations: To give, at last, peace to the earth, and to restore men to their natural industries, and to a happiness, until now, unknown. I salute you with respect,

Robert Fulton.

6 BRUMAIRE, AN 7.

Epistolary skirmishes between the parties to this transaction were almost as numerous as between the two warring nations. All of the correspondence is not now to be had, but the part that has been preserved reveals for the first time the actual details of the agreement relative to the *Nautilus*, the first submarine torpedo-boat. It was built during the latter part of 1800, and throughout the succeeding summer Fulton was at Brest, where the superb harbor, the finest on the coast of France, gave him the right opportunity for experiment. On the 8th Ventôse (February 28, 1801) Fulton had received authoritative word from Napoleon, through the Secretary of the Port, to send his torpedo-boat against the English fleet. After considering the matter four days, Fulton accepted the proposition and agreed to the terms of the contract. The following letter, found among Fulton's family papers, is here published for the first time:

1ST DIVISION  
BUREAU OF THE PORT.

Paris, 7th Germinal,  
the 9th year of the One  
and Indivisible Republic.  
The Minister of the Marines and Colonies.

To Monsieur Robert Fulton,  
Rue de Vaugirard No. 50, Paris.

I announced to you, Sir, on the 8th of Ventôse, that the First Consul had authorized



me to accept your proposition relative to the *Nautilus*. You will have seen by that letter that you will, as a consequence, be credited with the sum of 10,000 francs to repair this Machine, construct the auxiliaries, and to convey, at your own expense, the *Nautilus* to Brest.

It has been decreed that you will be allowed for the destruction of the Enemy's boats, according to their strength, as follows:

400,000 francs for those of more than 30 cannon.

200,000 francs for those of more than 20 cannon up to 30 cannon.

150,000 francs for those of from 12 to 20 cannon.

60,000 francs for those of 10 cannon.

This force is the minimum, below which you will have no power to return claim.

By your letter of the 12th Ventôse, you declare your acceptance of these conditions, and I give the order to put to your account the sum of 10,000 francs, by means of which you must put in order the armor, the equipment and the expedition of the *Nautilus*.

There exist several means of determining in an authentic manner the destruction of the enemy's boats. The attestations, the declarations, and the interrogations put in legal form by competent authorities, will serve you as title to reclaim the payment of the sums which may ultimately be due you.

The navigation which you are about to undertake being absolutely different from others, also the style of war which the *Nautilus* is destined to make upon the enemy, it is not possible to indicate in advance a fixed method of affirming the truth of the facts. But it will be supplied by the information of the Commissary of the Government of England, and to the Maritime Prefects, every time it becomes necessary.

(Signed) *Forfait.*

Fulton's continued appeal to Napoleon led to the appointment of a commission to examine the plans for submarine navigation, and to provide funds for the furtherance of the work of necessary construction. Napoleon desired, at the conclusion of the experiments, personally to view the plunging boat; but arrangements at the time being incomplete, a view of the apparatus was not granted. Fulton explains the reason for his refusal to grant an exhibition of his drawings to a committee of engineers, in a letter printed below. The Citizens Monge, La Place, and Volney were prominent members of the National Institute, and Napoleon had taken care to select the three men whose

judgment could best be relied on. Gaspard Monge, mathematician, had served as Minister of the Marine during two years, and later founded the Polytechnic School of Paris. Pierre-Simon de Laplace, astronomer, had held the position of professor of mathematics in the École Militaire, and was later vice-president of the senate. And Count Volney, a famous French scholar and author, whose travels had brought him to America, was a member of the constituent assembly. It was these three men who held the power of judgment over the newly devised weapon.

Among Fulton's papers were found two letters addressed to this commission. Both are of unique interest, the first because it shows Fulton's personal reasons for guarding his invention with all care, the second because of its detailed recital of his various experiments with dates and subsequent consequences. These are here given to the public for the first time:

"PARIS, the 3d Complimentary Day,  
An 9.

"Robert Fulton to the Citizens Monge, La Place, and Volney, Members of the National Institute and Commissioners appointed by the First Consul to promote the Invention of Submarine Navigation.

"CITIZENS: This morning I received yours of the 2nd Compl. As to the expense of a plunging Boat, I believe when constructed in the best manner with every improvement which experience has pointed out, She cannot cost more than 80,000 Livers. The Bombs Submarine may be estimated at 80 Livers each, on an average independent of the powder.

"I am sorry that I had not earlier information of the [first] Consul's desire to see the Plunging Boat. When I finished my experiments, She leaked very much and being but an imperfect engine, I did not think her further useful,—hence I took Her to pieces, Sold Her Iron work lead and cylinders and was necessitated to break the greater part of her movements in taking them to pieces. So that nothing now remains which can give an Idea of her combination; but even had She been complete I do not think She could have been brought round to Paris. You will be so good as to excuse

me to the Premier Consul, when I refuse to exhibit my drawings to a Committee of Engineers. For this I have two reasons; the first is not to put it in the power of anyone to explain the principles or movements lest they should pass from one to another till the enemy obtained information: the Second is that I consider this Invention as my private property, the perfectionment of which will give to France incalculable advantages over her most powerful and active enemy; and which Invention, I conceive, ought to secure to me an ample Independence. That consequently the Government should stipulate certain terms with me Before I proceed to further explanation. The First Consul is too just, and you know me too well, to construe this into an avaricious disposition in me. I have now laboured 3 years and at considerable expense to prove my experiments. And I find that a man who wishes to Cultivate the useful Arts, cannot make rapid Progress without sufficient funds to put his succession of Ideas to immediate proof; and which sufficiency I conceive this invention should secure to me. You have intimated that the movements and combination of so interesting an engine should be confided to trusty persons, lest any accident should happen to me. This precaution I took previous to my departure from Paris for my last experiments, by placing correct Drawings of the Machine and every movement with their descriptions, in the hands of a friend; so that any engineer capable of constructing a Steam engine, could make the plunging Boat and Carcasses or Bombs.

"You will therefore be so good as to beg of the First Consul to permit you to treat with me on the business. And on this point I hope there will not be much difficulty. Health and sincere respect,

"ROBERT FULTON."

"PARIS, the 22d Fructidore, An 9.

"Robert Fulton to the Citizens Monge, La Place, and Volney, Members of the National Institute, and Commissioners appointed by the first Consul to promote the invention of Submarine Navigation.

"CITIZENS: Yesterday on my return from brest I received your note and will

with pleasure communicate to you the result of my experiments, during the summer, also the mode which I conceive the most effectual for using my invention against the enemy. Before I left Paris I informed you that my plunging boat had many imperfections, natural to the first machine of so difficult a combination added to this I found she had been much Injured by the rust during the winter in consequence of having in many places used Iron bolts and arbores instead of copper or brass. The reparation of these defects and the difficulty of finding workmen consumed near two months, and although the machine remained still extremely imperfect, yet She has answered to prove every necessary experiment in the most satisfactory manner.

"On the 3rd of thermidor I commenced my experiments by plunging to the depth of 5 then 10 then 15 and so on, to 25 feet, but not to a greater depth than 25 feet as I did not conceive the Machine sufficiently strong to bear the pressure of a greater column of water. At this depth I remained one hour with my three companions and two candles burning without experiencing the least inconvenience.

"Previous to my leaving Paris I gave to the C[itizen]n Queyton, Member of the Institute, a calculation on the number of cube feet in my boat which is about 212. In such a volume of air he calculated there would be sufficient Oxygen to nourish 4 men and two small candles 3 hours. Seeing that it would be of great improvement to dispense with the candles, I constructed a small window in the upper part of the boat near the bow, which window is only one inch and a half diameter, and of glass nine lines thick. With this prepared, I descended on the 5th of Thermidor, to the depth of between 24 and 25 feet at which depth I had sufficient light to count the minutes on the watch. Hence I conclude that 3 or 4 such windows arranged in different parts of the boat, would give sufficient light for any operation during the day. Each window may be guarded by a valve in such a manner that should the glass break, the valve would immediately shut and stop out the water. Finding that I had air and light sufficient, and that I could plunge and Rise perpendicular with

facility, on the 7th Ther. I commenced the experiments on her movements. At ten in the morning I raised her anchor and hoisted her sails, which are a main sail and Gib, the breeze being light I could not at the utmost make more than about two-thirds of a league per hour. I tacked and re-tacked, tried her before and by the wind, and in all these operations found her to Answer the helm and act like a common dull sailing boat. After exercising thus about an hour, I lowered the mast and Sails and commenced the operation of Plunging. This required about two Minutes. I then placed two men at the engine which gives the Rectilinear motion, and one at the helm, while I governed the machine which keeps her balanced two waters. With the bathometer before me and with one hand, I found I could keep her at any depth I thought proper. The men then commenced their movement and continued about 7 minutes when, mounting to the surface, I found we had gained 400 metres. I again plunged, turned her round under water and returned to near the same Place. I again plunged and tried her movements to the right and left, in all of which the helm answered and the compass acted the same as if on the surface of the water. Having continued these experiments the 8, 9, 10 and 12th, until I became familiar with the movements and confident in their operation, I turned my thoughts to increasing or preserving the Air. For this purpose the Cn. Queyton advised to precipitate the carbonic acid with lime, or to take with me bottles of Oxygen which might be uncorked as need required: but as any considerable quantity of bottles would take up too much room, and as Oxygen could not be created at sea without a chemical operation which would be very inconvenient, I adopted a mode which occurred to me 18 months ago, which is a simple globe or bomb of copper capable of containing one cube foot to [*the paper is here torn*] a pneumatic pump by means of which pump 200 atmospheres or 200 cube feet of common air may be forced into the Bomb, consequently the Bomb or reservoir will contain as much oxygen or vital air as 200 cube feet of common respirable Air. Hence if according to the Ch. Queyton's calculation 212 feet

which is the volume of the boat, will nourish 4 men and two small candles 3 hours, this additional reservoir will give sufficient for 6 hours. This reservoir is constructed with a measure and two cocks So as to let measures of Air into the Boat as need may require. Previous to my leaving Paris I gave orders for this machine but it did not arrive till the 18th of Thermidor. On the 19th I ordered 2 men to fill it, which was an operation of about one hour. I then put It into the boat, and with my three companions, but without candles, plunged to the depth of about five feet. At the expiration of one hour and 40 minutes I began to let off measures of air from the reservoir and so on from time to time for 4 hours 20 minutes, without experiencing any inconvenience. Having thus succeeded

"To sail like a common boat.

"To obtain air and light.

"To plunge and Rise perpendicular.

"To turn to the right and left at pleasure.

"To steer by the compass under water.

"To renew the Common Volume of air with facility.

"And to augment the respirable air by a reservoir which may be obtained at all times.

"I conceived every experiment of importance to be proved in the most satisfactory manner. Hence I quit the experiments on the Boat to try those of the Bomb Submarine. It is this Bomb which is the Engine of destruction, the plunging boat is only for the purpose of conveying the Bomb to where it may be used to advantage. They are constructed of Copper and of different sizes to contain from 10 to 200 pounds of powder. Each bomb is arranged with a Gun lock in such a manner that if it strikes a vessel or the Vessel runs against it, the explosion will take place and the bottom of the vessel be blown in or so shattered as to ensure her destruction. To prove this experiment, the Prefect Maritime and Admiral Villaret ordered a small Sloop of about 40 feet long to be anchored in the Road, on the 23rd of Thermidor. With a bomb containing about 20 pounds of powder I advanced to within about 200 Metres, then taking my direction so as to pass near the Sloop, I struck her with the bomb in my passage. The explosion



took place and the sloop was torn into atoms, in fact, nothing was left but the buye [buoy] and cable. And the concussion was so great that a column of Water, Smoke and fibres of the Sloop were cast from 80 to 100 feet in Air. This simple Experiment at once proved the effect of the Bomb Submarine to the satisfaction of all the Spectators. Of this Experiment you will see Admiral Villaret's description in a letter to the Minister of Marine.

"Having given you a short Sketch of the Succession of my Experiments, the mode of using these inventions against the enemy is now to be considered. On this Point, time and experience will make numerous improvements, As in all other new inventions and discover modes of operation which could not possibly occur to me. When powder was invented, its infinite applications were not thought of, nor did the Inventors of the Steam Engine conceive the numerous purposes to which I[t] could be applied. In like manner it is impossible at present to see the various modes, or the best method of using a plunging boat or the Bomb Submarine. But as far as I have reflected on this point, I conceive the best operation to be as follows:

#### First.

"To construct one or two good plunging boats each 36 feet long and 12 feet wide. Boats of this capacity would be sufficient to contain 6 men and air for 8 hours. With provisions for [*here the paper is torn*] days and transport from 25 to 30 Bombs at a time. Their cylinders should be Brass and of a strength to admit of descending 60 or 80 feet under water in case of need. And they may be constructed to sail from 5 to 7 miles an hour; Hence it may be well to observe that Quick sailing is not one of the most important considerations in this invention. If such a boat is pursued, she plunges under water, and as She can remain under Water from 4 to 8 hours and make at least one Mile per hour, She could rise Several miles from the place where she plunged to renew her air. Thus the enemies ports could be approached And particularly under the cover of the Night. Nor do I at present see that any possible vigilance could pre-

vent these invisible engines entering their ports and returning at pleasure.

#### Second.

"Let there be also some hundreds of Bombs Submarine constructed of which there are two sorts,—one arranged with clockwork in such a manner as to go off at any given period, from 4 minutes to 4 hours. The other with a Gun lock as before mentioned, so as to go off when it strikes against a vessel or when a vessel runs against it. Each of these carcasses is arranged so as to float from 4 to 15 feet under water in proportion to the water which the Vessels to be attacked, draws. And in this there are two advantages, the first is that the bomb is invisible,—the second is that when the explosion takes place under water, the pressure of the column of water to be removed forces the whole action of the powder against the vessel: It was the resistance of the water which caused the sloop on which I proved the experiment, to be reduced to atoms: for water, when struck quick, such as the stroke of a cannon ball or the expansion of powder, acts like a Solid; and hence the whole force was spent on the Sloop, or rather passed through the sloop in finding its passage to the air by the perpendicular and shortest line of resistance. The same effect would no doubt be produced on a vessel of any dimensions by applying a proportionate quantity of powder, such as 2, 3 or 4 hundred weight.

"Therefore being prepared with plunging boats and Bombs Submarine, let the business of the boats be to go with cargos of bombs and let them loose with the current into the harbours of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Torquay or else where. Those with their grapplings floating under water could not be perceived. Some would hook in the cables, bow or stern, or touch in their passage: many, no doubt, would miss but some would hit, go off and destroy the vessels they touched. One or more vessels destroyed in a Port by such invisible agents would render it too dangerous to admit of any vessel remaining. And thus the enemy may at all times be attacked in their own Ports, and by a means at once cheap, simple, and I conceive, certain in its operation.



CARICATURE OF FULTON'S SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT ON AN  
AMERICAN HAND-BILL OF THE YEAR 1811

This hand-bill, the only copy now known to exist, was preserved by Robert Fulton's  
sister, and is owned by Mrs. Robert Fulton Blight.

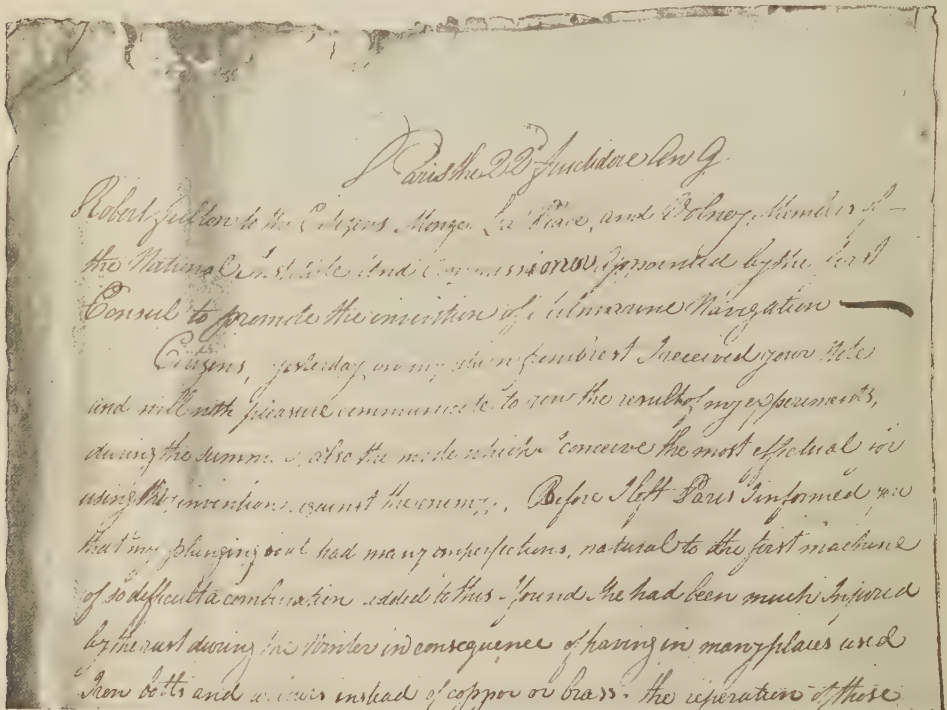
"Another mode would be to go with cargoes of bombs and anchor them in the entrance of rivers so as to cut off or blockade the commerce. 2 or 3 hundred, for example, anchored in the Thames or the Channels leading to the Thames would completely destroy the commerce of that river and reduce London and the Cabinet of St James to any terms. No pilot could steer clear of such hidden dangers,—no one dare to raise them even if hooked by grapplings, as they could not tell the moment they might touch the Secret Spring which would cause the explosion and destruction of everything around them. No vessel could pass without the utmost danger of running on one of them and Her instant destruction. If this measure should ever become necessary some Vessels will most certainly be destroyed and their destruction alarm the whole commerce of the Thames. By this means the Thames may be blockaded and the trade of London completely stopped,—nor can the combined fleets of England prevent this kind of attack. And this is

perhaps the most simple and certain means of convincing England that Science can put her in the power of France and of compelling Her to become a humble pleader for the liberty of the seas, which She now denies to her neighbors.

"I therefore conceive that it will be good policy to commence as soon as possible the construction of the boats and bombs. If they can be finished before the arrival of Peace their effects may be proved during this War. Should Peace be concluded before they are finished the experiments can be continued. Men can be exercised in the use of the engines. And it is possible in a few years England will see it Her best policy never to give France reason to exercise this invention against her. If England cannot prevent the blockade of the Thames by the means of plunging boats and Bombs Submarine, of what use will be to her her boasted Navy? The free navigation of the Thames nourishes the immense commerce of London, and the commerce of London is the Nerve and Vitals of the Cabinet

of St James. Convince England that you have the means of stopping that source of riches, and she must submit to your terms. Thus, Citizens, I have presented you with a short account of my experiments and Plan for using this invention against the Enemy, hoping that under your protection it will be carried to perfection and practised to promote

France withheld from Fulton a full knowledge of their satisfaction: perhaps they did not feel well disposed toward the adoption of such destructive weapons; possibly it was difficult to convince the sailors who would have to man the new boats that the project was one which justified the apparent danger. Mr. C. Harrison Suplee, Editor of "Cassier's



FACSIMILE OF A PART OF THE FIRST PAGE OF FULTON'S LETTER, ON  
PAGE 940, TO THE CITIZENS MONGE, LA PLACE, AND VOLNEY

The original manuscript is owned by the estate of Cornelia Livingston Cray, daughter of Robert Fulton.

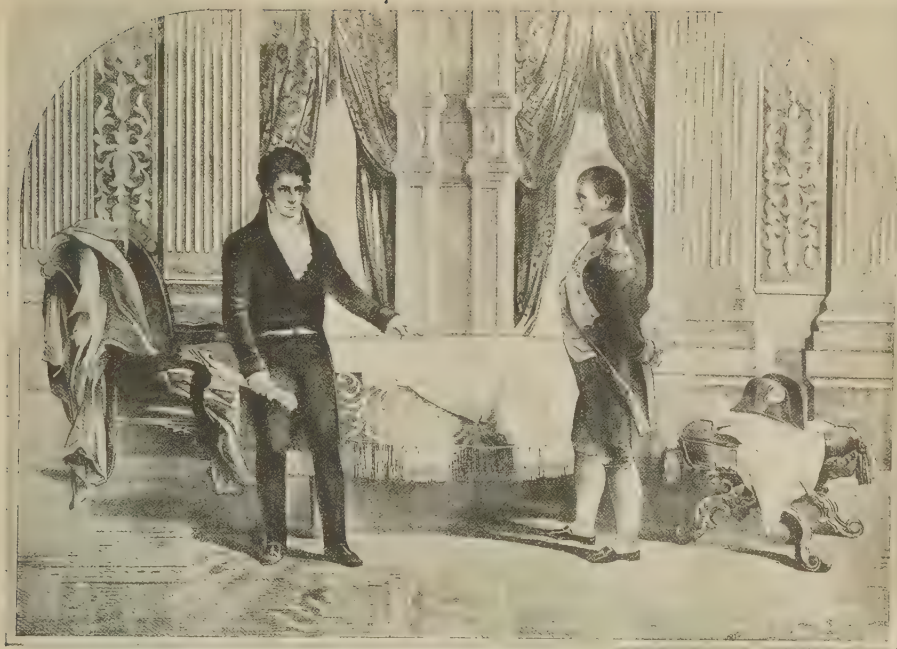
the Liberty of the Seas. Health and Sincere Respect.

"ROBERT FULTON."

The demonstration of the destruction of the sloop during the month of August, 1801, was attested by numerous spectators, and was described by Admiral Villaret, sometime Commander of the Fleet, in a letter to the Minister of the Marine. It was considered a success, and established without doubt in the mind of the multitude of spectators, the facts which Fulton had essayed to prove. Nevertheless, as time went on, the officials of

"Magazine," in a recent article suggests that it was upon a final requirement that Fulton included in his terms,—although it is not here noted in Forfait's reply,—that he and his men be officially recognized, and might receive protection which would be accorded to Frenchmen, should they chance, in the fulfilment of their warring enterprises, to fall into the hands of the enemy. Fulton spent an unsuccessful summer in reconnoitering the coast, and apparently received no pecuniary reward for his dangerous labor, for he failed to overtake an English ship.





AN AMERICAN LITHOGRAPH ENTITLED, "FULTON AND NAPOLEON IN 1804"

Below the above title is printed the following: "Robert Fulton, Inventor of Steam Navigation, exhibiting his plans to Napoleon Bonaparte, 'Great Man,' says Fulton, 'if you will give me your support to put these plans into execution, you can have the largest and most powerful Navy in the world.' This invention, however, appeared so extraordinary to Napoleon at the time that he could not conceive it practicable; yet, from the forcible impression it made upon his mind, he deemed it expedient to lay the particulars before the Academy of Sciences in Paris for their serious consideration. The following was the reply of the Academy of Sciences to Napoleon, 'Sire, we have effectively found a motive power in steam, but of a nature comparatively so feeble that a child's toy could hardly be put in motion by it.' Such was the reply of these sapient Academicians. Nor was it again until Napoleon beheld from St. Helena a steamship that he remembered the words of Fulton, and perceived how grossly the Academy of Sciences had been mistaken."

The above indicates that the lithograph (made in Philadelphia) was executed after the death of Napoleon in 1821. Fulton died four months before the battle of Waterloo. This picture, from the only copy known, is owned by Mrs. H. H. Cammann.

Fulton continued his experiments with boats, upon and beneath the water, during the remainder of his stay in France. He openly demonstrated the principles of his inventions, and vainly offered them to the French Government. If Napoleon had been favorable to them, the history of Europe might have been changed. But Napoleon's scientific counselors had pronounced Fulton "a visionary" and his invention "a mad scheme" and "simple absurdity."

English statesmen were not unacquainted with the development of Fulton's plans, and Lord Stanhope delivered to the House of Lords a message of warning. Barlow wrote to Fulton to acquaint him of the discussion, which terminated in September, 1803, in an invitation from the British Government to Fulton to display his torpedo contrivance. His note-book contains this entry:

I agreed on certain conditions and Mr. Smith set off for London to give in my terms. I then met him in Amsterdam in December with the reply, which not being satisfactory, he returned to London with other proposals and I went on to Paris.

The following March Mr. Smith returned with a letter from Lord Hawkesbury. It contained a more satisfactory proposition, and Fulton left Paris on April 29, 1804, and reached London on the 19th of May. The next two years were spent in vainly seeking to introduce his inventions in England, and at the end of that time, baffled and disappointed, Fulton returned to his own country, where, until his death, in 1815, he continued his experiments with torpedoes, in connection with his immortal work of establishing the success of steam navigation.

# EXPERIENCES OF A NAVAL ATTACHÉ

A BOLD RAID FOR INFORMATION AT RIO JANEIRO—A  
THEORY AS TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE *MAIVE* IN  
THE HARBOR OF HAVANA—A RECEPTION AT THE  
ROYAL PALACE IN ROME—AN ANECDOTE OF THE  
LATE SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT—AN  
INTERVIEW WITH EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH

BY COMMODORE W. H. BEEHLER, U. S. N.

AFTER the war with Spain I had the honor of being appointed Naval Attaché to the United States embassies at Berlin and Rome and the legation at Vienna. The appointment was signed by John Hay, Secretary of State, upon the recommendation of John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, who directed that I should proceed to Rome and relieve Commander F. M. Barber, who was on the retired list and who had requested to be relieved.

This appointment did not prescribe the duties I should perform, but merely that I should at all times consider myself under the direct orders of the United States Ambassadors in Berlin and Rome and the Minister Envoy at Vienna. I was verbally instructed to use my own judgment and collect such information abroad as I might deem of value to the United States naval service. From time to time I received definite orders to ascertain particular facts and to make certain purchases, but the bulk of the work depended entirely upon what I deemed necessary, previous years of service as a staff intelligence officer having qualified me for collecting the kind of information that was most wanted in the Navy Department to keep pace with naval progress.

Captain Mahan in his great work, "Influence of Sea Power," has enlightened the world upon the important "mis-

sion" of the navy. Before this work became well known, the important influence of sea power was not realized by Americans, nor even fully appreciated by the English, who owe their prestige as a world power entirely to the British navy. All the world has come to acknowledge the preponderating influence of sea power upon history and its absolute necessity for the maintenance of the peace and prestige of the nation.

The peculiar duties of a naval attaché are performed under the general direction of the Chief Intelligence Officer of the navy, to whom the attaché sends his reports to be filed for use by the Secretary of the Navy and the bureaus of the Navy Department. The duty is chiefly to collect naval information abroad, the importance of which can be fully realized only by considering the rapid progress in all details of naval affairs.

I had the honor of being one of the first intelligence officers appointed. I was then in the United States flagship *Brooklyn* at Rio Janeiro. An elaborate series of printed questions were sent with the appointment. These questions covered every conceivable modern feature in the construction, armament, and equipment of war-ships, torpedo-boats, and auxiliary vessels; besides elaborate queries concerning the defenses, facilities, resources, armaments, communications, etc., of the

ports visited, together with questions on all the naval and military establishments, schools, barracks, and hospitals of the ports and countries.

The information required seemed almost like taking a census of the naval and military resources of the country, and the instructions required that every reply to the queries should be accompanied with the authority for the reply. Intelligence officers were required to state whether the information was obtained from their own personal observations, hearsay, official publications, or newspaper reports; and the reliability of statements in the reports was thereby clearly shown upon the face of the report. As to how to obtain the data the instructions were silent, and no funds were available wherewith to purchase publications or to defray expenses incurred in going about to ascertain the facts.

I consulted with the admiral as to how I should proceed to obtain permission to inspect the Brazilian forts and ships, and he said to do as I saw fit. The use of diplomatic channels at that time would have been misunderstood, and it was feared that a direct request through the United States minister might fail and prevent any open and above-board investigation.

Having authority to proceed in my way, I went to the arsenal in uniform with a conspicuously large note-book, and, returning the salute of the Brazilian sentry at the gate, I deliberately began to investigate a pile of shot and examine stands of arms in the park, and make entries in the note-book under the observation of a distant group of officers, who were evidently astonished at this peculiar conduct by a foreign officer in uniform. As I took no special notice of these officers, one of them finally came up and, after passing the usual greetings, apologized for interrupting me and said he was curious to know what I was doing. I said I was taking an inventory of their arms and ammunition to make a report of their supplies to my government. After recovering from his amazement at this bold statement he said, "But that is not permitted." I replied that there was no notice forbidding it and I would be very much obliged, in case he could not permit me to proceed, if he would inform

me what steps to take to obtain the necessary permission. He said he never had heard of such a request and did not think any one would be allowed to do what I wanted unless the Minister of War should authorize it. I then turned to leave, and informed him that I would go to see the Minister of War.

At the War Office I was courteously received by the minister, who was as much astonished at my request as was the arsenal officer. He said, "My dear sir, I should be very glad to gratify your wishes, but indeed I never heard of a foreign officer requesting permission to inspect all the forts and arsenals of a country." As the conversation was in French, he said, "I fear I have not correctly understood you." I said I thought he had gathered the idea, and that I had orders to make a complete intelligence report on all the defenses and naval and military resources of the port of Rio Janeiro, and that I should be very grateful if he would facilitate me in doing so. The minister seemed perplexed, as he was undoubtedly anxious to gratify me and could not understand such an unprecedented wish. Finally he asked me to make the request in writing that he might see if he could grant it.

I reported my straightforward proceeding to the admiral and asked him to indorse the written request. This he declined, as it was evident the minister would grant the request if he could do so, and his refusal would embarrass both the admiral and the minister; whereas the minister could either refuse or grant the personal request of a lieutenant in the navy without any diplomatic consequences. In my written request I stated that I personally desired to inspect the forts, arsenals, etc., of Rio Janeiro as a student of naval and military science, and I carefully enumerated all the military establishments of the port. I incidentally stated that whenever Brazilian ships of war visited the United States, their officers were invariably invited to inspect the United States naval and military establishments, and I assured his excellency that his courtesy would be appreciated and reciprocated by my government.

I delivered the letter in person and at the same time took one of similar import to the Minister of Marine. Replies were



received promptly, granting both requests with a cordial note from the War Minister, stating that the best facilities would be afforded if I would give timely notice, a day or two in advance, when I would visit any particular fort or military establishment. Every facility was granted, and in the course of the following two months I visited every one of the military and naval establishments in Rio Janeiro, including all the ships, torpedo stations, and boats, as well as the schools and dockyards. At that time the United States Navy did not possess a single torpedo-boat, while Brazil had a large flotilla of both Thornycroft and Yarrow torpedo-boats, built in England, of the latest design, and which had made the voyage out from England. The Brazilian naval officers facilitated the inspections and often anticipated my wishes to the extent of even sending a Thornycroft torpedo-boat alongside the *Brooklyn*, in which I went out and manœuvered, and from which I fired a torpedo that destroyed a floating barrel used as a target. Such courtesy afforded facilities for collecting data for a valuable report, besides furnishing many facts not contemplated in the list of questions that were required to be answered.

Similar reports were made by intelligence officers in other ships in all parts of the world, so that the Office of Naval Intelligence soon contained valuable files in every department of naval and military science of the countries of the world, such data having been collected largely without expense and always without resorting to underhand means. An intelligence officer is not required to play the part of a spy. He is to collect all the information that may be freely given, and in case any government should see fit to restrict his investigations, he must confine himself to those which may be permitted.

The tendency to reciprocate in giving information is growing, and naval and military attachés in different countries are often furnished with valuable confidential information, provided that their governments will reciprocate and give information as to their methods, etc., of accomplishing the same object. The cost of manufactured articles depends largely upon the quantity made, and governments find it economical to encourage makers

of such articles exclusively used by the naval or military forces to sell abroad to foreigners that the quantities made may reduce the cost of that which is needed for the country's own service. Armor-plate when made in large quantities is much cheaper per ton than when a small quantity is manufactured at a time.

Modern inventive genius has brought weapons and war material to such a stage of perfection that we have almost come to realize the prediction of ancient writers on international law, Puffendorf, Grotius, and others, that modern inventions will make war so terrible that no nation will dare to indulge in it against a well-prepared foe.

FEBRUARY 4, 1899, in obedience to orders, I sailed in the North German Lloyd steamer *Aller* from New York for Naples via Gibraltar and Genoa. While a passenger in this steamer I made notes on the efficiency and suitability of the ship for naval service as either an auxiliary cruiser, transport, collier, supply-ship, scout, or troop-ship, blank forms for such reports being issued by the Office of Naval Intelligence for Intelligence reports on merchant steamers.

The American Ambassador to Italy at that time was General W. F. Draper. He resided with his hospitable wife in the Pimmino Palace, where he entertained magnificently. The naval attaché has a comfortable office in the suite of rooms in the embassy, where my predecessor kindly gave me all the details of the office work, the names, and especially the rank and title of officers, and firms with whom to deal, and lists of my colleagues, the foreign naval and military attachés, and facts about the diplomatic corps as to social duties and obligations. We then made an official call upon the Italian Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Palumbo, in full-dress uniform. My predecessor introduced me, and the minister kindly informed me that he would be happy to be of any service, and in reply to the request to be allowed to visit the Italian naval establishments, he said that he would be most happy to afford every facility after I had seen his Majesty the King.

I formally took charge of the office the next day, and my predecessor left for

Sicily that afternoon. Our Ambassador, General Draper, thereupon wrote to the Foreign Office announcing my arrival and requesting an audience for me with the king. A reply was received the next day, informing the ambassador that his Majesty King Humbert would receive the new American naval attaché after the military dinner at the Quirinal, an invitation to which accompanied the note.

This dinner was one of the usual series of military entertainments given by their Majesties, the King and Queen. The guests were chiefly naval and military officers, foreign attachés, members of the Italian Cabinet, and the usual officers of the court. The ambassadors, ministers, and other civilian members of the diplomatic corps are not invited. Queen Margherita was attended by three ladies in waiting.

This dinner in the Quirinal Palace was a beautiful and most brilliant scene. Their Majesties sat side by side in the center of a long table, two of the ladies on the opposite side. There were about sixty persons at the table. The foreign officers were distributed between admirals and generals opposite their Majesties. The table decorations were tastefully arranged, and the service was royal in every respect. The menu was dainty, eight or nine courses served with precision and celerity. The elaborately decorated porcelain made it appetizing, and the choicest wines were served during the dinner. The officers near me were much interested to learn of my experience in the Spanish-American War. In this war I was the executive of the cruiser *Montgomery*, which, besides participating in the bombardment of San Juan, Porto Rico, captured several Spanish ships, chased gunboats up rivers, and served chiefly on the blockade of Havana. The officers were most interested in my opinion of the destruction of the *Maine*. They claimed that the ship was blown up by the spontaneous explosion of high explosives in the magazine. I told them that the *Maine* had had no smokeless powder on board, that I had gone into Havana in the *Montgomery* after the destruction of the *Maine* to give quarters to the surviving officers and men during the investigation of the wreck by the court of inquiry, of which Captain Samp-

son was president. I reminded them that this court had made a thorough investigation and decided that the ship was destroyed by a submarine mine under the ship.

This led me to an elaborate statement of my theory of the catastrophe, as follows: The *Maine* was destroyed by the explosion of a mine, and this mine was probably an improvised affair, a wine-cask with about two hundred pounds of ordinary gunpowder and buoyant, fitted with any kind of a mechanical contact fuse, a bottle of sulphuric or other strong acid, arranged so that when struck by a vessel the acid would ignite and explode the mine. This cask could have been fitted with a chain and anchor so that the mine would float ten feet above the bottom and twenty feet below the surface of the water. I believe that doubtless such a mine had been placed about thirty feet ahead of the *Maine*, then lying at the buoy, riding to the trade-winds, as usual in that harbor, so that when the ship should swing, she would strike the contact mine and blow herself up. The *Maine* was in the act of swinging at the time she was destroyed. The plausibility of this is confirmed by all the circumstances of the time and place. The trade-winds prevail in the harbor of Havana, and ships head to the wind; but the trade-winds fail once in every four or six weeks, and ships that had been heading northeast swing around and head southwest. Such was the case that evening in Havana.

In our Civil War the Confederates destroyed more vessels of the Union navy by just such improvised mines than they destroyed by gun-fire, and history shows that up to the Spanish War there had been more ships destroyed by torpedoes and mines, since their invention, than by guns. Any one with a smattering knowledge of these facts could have rigged such a mine and fitted it with anchor, or stone to serve as anchor, and could have placed it at proper depth and position ahead of the *Maine* without having been observed by those on board.

Merchant vessels did not go alongside wharves in Havana, but anchored southeast of the wharves. Cargoes were transferred to and from merchant ships by large lighters that sailed across the bay.

The *Maine* and other men-of-war lay at buoys in position, so that these lighters passed constantly day and night right across their bows, and one man could easily have sailed his lighter with his

of gunpowder to cause such damage was definitely established by the celebrated "Scandinavian Mine Experiments" in 1876, the report of which I translated while on duty at the torpedo station in



From a photograph by C. Pietzner

FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

mine from the shore across the bows of the men-of-war until directly ahead of the *Maine*, when he could have dropped the whole affair and have left it there to do its work when the *Maine* should swing around to head southwest.

The adequacy of two hundred pounds

1880, and subsequently published in No. VII of "Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute." This report went into elaborate details of submarine mine explosions, such as the size and extent of the crater formed by the different kinds of mines at various depths and with varying amounts



and kinds of gunpowder and other explosives.

One of the experiments there recorded was with a submarine mine having two hundred pounds of gunpowder placed ten feet below the surface in contact with an old armored hulk, the *Foersigtigheten*, at Carlskrona, Sweden. This ship was armored in one section with twenty inches of iron armor that was carried down to her keel, to ascertain how much if any protection armor would give to a vessel's hull ten feet below the surface. The report was illustrated by photographs, and these illustrate clearly that the damage done to the *Maine* was almost identically the same as that done to the *Foersigtigheten*.

Fourteen divers, chiefly men employed in private wrecking companies, examined the wreck of the *Maine*. These divers investigated singly, and as soon as they came up, they were taken immediately before the court of inquiry and then and there made their reports of what they had found in the wreck of the *Maine*.

The court did not state in their finding what was the size or the exact nature of the mine, or exactly how it was fitted, but in view of all the facts that could be ascertained, besides the glaring fact that the bottom plates of the hull were in plain sight to every one who saw the wreck, it was clearly evident that the *Maine* had been blown up by a mine that exploded underneath the ship, and not by an explosion within the ship. All that has ever been ascertained about an explosion of a mine shows that the explosive force takes the line of least resistance up to the atmosphere, through the ship rather than through the mass of ten feet of superincumbent water, the "tamping" effect of ten feet of water being greater than the resistance of iron armor twenty inches thick. The underwater hull of the *Maine* had no armor. Moreover, her bottom plates could not on any tenable theory have been blown up by an explosion within the ship.

The *Maine* drew twenty-two feet of water, and lay in a depth of a little over thirty feet. When she swung that fatal evening, she struck this contact mine, which exploded underneath the six-pounder fixed ammunition-room. This ammunition is fitted with percussion-caps

that are exploded by percussion by impact of a steel firing-pin. When the mine exploded underneath, the steel plates of the bottom were blown up and struck this percussion-primed ammunition that gave the second explosive report which survivors testified that they heard.

The report of the court of inquiry only mentioned the facts positively ascertained, that the *Maine* had been destroyed by an explosion of a mine under the ship. They did not accuse any one of having placed the mine there, but merely reported that it was exploded under the ship.

The Italian officers listened with greatest interest and seemed to be convinced. They were very much gratified to learn that American naval officers did not believe the infernal deed had been done by Spanish authorities. I stated my belief that it was done by a fanatic who thought to do his country a service, a superstitious man who placed the mine in position and then believed that whatever might result would be the act of God.

In this assembly of officers, attachés from different countries, there is a comradeship, a feeling that a commissioned officer in any naval or military service could not stoop to commit such an infamous deed in time of peace against a foreign guest in his port. Probably they sympathized with Spain during the war, but they fully realized that both sides fought honorably and they were pleased that Americans did not attribute such a crime to an officer of another service.

The dinner was served with perfection, and yet was not specially marked except by the last course, which was of bonbons in silver paper surmounted with photographs of the royal family. That which fell to my lot was the photograph of the Crown Prince, the present King Victor Emmanuel III. After this, the King and Queen rose, and we all followed their Majesties and the ladies into an adjoining room, where coffee was served, the guests standing. Soon after the coffee had been served, their Majesties withdrew into an adjoining room.

In company with about a dozen others who were to have special audiences, I was invited by one of the court chamberlains to follow. The other guests departed. In this audience-chamber the Queen stood over in one corner talking

with the ladies while the King stood with a small group of officers in another. We ranged along the sides of the room.

While I was there talking with the Minister of Marine, the beautiful Queen Margherita came toward us, and after a few words with the minister, she approached me and held out her hand, which I took and kissed, as I had seen the minister do, respectfully bowing, according to the custom. She then addressed me in perfect English, welcoming me to Rome. She asked me how long I had been in Rome and how I liked it. I told her that I had been greatly surprised at the cleanliness of the streets and was enchanted with the wonderful progress that had been made with the excavations. She then asked me about my own country and said she had many dear friends among my countrymen, many of whom she admired highly. She said she hoped I would enjoy my stay in Rome, and extending her hand, which I kissed again, she went on to the next officer, the Japanese naval attaché.

After the usual salutations she asked him if he preferred to converse in English or in French. He replied, "As it pleases Your Majesty." She said, "I can't speak Japanese, though my brother claims to be able to do so fluently." He replied that he knew of her brother's remarkable proficiency in the Japanese language.

Then my attention was diverted by the approach of the King, who had been conversing with the Minister of Marine, who then presented me. The King was very cordial in his manner. He gave me a warm welcome, saying as he gave me his hand, "*Je suis bien aise de vous voir.*"

He then complimented me on the great naval victories in the war with Spain. I thanked him and expressed my regret that so many brave Spaniards lost their lives.

"Ah," he said, "that can't be helped. *C'est la guerre.*" The conversation was very brief. He said he hoped I would like Italy and that, as he understood from the admiral that I desired to visit the naval establishments, he would be most happy to authorize me to do so. Then shaking my hand cordially, he left to speak to others.

We all remained in this room talking and examining the wonderful tapestries

and the exquisite decorations of the apartment, until one of the court chamberlains called attention by tapping loudly on the floor with his staff. The King then escorted the Queen out of the audience-chamber, and we all departed.

My impression of this dinner in the beautifully furnished Quirinal Palace was like a child's dream of Cinderella. The beauty of the lovely Queen and the soldierly comradery of the brusque King Humbert seemed to verify the old stories and bring them to life again. There was regal splendor under modern conditions.

Our Ambassador and Mrs. Draper were exceedingly hospitable and entertained handsomely. At one of their receptions I met Sir William Harcourt. He was very much of an American; in fact, he had an American wife. He approached me and said he was weary of trying to talk French, and took me out to a quiet corner in the magnificent suite of apartments in the grand Piombino Palace and asked me to tell him about the Italian navy. I replied, "Why, sir, I have just arrived at this post and am quite sure that you are very much better informed on that subject."

"Oh, well, if you won't, I'll tell you something about the army," he said. "I had a remarkable interview to-day with a prominent member of the Italian cabinet, and I said to him, 'I have a question to ask you which you need not feel obliged to answer, as I am not connected with the government now, and I would like to know out of pure curiosity.'

" 'Why,' he said, 'certainly. What is it?'

" 'Well, I was just thinking, supposing England had gone to war with France on the Fashoda question, what would you have done in Italy?'

" 'Why, surely you know Italian sympathies would have been with England.'

" 'Oh, yes, I know all about the sympathy; but I am curious to know what you would have done.'

" 'I do not really understand what more you would have wanted Italy to do.'

" 'The sympathy is all very well, but the fact is that if England went to war with France, the British Mediterranean fleet would have proceeded to invest Toulon, and would have required a convenient base for operations to coal—for in-

stance at Genoa. Now, you need not answer, but I am curious to know if you would have permitted the use of Genoa for that purpose.'

"He replied, 'I am afraid that would mean war with France.'

" 'I suspect it would.'

" 'Well, frankly,' he said, 'Italy could not risk that, as we could not defend our borders from a French invasion unless supported by Germany. Italy could not defend her frontiers if attacked by France. Southern Italy is so poor that there would be no hope of resisting an invasion of northern Italy.' "

Sir William then asked me, "What do you think of a country unable to defend her borders from an enemy engaged at the same time with another power? How can the Italians justify the enormous expense of maintaining an army and admit its utter inadequacy to do that for which it exists?" There was no reply necessary, as Sir William was simply reiterating his well-known opposition to army appropriations.

Three days were devoted to the inspection of the Italian naval arsenal at Naples, and during this period I was courteously received and entertained on board the Italian ships and at the officers' casino. The Italian officers speak French fluently, many of them speak English a little, and they were all very friendly. They were interested in the accounts of naval operations in the war with Spain. For the most part their sympathies during the war were with Spain, but this sympathy was much less evident than could be expected. The Italian people have a strong sympathy for the United States. They feel that they owe something for the moral support given them in the unification of Italy and in the establishment of a constitutional government for Italy. The officers seem to regard Americans with special admiration, and, while free to impart information about their navy, they were surprised to think that an American naval officer could deign to look for anything new in the Italian navy.

But their modesty is a politeness, for the Italians are, and always have been, among the greatest and most advanced naval architects. The ancient Roman galleys, Roman sea power that defeated Hannibal, the great victory at Lepanto,

and the fleets of Venice and Genoa, bear witness to the genius of Italy's naval architects, and in the originality and advanced thought illustrated by their naval designs, they still lead the world, England not excepted. During the two decades when the United States Navy was neglected, Italy produced the most formidable battle-ships. The monsters *Duilio*, *Lepanto*, *Italia*, etc., in their day carried the heaviest guns afloat. The Italians were the first to adopt triple-screw engines. The Americans followed with two ships, and now the Germans build all their larger ships with three screws, making it highly probable, from the successful experience in the German navy, that future battle-ships will all have three. They built the first typical "scouts," such as those that won brilliant victories in the Chilean Balmeceada war, when the *Lynch* and the *Condell* proved so redoubtable.

On returning to Rome I reported to the Italian Minister of Marine that every possible courtesy had been extended to me upon visiting the naval establishments near Naples and at Taranto. I thanked him for his kindness, and he was pleased to know that the trip had been pleasant and profitable. Among the technical details that had been observed, was the peculiar character of the armor used, and I asked the minister if, in addition to the permits he had given, it would be possible for me to visit the armor-plate works at Terni. He hesitated about this, as it was not usual to permit strangers to inspect these works, and he would first have to consult the directors of the works, as this factory is a private industry not belonging to the navy. The minister was anxious to gratify the wish, as it so happened that among the "Notes on Naval Progress" that I had given the minister there was one item of information that was of special value to him at that time, and he was disposed to reciprocate in naval information as far as possible. Permission was granted, and I visited the works at Terni on my way to Vienna.

Soon after my arrival in Vienna I called in full-dress uniform upon the Austrian Minister of Marine, Admiral Baron von Spaun, a most distinguished officer, who had at one time been Austrian naval attaché in London and who knew the na-



ture of my duties and was willing to assist me. I was the only naval attaché accredited to Austria, and so the Minister of Marine could give me information without being partial. The officer in charge of the Naval Intelligence Office had also served as naval attaché in London, and, like the minister, expressed his willingness to assist me in the work.

Soon after my arrival our minister, the Hon. Addison C. Harris, requested an audience for me with his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor and King. This request was made through the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, from whom I received a letter informing me that I would be received in private audience in the office of the Emperor in the palace at eleven o'clock on a certain date. I thereupon called on the Emperor's military aide, General Paar, and from him ascertained exactly what was expected of those who had audiences with the Emperor.

At the appointed time I drove to the ancient Burg in special full-dress uniform. A guard in the palace courtyard received me, and at the door one of the young adjutants met and escorted me to the office of General Paar, who then took me through a series of rooms to the suite at that time occupied by the Emperor. The general escorted me to a vacant room of this suite and gave directions for me to pass through and to open the opposite door without knocking. I did so, and there stood the Emperor, a kindly old gentleman dressed in the uniform of a general. He had been standing writing at his desk at the side of a window commanding a view of the palace courtyard where I had arrived. He greeted me in German, shaking hands and saying that he was glad to see me. He then began to ask about my service in the war with Spain, and I told him that I had served chiefly on the blockade of Havana in the cruiser *Montgomery*.

He then said, "Can you tell me what made the Spaniards shoot so badly?"

I replied, "Because they had had no drill, Your Majesty."

"That is exactly what I told them, for it is folly to go to war unprepared, and without having had thorough drills."

He did not dwell on this subject, but went on to ask me about my duties and

whether I was detailed to serve as naval attaché elsewhere also. I replied that I was also appointed to Berlin and Rome.

"Oh, then, you belong to the Triple Alliance."

I said, "Yes, sir, and I believe I have the honor of being the only officer that does belong to the Triple Alliance in any way."

He laughed and said that was strange for an American officer, in view of the fact that the United States claimed to be free from any ambition of entangling European alliances, but he expected that this would not long be the case.

He then said, "I presume you would like to visit the navy-yard at Pola." I said that was my wish, as I expected to learn a great deal from his Majesty's navy, which had the reputation of being most efficient, though very small; to which his Majesty replied that he was very proud of the navy and he believed it was good ever since the time of Admiral Tegethoff and the battle of Lissa, and he would be glad to give me every privilege. This closed the audience, and giving me his hand, the Emperor wished me a pleasant trip. I bowed myself out of the room, and met the adjutant, who escorted me back to my carriage.

That afternoon I wrote the formal request for permission to visit the Austrian naval establishments and the vessels of the Austrian navy at Trieste, Pola, and Fiume at such time as would suit the convenience of the Minister of Marine.

After the audience with the Emperor and while waiting for the reply to my request to visit the naval establishments, it was necessary for me to be introduced to the diplomatic corps and ministers of the government. The card of Minister Harris was sufficient to introduce me to all of the diplomats of or below his rank; but for the Austrian archdukes and the ambassadors of other countries, it required a formal letter requesting an appointment of the personage upon whom I was expected to call before the formal visit could be accepted.

Our minister had not yet made his calls upon most of these higher officials, and it was my privilege to accompany him to some, which made it pleasanter.

The visit to the Archduke Rénier I made alone; but when I went at the ap-

pointed time, it was my good fortune to meet Lieutenant-Commander Hoeynel of the Austrian navy, who was making his first visit after he had been appointed one of the aides on the Emperor's staff. This officer had had command of the Austrian school-ship *Donau*, which I had met in Havana when I was there in the *Montgomery* at the investigation of the wreck of the *Maine* just before the war. I had opportunity at that time to show him and his officers some courtesies, which were appreciated, and now at this time he kindly mentioned that fact upon my presentation to the archduke.

These formal visits, attended with so much conventionality and observed with such ostentatious conservatism in Vienna, as a relic of aristocratic feudal times, appeared very stupid and tedious. The visitor was escorted through halls and anterooms and finally to the reception-room where, after waiting a while, he was ushered into the presence of his host. The conversation was commonplace and very brief, after which the visitor bowed himself out and resumed his route, to go through a similar scene, calling upon another distinguished official. The elaborate preparations for such ceremonious calls did not seem to pay. The names were duly recorded in the visitors'-book and cards preserved for subsequent reference to ceremonial officers in case of court functions at which the diplomatic corps were expected.

In the diplomatic corps the military attachés of other countries were a fine set of men. Among these there was Colonel Count von Moltke, the German military attaché, a relative of the famous Count von Moltke, who created the German army general staff. This officer lived in the same hotel, and I saw him frequently. This was when the English press began to publish articles, which were republished by the American and German press, tending to stir up bad relations between Germany and the United States. My intercourse with this officer was an opportunity for us mutually to ascertain that we entertained no such ideas, and I emphatically declared my sentiments as those of the great majority of the Amer-

ican people, as of great friendship and good-will for the prosperity of Germany. There was no conflict of interest and no ground whatever for anything but the most friendly relations between our countries. The "yellow press" published some sensational stories, which were falsely colored and did not reflect the sentiments of either Americans or Germans.

I had expected to find a strong feeling against the Americans in Austria, because the Spanish Queen Regent belonged to the Austrian imperial family, and their sympathies must have been with Spain during the war. Doubtless the entire nobility of Europe sympathized with Spain as against the great republic, but, since the war was over, the victories of the American navy silenced all sympathy for the defeated nation. The world worships success, and mere sentimental sympathy for a lost cause is short lived at best.

On returning to Vienna, after my official tour, I thanked Admiral Baron von Spaun, the Minister of Marine, for the courtesies that had been so cordially extended to me at the naval establishments, and in reply to his question as to my opinion I could scarcely find words to express the high state of efficiency that I found in every department I had inspected. The Austrian navy is small, but what they have is thoroughly up to date and kept in condition for immediate service.

The minister was especially obliging in regard to the vexed problem of the expense of armor-plate. The Austrians have the very best materials in their ships, as they consider the best to be the cheapest, and they use Krupp armor, which is made at Wittkowitz, near Oderberg. I expressed a wish to visit these works, and the minister gave me every assistance. The representative of the firm in Vienna did not feel authorized to grant this permission to a foreigner, and it was necessary to refer the request with the approval of the Austrian Minister of Marine to the board of directors, who invited me to call at the office and explain the nature of my wish, upon which they granted the permission and facilitated my investigations as far as possible.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### THE NEW LIGHT ON FULTON'S GENIUS

AT no time since his death, in the prime of life, in 1815, has the public ceased to take an interest in the personality of Robert Fulton. Since the first trip of the *Clermont*, in 1807, past the Palisades of the Hudson, the whole world, in ever-expanding measure, has enjoyed with ungrudging recognition the fruit of his inventive genius. But it is only in the last decade that a fuller and completely successful adaptation of his ideas has aroused a new admiration for his wonderful resource and daring.

Two years after his death his friend Cadwallader Colden ascribed his achievements to "that rare union of genius and science with *practical knowledge* which Mr. Fulton so happily possessed." In the light of present-day opportunities for scientific study and experiment, his friend's well-considered praise amounts only to saying that Fulton's mechanical genius was intuitive, and marched to practical results by new yet well-measured steps along the path of individual experiment. He certainly profited by the vague ideas and false starts of others, but he brought to their development an inventive power, an insight into mechanical principles, and a vision of future usefulness, that must ever give him a high place among the creative geniuses and benefactors of mankind.

In the paper on "Robert Fulton's Early Life" printed in last month's *CENTURY*, and even to a greater extent in this month's account of his activity in France from 1797 to 1804, new light, mainly from his own unpublished letters and papers, is thrown on the most prolific inventive period of his life. As in the case of Franklin, his inventive genius was the handmaid of philosophy, and was urged forward by large ideas of accruing benefits to mankind.

His first plans for national systems of canals, made practical by his inventive talents, were urged with accurate insight into the principles of economic statesmanship, and in the fifty years succeeding his death Europe and the United States advanced in wealth by their application. While he was in France the problem of curbing the unequal and vexing aggression of sea power led him to experiment with under-water explosive machines, to which he applied the now familiar name "torpedo," after a peculiar fish, and to devise a submarine torpedo-boat, which in its essential features has required only the application of modern electrical appliances to become the indispensable and terrible submarine boat of our own day, capable, as the English have just shown, of making a cruise of five hundred miles always under the surface of the sea. No one will read Fulton's own account of his experiments on the French coast, printed in this number of *THE CENTURY*, without marveling at what he dared and what he accomplished. Napoleon and his scientific helpers were impressed by Fulton's plans for attacking the English squadrons with torpedoes, submarine boats, and war vessels propelled by the new steam-engine, but they could not see in them much more than ingenious toys. For that matter, neither could the English, to whom Fulton next applied; but as the British already ruled the seas, they were not so much interested in the destruction of ships. Likewise, after his return to the United States, his arguments, demonstrations, and appeals to his own government to adopt his warlike inventions, met with interest and curiosity, but with little practical encouragement. The billions of money invested in battle-ships and submarine torpedo-boats in our day indicate how thoroughly Fulton was ahead of his age; though they do not quite convince us of the philosophy of his motive for trying to do away with the terror and wasteful-



ness of war by the application of a concentrated terror. But the minor fame of his warlike appliances is merged in the glory of his achievements for commerce and navigation.

#### ORGANIZATION AND ELECTIONS

IT is easy to underestimate the practical utility and the definite importance of organizations in elections. It is equally easy to overestimate their importance, and this overestimation is persistently made by members of organizations themselves and by those who take their tone from them. The headquarters people and the "hustlers" in the field naturally see themselves in the foreground of political campaigns. It is not surprising that their conviction as to the value of their activities in such campaigns should lead so pleasantly to the idea of reward through public office. Indeed, considering the multitude of the "workers" and their profound belief in the value of their services, it is really surprising that the merit system should have grown so rapidly in popular favor as it has.

The public sentiment that has so remarkably thwarted the wide-spread demand for reward of workers by means of offices, manifests itself also in campaigns and at the polls by a decided contempt for political organization in general. This contempt is sometimes misplaced, for participation in "practical politics" is a part of good citizenship. But this contempt has a basis of right when it opposes sordid self-seeking, through office-holding or through "opportunities," on the part of members of the organization, and when it sets up a standard of independence when an organization has, in the sight of all men, acted on a low plane, surrendered principle to expediency, truckling openly to the "immoralists" among the voters.

This independent element it is which the organization is always appealing to and always misconceiving. The independent element is not merely a minority group who have to be persuaded in order that either party may obtain a victory at the polls; it is the independent spirit in the individual, whether he be enrolled or unenrolled under party standards.

No matter how useful organization may ordinarily be, there are times when it

becomes ineffectual and insignificant, and when its methods and prognostications are conspicuously at fault. When a moral issue is clearly involved, the bonds of partizan affiliation are snapped asunder with a promptitude and cheerfulness that absolutely stagger the man of the machine.

The moral of this is that organization is useful as a servant, and a snare and a derision when, without warrant, it assumes mastership over the mind and morals of a free electorate.

#### "MINISTER AND CITIZEN"

IN THE CENTURY for January, 1884, comment was then made on the recent consecration of Bishop Henry C. Potter as an event of importance not only inside the Episcopal Church, but in the general community, on account of the antecedents and character of the man. "For Dr. Potter," we said, "as rector of Grace Church, has not only proved himself on occasion a sympathizer and co-worker with other communions, but he has shown himself to be one of those clergymen [like Dr. Bellows], equally zealous and useful in the capacity of minister and in that of citizen."

After a quarter of a century of public service in his high office, Bishop Potter's distinction as a minister who was also a great citizen very notably increased. The metropolitan community and the country at large can never forget his important public services at certain crises of our history. There have been times when his public decisions did not command universal approval, but the independence, courage, democratic sympathy, good-will, and good intent manifested throughout his career are matters of general and hearty recognition.

The genial humanity of the man, his tone of encouragement for all whom he recognized as sincere workers for the public good—such traits endeared him to innumerable persons and make his loss as poignant personally as it is publicly grievous.

The church and the community are indeed fortunate in that his former coadjutor and successor, Bishop Greer, is also a minister of proved usefulness and valiancy as a citizen.

## OPEN LETTERS

### Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Men

V—WILLIAM SMITH

BY CHARLES HENRY HART

WHEN Gilbert Stuart went to Philadelphia, in the winter of 1794-95, he at once made the acquaintance of that sturdy Scotch educator, Dr. William Smith, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who gave the painter a house to live in on his own place, at the Falls of Schuylkill, a few miles distant from the built-up portion of the town, and a room to paint in at the southeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, in the house of his son, William Moore Smith, a poet and lawyer of high standing. To aid Stuart, Dr. Smith sat to him for his portrait, and the picture, owned by the late Dr. John Hill Brinton of Philadelphia, is one of the artist's masterpieces.

The beautiful reproduction by Henry Wolf (page 878) shows this canvas to be the most elaborate known work by Stuart on this side of the ocean, the only one approaching it in this respect being the whole-length picture of Washington, while no comparison can be made between the two as works of art. It is odd that we have not more portraits by Stuart painted as this one is, with the subject's Lares and Penates about him, telling of his life,—his home atmosphere, as it were,—for one of Stuart's canons, written down from his lips, in 1816, by Jouett,<sup>1</sup> was:

Backgrounds should contain whatever is necessary to illustrate the character of the person. The eye should see the application of the parts to the illustration of the whole, but without separating or attracting the attention from the main point. Backgrounds point to dates and circumstances, and peculiarity of employment or profession, but the person should be portrayed as to be read, like the Bible, without notes, which in books are likened unto backgrounds in paintings. Too much parade in the background is like notes with a book to it, and is very apt to fatigue by the constant shifting of the attention.

In his portrait of Dr. Smith, Stuart has introduced the theodolite, or transit instrument, in commemoration of the doctor's association with David Rittenhouse in the memorable observation of the transit of Venus, on June 3, 1769, at Norriton, Pennsylvania. This was an event of great importance

in his life. He was conspicuously proud of it and wrote the official report.

Dr. Smith wears the university gown, with the red hood of Oxford, which accompanied his degree of doctor of divinity. One of the most beautiful bits of transparent painting that I know is the sheer white cambric bib, showing the scarlet of the hood beneath. After seeing this picture, no one can say, as has often been said, that Stuart could not paint a hand. Careless he was, but incompetent in nothing connected with his craft.

Stuart could do anything that he would with a brush and paint, on canvas or on panel. When we view the glimpse of silvery landscape that he has so charmingly painted into the background of this picture,—a scene at the Falls of Schuylkill, where the doctor lived,—we cannot but regret that he did not sometimes turn from his portrait work to the free delineation of open-air nature, and leave us American landscapes full of the atmosphere and feeling that we see he knew how to do so well, and in which he would have been no mean rival to his famous English compeers, Wilson and Gainsborough.

We have said that Stuart was careless, and he was distressingly so in many ways. In the spring of 1803, his cousin, Joseph Anthony, wrote from Philadelphia to the painter Trumbull: "Stuart is still here in very indigent circumstances; never works but when compelled to it by necessity, although the applications to him are so numerous that he might in a very short time make himself independent." Two months earlier, Dr. Smith had written to Stuart: "My son in two or three weeks will embark for England; I shall never see him again, as I believe. He has consented to sit to you for his picture before he goes. I shall pay you cash down as we may agree." But the picture never was painted, and Dr. Smith died three months later, in his seventy-sixth year, when Stuart lost a good friend.

[Conclusion of the series]

### An American National Air

EVERY American, after traveling abroad, returns home with the wish that there might be established an American national anthem. To some extent the same desire exists among those remaining at home; but it is aug-

<sup>1</sup> See "Kentucky's Master-Painter" and "Jouett's Kentucky Children," by the present writer, in "Harper's Magazine" for May, 1899 and June, 1900.



mented when the traveler sees the customs of other countries, and is brought face to face with the fact that for Americans no particular air has been selected to be received with respect. The traveler notes that for a tribute to Americans foreign bands and orchestras play any one of several different airs, and that the Americans present are guided by no settled custom in regard to such airs.

Nothing is more distressing to the average American, after witnessing the respect with which the playing of "God Save the King" is received, than to hear one or more so-called American national airs played in medley with the music of other nations. Such music is, of course, chosen and performed with the very best intentions, and we have only ourselves to blame for the unintentional offense. Until we have chosen some one national air, and have agreed upon our own attitude toward it, we can expect no change in the habits of the foreign bandmasters.

The United States Army regulation on the subject is, in part, as follows:

Whenever the "Star-Spangled Banner" is played by the band on a formal occasion at a military station, or at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present in their official capacity, all officers and enlisted men present will stand at attention, such position being retained until the last note of the "Star-Spangled Banner." The same respect will be observed toward the national air of any other country, when it is played as a compliment to official representatives of such country.

The United States Navy regulations include the following:

At morning "colors" the drum shall give three rolls and the bugle sound three flourishes, all officers and men shall face the ensign and stand at attention, and sentries under arms shall come to the position of present. At the end of the third roll the ensign shall be started up and hoisted smartly to the peak or truck, and the band shall play the "Star-Spangled Banner," at the conclusion of which all officers and men shall salute, ending the ceremony.

The same ceremonies are observed at sunset "colors."

The great advantage of such rules was shown recently at the bullfight at Lima, when, according to the newspapers, the Peruvian spectators were very much impressed, as well as astonished, when their band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," to see the entire force of 3000 American sailors from Admiral Evans's fleet stand up as one man and take off their hats. This admirable unanimity was the result simply of the fact that the men were relieved of all doubt by the designation, in regulations, of the proper attitude for the occasion.

An instance of the absurdity of our having no similar rule for civilians was furnished

at the recent celebration of the opening of the Hudson River tunnel, which was largely of an official and patriotic or national character. On the part of those present at the banquet there was clearly a disposition to "stand up to" almost any American air. When "Hail Columbia" and "Dixie" were played a few stood up, and then more arose, until finally almost every one was standing. But then, unfortunately, when the medley led off into other airs, not necessarily American, the willing audience did not know whether to continue standing or what to do. Later in the evening the "Star-Spangled Banner" was played, when all rose immediately, and remained standing until it was finished. When this air is played in London the few Americans present are in doubt. But when, in America, "God Save the King" is played, every Englishman present knows, without any doubt whatever, that he is expected to stand, with head uncovered, till the air has been played through.

I am sure that the time is ripe for the selection of a national air and a settlement of what our custom is to be in regard to its reception. Unfortunately, our form of government does not provide an authority or department having jurisdiction over such questions. I believe, however, that the public would gladly respond to a suggestion in this line from some authoritative source — for instance, from our worthy President, who has on occasion dipped into outside and semi-social questions to the great benefit of the people.

Can you not be instrumental in establishing a uniform custom for civilians, and in preventing the national air from being played upon other than formal or ceremonial occasions?

*Schuyler Skaats Wheeler.*  
AMPERE, N. J.

SINCE the writing of this letter of Dr. Wheeler, the attention of the public has been usefully called to this subject by the letter of President Roosevelt to Mr. Joel Chandler Harris of Atlanta, written a fortnight before the lamented death of Mr. Harris, and suggesting that in view of the acceptability of "Dixie" to the North it might be possible for the South to lead in adopting as the national anthem Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's noble poem "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

No one would take issue with the President's patriotic intention, but there appears to be a double obstacle to the idea: first, that the hymn is sung to the air of "John Brown's Body," and second, that it was written in direct furtherance of the Union cause as related to the abolition of slavery. While no one would wish to restore that institution, it must be remembered that the attitude of the South in the war was complicated by



other issues. It is expecting a great deal of human nature to hope that adherents of the South in that conflict could throw themselves with sincerity into the reversal of sentiment necessary to adopt as their own the slogan of their former opponents. Their position is not the less to be respected on that account. "Maryland, my Maryland" could not conscientiously be adopted by the North by reason of its reference to the "despot's heel."

We are inclined to think that the desideratum must be found in a hymn of even larger horizon. America is now a world rendezvous and its future is increasingly interrelated to the well-being of the whole human race. The most complex social problems are to be solved here and a hymn of the sort should breathe an aspiration, a humility and an altruism so comprehensive and so fervid as to seem a call to duty to all who sing or hear it.

The reader may be glad to know that the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which includes a large number of prominent writers, composers, and artists, has under consideration as part of its program of useful public service the offering of prizes for satisfactory words (and afterward for the music) of such a song. It would doubtless consent to administer any fund that might be left to it for such a purpose.

R. U. J.

#### "On the Business Morals of Japan"

It is a pleasure to read an article as just and as clear as Professor Ladd's in the July CENTURY, "On the Business Morals of Japan." That the Japanese, who can be faithful unto death, have not yet learned to be faithful to a form of words sums up the situation. For brevity and completeness this is the best comment on the commercial morality

of Dai Nippon that has yet been made. Might I add a word as to one of the reasons why Japanese have not yet learned loyalty to a form of words—that is to a contract?

It is because Japan under the feudal system was for centuries virtually communal. The feudal system ended not forty years ago. Until the Restoration, Japan was one great family made up of many smaller families. The greater family or community was shut off from the outside world, and the lesser communities were shut off from one another. The Japanese of feudal days did little traveling and consequently knew few persons beyond their immediate neighborhood. Business with them was a family affair. There was much mutual accommodation, and rigorous enforcement of agreements was not essential. Courtesy was general, as were kindness and consideration. Business compacts in such a community were naturally different from what they would be in a community where there was much going and coming from distant regions, and where the parties to the transaction often were strangers and might never meet again.

A man's credit—that is, his face—was of much less moment then than it is now, in the conditions of New Japan, with its constant changing. In the olden days there was little likelihood of a man leaving a community. As he would always be there, it did not distress any one seriously if he could not meet his obligations on the appointed day. Another day would do as well. Over some fish and *sake* the parties to the agreement would arrange another date, and with delightful courtesy part on as good terms as ever. Theirs was the simple life, with room in it for much forbearance and little thought of the sacredness of written contracts.

Clarence Ludlow Brownell.

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

#### The Joy that Kills

YOU ask me, mates, to come along  
And sing a little comic song  
Or spin some humorous yarn, a-winkin'  
of me eye.  
Kind friends, it ain't becuz I can't;  
But firmly I repeat, I sha'n't  
Endanger no one's health with jokes—  
and here 's me reason why:

A comic story oncet I heard  
Was told to me by Capting Bird.  
'T was so on-*nec*-essary droll it simply  
made me yell;  
I could n't speak, I had to shriek,  
And when I'd luffed and luffed a  
week,  
They took me to a horspital to let me  
ribs git well.



When I was corn-valescent some,  
Back to me brain that joke would come  
And I would struggle to fergit fer all  
that I was worth;  
But, though it 's shameful to corn-fess,  
Them giggles I could not suppress —  
They had to give me chloroform to ease  
me reckless mirth.



When I was well I got a job  
Upon the schooner *Mary Hobb*  
A-tryin' to be ser-i-ous, but that I could n't  
do.

The crew they thought it was a crime  
To see me chucklin' all the time  
And kind o' touched the'r foreheads like  
and called me "Laffin' Lou."

Says Bos'n Jones, a solum bloke,  
"Hi, matey, tell us what 's the joke."  
Says Capting Glumm, "This levity  
plumb drives us to despair."  
Says Bill, the cook, "He is a wit;  
If it 's a story, out with it!"  
Says I, tears runnin' down me cheeks, "I  
can't; I would n't dare."

But on one wild and stormy night,  
The sea a-runnin' high and white,

I told 'em all that comic tale, and, faith!  
I told it well —  
Effect on 'em was magical;  
They took it almost tragical,  
And high above the ragin' storm ye could  
of heard 'em yell.



The second mate expired of joy,  
Amusement killed the cabin-boy,  
The crew howled, "Bash me binnacle!"  
and rolled into the sea;  
The capting apoplectic got,  
The cook exploded on the spot,  
And of that crew the only sole survivin'  
moke was me!

Then dreadful panic shook me form;  
No ship could live in such a storm,  
(The *Mary Hobb* was surely no excep-  
tion to the rule);  
And in a very little while  
We struck upon a desert isle,  
And I was throwed upon the beach be-  
yond the breakers crule.





Well, with a comic op'ra song,  
Some cannibals soon come along  
And gathered wood and built a fire and  
filled a monstrous pot;  
And then the king he says to me,  
"You 're excellent fer fricassee;  
Accordin' to your preference we 'll serve  
you cold or hot."



"O Sire," says I, "before I die,  
I 've got a comic yarn," says I,  
Then comic-al as I knowed how that an-  
ecdote I said;  
They give one howl, they give one leap,  
They tumbled writhin' in a heap,  
And when I tried to feel ther' pulse I  
found that they was dead.

But one of 'em survived the blow,  
It was the monarch's daughter Bo,  
Who had no sense o' humor, so she easy  
missed the joke.  
So we become acquainted soon  
And had our weddin' Wednesday noon,  
The job officiated by a missionary bloke.

Kind friends, don't urge me, I entreat,  
That comic story to repeat,  
Because I 've saw the corn-sequence and  
struggle to refrain;  
In fact, I 'm livin' with me wife  
A happy, calm, domestic life,  
Avoidin' 'baccy, beer, and Punch; I 'll  
never smile again.

Wallace Irwin.

#### Little Yaller Rose

LITTLE yaller rose, how she grows,  
How she grows!  
Little yaller rose, how she grows!  
She 's de flower of Tennessee,  
An' she 's all de worl' ter me—  
Dis little yaller rose dat I knows.

Dey kin hab dey own jewlarky,  
Ever' darky, gittin' sparky,  
But gib ter me dis blossom all erlone,—

Little gal what call me "Daddy,"—  
Oh, I 's gwine ter see her Sad'day—  
De little yaller rose dat 's all my own.

CHORUS: *Little yaller rose, how she  
grows, etc.*

She 's des er little nigger,  
But she cuts er putty figger,  
Es she pats her dancin' fut erpun de  
groun';  
Angil wings is mighty gleamin',  
But dey cain't mek half de beamin'  
Uv de little yaller rose er-runnin' roun'.

CHORUS: *Little yaller rose, how she  
grows, etc.*

Oh, when I 's ole an' feeble,  
An' life hain't half-ergree'ble,  
She 'll mek er mighty sunshine in de  
place;  
An' when I fin' I 'se driftin'  
Fur erway f'om Gord, an' shiftn',  
I 'll see de smile er heaben in her face.

CHORUS: *Little yaller rose, how she  
grows, etc.*

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

#### A Doubtful Honor

TAKE, oh, my son, ere seeking curiously  
An introduction to your fellow-man,  
The Greek's advice: first, know yourself—  
and be  
As proud of the acquaintance as you can.

Frank Preston Smart.



Drawn by Chester Ivers Garde

#### THE GOLFER

"Aw, say, Mister, why don't ye pick it up an' throw it  
over? I won't never tell nobody."